MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

DIANE ANASTASIO – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- REMO VOOR-Frogrammer/Toilet Love-45
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP
- NEUROOT-Macht Kaput Wass Euch Kaput Macht-LP
- MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP
- TROJNE-Who Give A Fuck Anyway-EP
- MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP
- AUDACITY/PTERODACDUDES-split-EP
- FIRMEZA 10-Hardcore Radikal-12"
- VEINES-Perdus Dans La Ville-LP
- BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- FIRMEZA 10-Hardcore Radikal-12"
- HATRED SURGE/IRON LUNG-Broken-EP
- HÅRDA TIDER-Vår Sak-EP
- TROJNE-Who Give A Fuck Anyway-EP
- NEUROOT-Macht Kaput Wass Euch Kaput Macht-LP
- MIND ERASER-The Prodigal Son Brings Death-EP
- MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP
- MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP
- V/A-Welcome To the Golden State-EP
- DEAD SECTION/NERVESKADE/FEAR OF TOMORROW-live

TIM BROOKS

- MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP
- YOUNG GOVERNOR-Virginia Creeper-EP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP
- FASHION-Junkie Vibes-EP
- MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP
- SCREECHING WEASEL-My Brain Hurts-LP
- THE ERGS!-Hindsight-LP
- CHEAP TRAGEDIES-Vol. 1-LP
- PRESS GANG-Sex Satan-EP
- PLATES-Garth Butcher-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- F.P.B.-Kniha prani a stizosti-CD
- FAT DAY-Iguanadonaland-LP
- LHS-Fiji-LP
- PLATES-Garth Butcher-EP
- RAW HATE-Drunk As Fuck Existence-EP
- SWANN DANGER-Self-Titled II-LP
- INNOXIA CORPORA (CZ)-live
- KULM (CZ)-live / INSUICIETY (DE)-live
- DAYMARES (PL)-live / MORPHEME-live
- THE BUTTS (WI)-live

PAUL CURRAN & ARIEL AWESOME

- BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP
- FIRMEZA 10-Hardcore Radikal-12"
- HÅRDA TIDER-Vår Sak-EP
- MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP
- MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP
- MYTH OF PROGRESS-La Unica Felicidad-LP
- RATOS DE PORAO-Crucifados Pelo Sistema-LP
- SWANN DANGER-Self-Titled II-LP
- MRR benefit shows and record swap at Gilman
- ZERO BOYS-live at Gilman (x2!)

LAYLA GIBBON

- REMO VOOR-Frogrammer/Toilet Love-45
- BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP
- FASHION-Junkie Vibes-EP
- FIRMEZA 10-Hardcore Radikal-12"
- ZERO BOYS-History Of...-CD
- FIX ME-Paradoja-EP
- YOUNG GOVERNOR-Virginia Creeper-EP
- PLATES-Garth Butcher-EP
- TUNNEL CANARY-1978-1984 Jihad-12"

BOB GOLDIE

- MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP
- FASHION-Junkie Vibes-EP
- COLD SHOULDER-Patriot-EP
- THE BITE-My Reason To Live-EP
- SUPER AIDS-Fuck the Wagon-EP
- MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP
- SCREECHING WEASEL-My Brain Hurts-LP
- CHEAP TRAGEDIES-Vol. 1-LP
- RAISER-A Este EternoInvierno-LP
- ROCKET REDUCERS-R-12"

KENNY KAOS

- SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK-LP
- ROCKET REDUCERS-R-12"
- VEINES-Perdus Dans La Ville-LP
- CRUSADERS OF LOVE-She's a Rebel/...If You Want To Try-45
- YOUNG GOVERNOR-Virginia Creeper-EP
- BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP
- THE INTELLIGENCE-Reading and Writing/Like...-45
- TURPENTINE BROTHERS-That's No Way.../Why Can't I Do...-45
- THE BITE-My Reason To Live-EP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page.

CAROLYN KEDDY

V/A-Astounding Freak Party-CD	AXEMEN-Big Cheap Motel-LP
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP	AUDACITY/PTERODACDUDES-split-EP
PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS-EP	YOUNG GOVERNOR-Virginia Creeper-EP
HANK IV-Refuge In Genre-LP	SIDS-Winter/Awake All Night-45
CLOCKCLEANER-7" and LP	BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP

RAY LUJAN

THE ERGS!-Hindsight-LP	BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP
BLACK TAPES-Black City-CD	LITTLE LUNGS-Hoist Me Up-EP
THE HANGOUTS-CD / THE KNOCKDOWN-CD	DIGITAL LEATHER-EP
TRAVIS BICKLE-Bloodfun-EP / THE CREEPS-CD	ZERO BOYS-live / A WILHELM SCREM-live
CASS COUNTY UGLIES-CD	FUCKED UP-live

MARK MURRMANN

ZERO BOYS-History Of...-CD	SIDS-Winter/Awake All Night-45
THE INTELLIGENCE-Reading and Writing/Like...-45	BRIMSTONE HOWL-European Tour-2xEP
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP	HANK IV-Refuge In Genre-LP
CRUSADERS OF LOVE-She's a Rebel/...If You Want To Try-45	PLATES-Garth Butcher-EP
REMO VOOR-Frogrammer/Toilet Love-45	MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

ANS / ANNIHILATION TIME-live	ANS-The Pool-LP / FIX ME-Paradoja-EP
FED UP-Fuck Your Life-LP	HIGH LIFE-Drink Yourself To Freedom-EP
ENEMIES/FOR THE WORSE-split EP	LOS DOLARES/WARTORN-split EP
COLD SHOULDER-Patriot-EP	SONS OF SADISM-Nazi Death Camp-EP
V/A-Welcome To the Golden State-EP	FASHION-Junkie Vibes-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP	LA CARA OCULTA-Del Rock n' Roll-EP
MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP	LITTLE LUNGS-Hoist Me Up-EP
SCREECHING WEASEL-My Brain Hurts-LP	CLOAK/DAGGER-Surf Song/Concentration Camps-45
BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP	YOUNG GOVERNOR-Virginia Creeper-EP
THE JAMMY DODGERS-No Gods No Masters-EP	LANDLORD / FLEABAG-live

CISSIE SCURLOCK

FIRMEZA 10-Hardcore Radikal-12"	BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP
HATRED SURGE/IRON LUNG-Broken-EP	EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-EP
NEUROOT-Macht Kaput Wass Euch Kaput Macht-LP	MIND ERASER-The Prodigal Son Brings Death-EP
MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP	TROJNE-Who Give A Fuck Anyway-EP
MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP	FIX ME-Paradoja-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

FIRMEZA 10-Hardcore Radikal-12"	VIDEO DISEASE-666-EP
FIX ME-Paradoja-EP	SPRITVEV-Pmmacs Larm-EP
MARKED MEN-Ghosts-LP	RAW HATE-Drunk As Fuck Existence-EP
MASSHYSTERI-Vår Del Av Stan-LP	BRILLIANT COLORS-Should I Tell You-EP
FASHION-Junkie Vibes-EP	NEUROOT-Macht Kaput Wass Euch Kaput Macht-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Absent Cause#2	*I Remember Halloween #3*
The Black Cloud #2	*Nuts*
Classy People #1	*Rad Party #39*
Genetic Disorder #19	*The Rise and the Fall #12*
Humanbeing Lawnmower #2	*You Don't Get There From Here Goes To Oaxaca*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Half, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Pleasee Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kämvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykllooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

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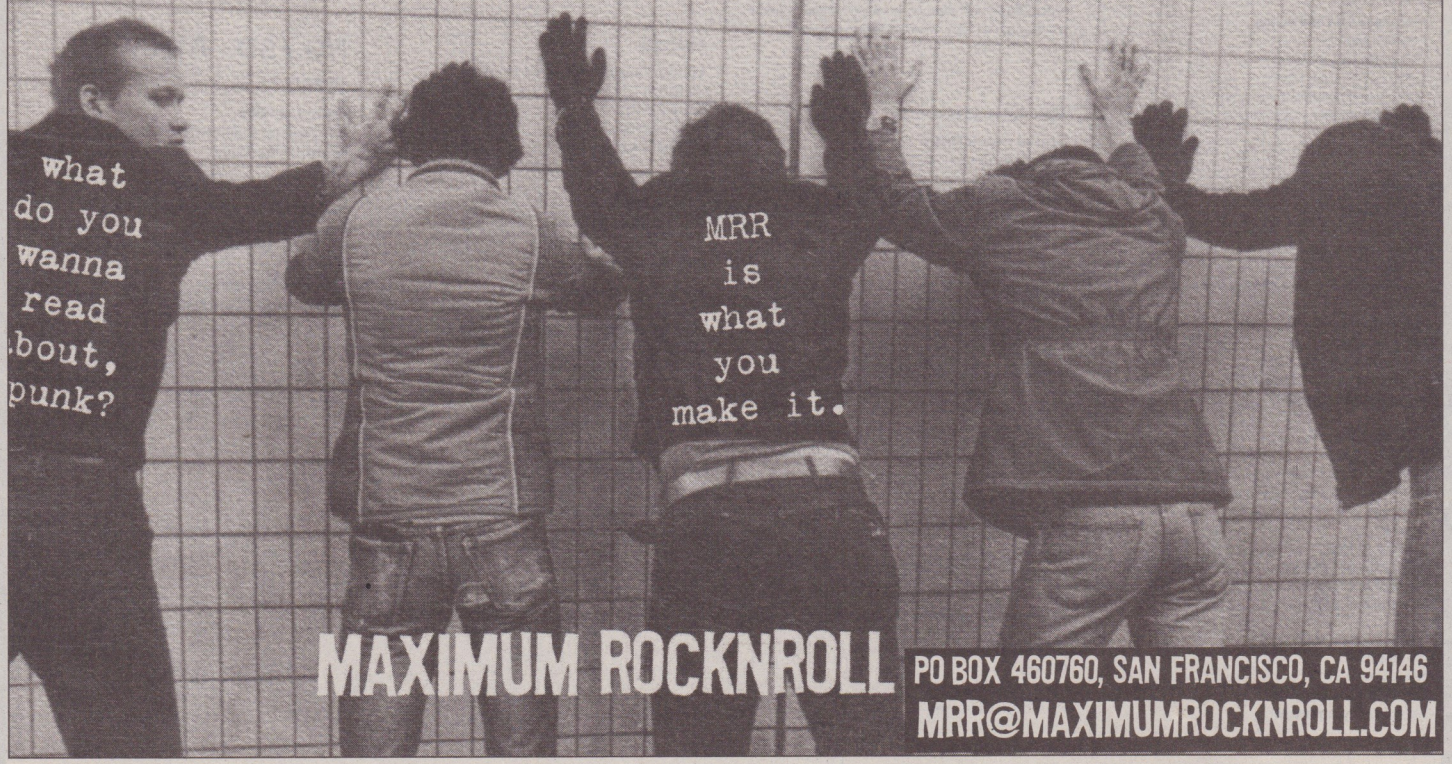

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—
Oh, brilliant point made by John Fahy in issue #306! He cites Ebullition as an example of greatness for keeping their vinyl in print as compared to the "evil" punk labels who press limited edition vinyl. John completely forgets to mention that you have to spend $100 to get Ebullition to take your order. Thank God we've done away with elitism!

I have no problem with Ebullition (other than some of the shitty titles they released over the years), and I agree with many of the points in John's column. There's been an annoying tendency for people to let bad points in an argument slide because "he has good intentions". Fuck that. You're right about the street team bullshit and the "secret email to get the new release" marketing tricks. You're wrong about limited edition vinyl.

Limited edition vinyl is fun. It's also fucking reality. Most labels can't sell more than 300 copies of a release. Why not put it on color vinyl and press an amount that can actually be sold during this decade? I'm not going to press 1,000 copies of a record to satisfy your definition of DIY because your definition is wrong, and your broke ass won't buy the other 700 copies sitting under my bed. Besides, you act as if labels don't repress titles. They do it all the time – sometimes they even tell the bands about it.

The pre-order scenario that you mentioned is largely fantasy. Some labels may purposely print a fewer number of copies than needed, but sensible labels have no need to limit the pre-order pressing size because the copies are sold. It appears that labels are intentionally pressing fewer copies because so many people in the punk scene are late to the party.

Here's what happens. A label decides to take pre-orders for a record until May 1st. The announcement about the pre-order sale is posted on the label's site. A small number of people use the pre-order option, since most of the "punx" are busy on MySpace or playing Guitar Hero or watching auctions on eBay. (This is the apathy phase.)

On May 2nd, the order numbers are sent to the pressing plant. From July to August, the label receives emails about getting pre-order copies, even though these people know they didn't pre-order. (This is the denial phase.) In September, people start thinking about how "evil" the label is for not printing enough pre-order copies for people who didn't fucking pre-order the goddamn record months ago. (This is the jealousy phase. For the label, it's the "bang your head against the wall" stage.) The whispering starts, and then someone writes a column about it in MRR. (This is the venting phase.)

I only wish that the worst thing you encounter during 2009 is the horrifying experience of not being able to purchase a pre-order record that you didn't pre-order.

You know what I really hate? Punk bands that claim to have been around for 20 years when *I've never – ever – fucking heard of them.* I've been listening to punk music for longer than most of you readers have been alive. It's fair to say that if your band has "been around" for 20 years, and I've never heard of you, then your band blows.

No good band would need to say they've been around for 20 years – we would already know that. And let's define this "been around" phrase. Playing once a year in your buddy's garage doesn't make your band legendary. It means you guys should have broken up after the first practice, but you were too dumb to do it. Your stupidity doesn't make this an opportunity to cash in with a celebration record. Use the money for hair plugs, or give the money to me. If you didn't make an impression during the first 20 years, what makes you think the 21st year will be the lucky one?

And one more thing, all you KBD bands who released one decent song in 1978 (meaning if the song was released today, it wouldn't impress anyone – including the anally retentive KBD collectors who sling mud at any material released after 1983) can't say you've been a band this entire time either. You and your buddies got drunk, recorded 3 songs, picked the best 2 for a single, and pressed a record. No one bought it, so you went back to the "real world" until some jackass collector tracked you down years later with dollar signs flashing in his eyes. That's not a band. Fuck, it would barely be considered a studio project.

While I'm on the topic of Killed By Death hype, let me set the record straight. It doesn't take a genius to make a compilation of rare tracks without getting permission from the bands. In fact, only an idiot would have his name so widely circulated in connection with illegal albums while not making bank off of it. Today's tip: Don't rob the 7-11 store for $65 and risk getting 5 years in prison. Go to college, steal billions through white collar crime and risk getting 2 years in minimum security. Duh. (When is your top 10 list of Lawrence Welk songs coming out? I'm creaming in my pants just thinking about those tasty treats.)

New topic! Girlfriend songs—I'm tired of them. Stop recording them. No one is interested. I don't care if she broke your heart or how much you want her back. (She doesn't care how much you want her back either because she's too busy riding some other guy's cock or her new girlfriend is giving her the best head ever, and your overly sensitive personality is the reason she left you in the first place.) Go ahead, write her an email sharing your sappy feelings, but leave the rest of us out of it. Cry in your bedroom alone. Don't put it on a record for the rest of us to purchase.

The economy is tough right now, so I'll put this in stark terms. The cost of sending a pansy ass email to your ex-girlfriend is $0. The cost of recording, promoting and releasing a lame single that no one wants to hear is at least $1,000. Do we understand each other? Good.

—Buzz Donothing
buzz_donothing@yahoo.com

What about if your girlfriend has been in a KBD torpedo bonzer band in your buddy's garage for twenty years? Can you write a song about that, or only an email? Jeez, I feel like I've been stuck in conversation with the angriest dude at the bar after readingall of that. Glad you got it off your chest!? I guess?
—Layla

Dear MRR—
"The Hatepinks are the French version of the Briefs..." MRR #310. American reviewers, why don't you go and rub your ass with some of your stupid chauvinistic, egocentric, pathetic, lazy analysis. The world still hates you. Imperialist pigs. Ho, that's enough. Your center of the world is too easy to define. Just would like to know: are you fat and ignorant? Asshole. Enough with that mediocre writing..."
—Olivier Gasoil, France

LETTERS

Dear MRR—

My name is Ryan Cappelletti I used to do a label called Punks Before Profits and play in many hardcore punk bands. This is something I have been trying to get down on paper for some time now. This past winter has been a harsh one to say the least. It's been cold and miserable on my mind and body. Too many long nights of drinking whiskey and popping pills just to keep the pain of the cold away. I moved to the mid-west about three years ago. The first thing I noticed was the large amount of churches and other religious type things around me. It was in every aspect of life in this area. Every type of person was involved in religion somehow—punks / normals / hipsters / jocks/ burnouts. It was all over the place, God this and God that. I was blown away by it. I was thinking maybe the cold does this to people—tricks the brain into thinking some fantasy lifestyle. Either way I was beside myself on this topic. I hated it and I rejected it on every angle I possibly could. I was 100% against this movement in my area, and I stood strong until one night.

I was out getting smashed on one of those very cold Midwest nights when you can barely be outside. Well as the night went on I got more and more fucked up, and decided at one point it was time to call it a night and head home. I had just a few blocks to go so I thought I would be fine. Well on my way back I must have gotten lost somehow and the last thing I remember is passing out in a snow bank. Well the next day I woke up in my bed with no hangover at all, feeling the best I ever felt in my entire life! I had no idea how I got home. So I asked people that I partied with the night before and they said I walked home, but I could not recall making it there. Then I ran into my friend Triston who said he drove past me while I was heading home. He said I was being carried by a guy in a robe and long hair with a beard. Triston, also being drunk did not think much of it, and just thought I was out drunk and so was this weirdo with long hair and a robe.

What the fuck? I needed to know; who is this guy, and why do I feel better then ever this morning? I went to see my grandmother and she had this picture of this guy who was named Jesus—me being 100% anti-religion I had no idea who he was. But he resembled the description somewhat so I wanted to know more. She told me also about all the great things he did for people and how to this day he still lives among us. I was like, holy shit I can't believe it—I have been saved by the Lord himself. This is a fucking miracle! That day at my grandmother's house was the first day of my new life as a follower of God. I love the Lord and my new life. I have decided that the punk rock world is not for me anymore. I like what I got from it and everything it has done for me, but I have to teach the word of the Lord now, it is my duty. I just want to thank all the bands I worked with over the years and I hope someday you all find what I have found. I prayed to Jesus about my musical collection and asked if I should sell it at low cost and donate the money to the church, he answered me in a vision and as a result I will be doing so in the near future. I am going to cut this short but if you want to talk about the lord and buying all my records please contact me at godblessamerica@yahoo.com. Read on, and God bless.

—Ryan Cappelletti, Grand Rapids, MI

Dear MRR—

I'm writing regarding your February 2009 issue, I was a little surprised after seeing an ad for a *Hate Emo Kids* t-shirt, which depicts a big skinhead guy about to beat a small emo kid, for being emo. "Picking on Emo Kids since '99." I'm not really against the shirt, but it's weird that you published it when, for example, *MRR* has been forever crying that being homophobic is wrong, and, according to the *MRR* rules, you have to support gays if you want to be a good punk, and if you think that being gay is wrong, then you're not cool and shouldn't be a punk rocker. And then you publish an ad that puts down kids for liking that style of music, or whatever emo is, and even encourages violence towards them, something that actually happened last year here in Mexico. It even made the news and it was so ridiculous cause it was punks beating emos just for being emos, when years ago it was punks who used to get beaten up for being punks!

Anyway, I suggest that if you're gonna start running those ads, then open the policy and let homophobic bands or labels advertise too, including t-shirts where gay people is about to be beaten up for being gay. I mean, fair is fair. I know some of *MRR* staffers are gay, some of them are even columnists, but hey, like the ad says, "We don't hate you for being gay, scumbags, we hate you cause you'll be something else next year" or something like that.

—Fernando Mosh, Mexico

Fernando—

*I am not sure what you are insinuating here. Homophobia is the systematic oppression of people based on their sexuality, and queer bashing is a hate crime. The emo riots seem comparable to the '60s era mods vs. rockers battles on Brighton beach, a subcultural conflict. I would say that ad was dumb, but I don't understand how you can compare getting beaten up for liking a genre of music, which at this point is closer to a mall-rat tween soundtrack than Rites of Spring, to getting beaten up because of your sexuality. Obviously violence based on the way you dress or what you listen to sucks. But I don't even get how you got to the conclusion you did—that disparaging "emos" is equivalent to gay-bashing. I found your letter incredibly offensive and ignorant. I have spent too much time thinking about this already. However, I would love to see a copy of these mythical "*MRR *Rules" you speak of—I wonder if they would make life here easier or more complicated...*

—Layla

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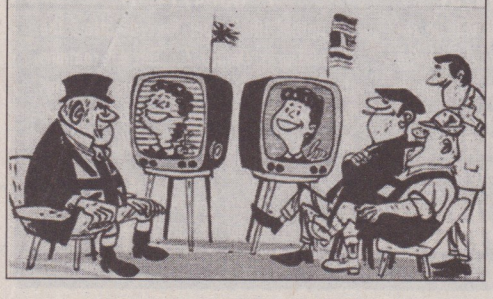

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COLUMNS

I'm fucking knocked out to start doing this column again (after what, five years?) and to lead off writing about the ZERO BOYS!!!

I grew up in Indianapolis, right around the corner from the Nimrod Records HQ. When I was a kid, my parents ordered from Cosmo's Pizza, oblivious to the fact that it was the hotbed of punk action in Indianapolis. The place employed local scenesters like Marvin P. Goldstein, and put on shows—as evidenced by the Zero Boys video/DVD, of their show in Cosmo's tiny dining area. Great fucking pizza too, from what I can remember.

Anyway, down to business: As unlikely as it might seem, the same label who brought the world SONGS: OHIA is re-re-re-releasing the Zero Boys' *Vicious Circle*. It's the same extended format that Panic Button did in the early '00s, with "Slam and Worm" and "She Said Goodbye" added—the same way the tracklisting appeared on the demo tape the band had floating around before the album was released. Hopefully this time *Vicious Circle* will stay in print. It's easily one of the best punk/hardcore albums *ever* and deserves to be a staple of every young punk out there.

More exciting is Secretly Canadian releasing the Zero Boys' *History Of* on vinyl (and CD). Seriously. Until now its only existed as a cassette—one of those rare cassettes that have become collectable, and virtually impossible to find—and if you do find one, you're gonna pay handsomely for it.

The songs from *History Of* have trickled out over the years—on the *Mastertape* compilations, tacked onto the Toxic Shock re-issue of *Vicious Circle*, on the *Blood Is Good* bootleg 7" and the split with Toxic Reasons on Selfless. You get the idea. I tried to get one of the honchos over at Secretly Canadian to humor us fans with a cassette re-issue of *History Of*. No dice.

And you wanna talk excitement? I got word that a seriously overdue DOW JONES & THE INDUSTRIALS re-issue is due out within a year or so. Details are being furiously hammered out as I type this. But jesusfuckingchrist I've been waiting a long time for someone to pull up their pants, roll up their sleeves and give Dow Jones their vinyl re-issue due. Let's hope it's a proper collection of their output: the 7" on Hardly Music, their side from the *Hoosier Hysteria* LP (worth re-issuing itself), "Ladies With Appliances" (fuuuuuuuuck, such a killer song!) and the mysterious tracks that appeared on the bootleg CD that floated around Bloomington, Indiana about twelve years ago.

The ZERO BOYS are coming out to the Bay Area for the first time in probably 25 fucking years for two knockout nights at Gilman. Look for an interview here in *MRR* soon.

While I'm talking about Indiana, let me mention the SHIRKS, featuring Alec Budd, formerly of the PROBLEMATICS. Some of you might know that Mr. Budd has been living in DC for a long time now, working as your esteemed bartender at the Black Cat. Well, he finally got another fucking band together: the Shirks. They more-or-less pick up where the Problematics left off. It sounds like Alec has had a bunch of songs rattling around in his head for the past ten years. Glad they got to see the light of day, thanks to Big Neck Records.

Let's move on.

Yes, the Midwest can be all right. Italy Records has resurrected itself to bring you a handful of new, awesome 7"s. My favorite of the bunch is the DRUID PERFUME *Goat Skin Glue* single. Yeah, it's the same song that's on their debut LP (released by myself and Sir Mitchell Cardwell), but the Italy Records version is totally different. Seriously. Fucking geniuses these guys are. Who are these guys? Three former members of the PIRANHAS (Jamie, Ryan and Brian) along with two new blokes. Er, maybe blokes isn't the right work. They are from Detroit after all. The Detroit equivalent of a bloke. Total weirdo punk at its finest. The music is solid, not weird for the sake of being weird, you know? Think along the lines of BEEFHEART, if you will.

In addition to the Druid Perfume 7", Italy also turns us on to the GARDENS and blesses us with a new TERRIBLE TWOS record.

Skipping a state over, the Chicago crüe at HoZac Records—home to the buy-or-die limited gold vinyl 7" eBay goldmine mill—level the playing field by offering a new singles club. The HoZac Hook Up Klub features ten limited edition 7"s (500 pressed), released over the next year, $65 (in the US).

Given HoZac's track record for putting out records by hot new bands, there're likely to be plenty in this batch that you not only haven't heard (or heard of)—but that will undoubtedly be killer—and you'll have to kill for them if you wanna find a copy (similar to the SPIDER 7" HoZac put out last year).

As of early February there were only about 100 spots left in the singles club, so act quickly if you want in on the action. Slated for release: DUM DUM GIRLS, IDLE TIMES, BOX ELDERS, WHITE MYSTERY, TEEPEE, WOVEN BONES, ART THIEVES, FLIGHT, TEETH and MOTHER OF TEARS. Buy or die.

Come to think of it, this whole fucking column is more like a historical document. By the time you read it a month or two after it's written, 95 percent of these records are going to be out of print or old news at the very least. I mean, I could tell you about the long overdue BEYOND THE IMPLODE 7" that Siltbreeze is doing, but what good will it do you? It is/was only available directly from Siltbreeze, limited to 300 copies. It sold out in three days—and the fucker was $11 ppd in the US. For a 7". Guess you can try eBay.

But even with something new and readily available like the incredible swan dive from the almighty HUNCHES (In the Red), you probably already know about it: downloaded it a month before it came out, maybe bought a copy of the LP, played it a few times, filed it and moved on to the next order for business on your music messageboard of choice.

Or perhaps I'm being a wee bit cynical.

I don't know. The longevity of records that are released these days just seems to get shorter and shorter. The records aren't necessarily shittier or anything—there're just a lot of 'em coming out. Hard to keep up. Hard to separate the wheat from the chaff and all that.

That said I still regularly put on a few killers from '08. The OOGA BOOGAS *Romance and Adventure* LP for sure. Likewise for the EDDY CURRENT LP and HUMAN EYE. Shit. All the Human Eye and CLONE DEFECTS stuff is still in regular rotation around the Murrmann house. Can't keep the good ones down, can't bury them in a shitstorm of the Greatest New Thing Ever. Pick 'em up if you've been slouching.

Speaking of Eddy Current Suppression Ring, did you manage to grab a copy of their newest 7", *That Time of Day* (NervousJerk)? If you're lucky, Goner might still have a few.

Am I allowed to write about Drag City releases here? I hope so, because one of the best, most anticipated re-issues of the year is coming out on that esteemed Chicago label. I'm talking of course about DEATH. All-black three-piece band from Detroit who, it has been said, bridge the gab between the MC5 and BAD BRAINS. Hard

to believe, but true. These dudes were monsters. The Drag City LP collects the two songs off their mondo rare 45: "Politicians in My Eyes" and "Keep on Knockin'"—plus five other songs recorded, get this, in 1974.

Word is they were going to do an album from Columbia but refused to change their name. Rather than lard up this 12" with bullshit demos or live stuff, Drag City keeps it simple. Seven knockout songs, in and out, wham. I predict this LP will be a year-end Top Ten placeholder.

Raw Deluxe is back at it with two must-have 7"s. Mr. Cardwell treats us right with the debut 7" from PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS, featuring the smash hit "I Can Read" and the latest (and greatest) from the INTELLIGENCE. Two totally different kinds of records (one smart, one, um, dumb), but both are killer. And both are quite likely to be limited and will disappear fast. You've been warned.

Didja notice that the first (and best) three Bloodstains compilations got re-booted? They've been showing up in distros and stores here and there over the past two months. It's about time. Those three—*Bloodstains Across the Midwest*, *Texas* and *California*—are among the best KBD/Bloodstains/Back to Front/whatever comps that ever came out. Prices on the originals were creeping up into the $30 range.

That's it for this month. Send all tips, hits and fits to me at: markmurrmann @gmail.com, or 4209 Shafter Ave., Oakland, CA 94609, USA.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

All right, so screw drugs and my usual complaining—here's something you can use. This is the "Print" issue (at least, its been sold to me as such), and as these very words are in print and I've been printing words on my own for quite a while. Besides, I figured I'd give you some advice that is pertinent and useful and all that. It concerns little magazines, known commonly as "zines," and they're usually awful. But take my advice and yours will be great and the praise will come like piss.

Come up with a good name:

Don't name it after an SSD song. Don't make it cute. Don't make it a pun, or a play-on-words.

Steal pictures from other zines: Layout and backgrounds and pictures are about three-fourths the battle. Avoid extremely typical shit (as in don't make it look like a Discharge record cover), don't print anything from the internet, and no pin-up girls or porno shit (*Horizontal Action* is the single exception to the last example). But why search for the stuff if you can just yank it? Find obscure punk zines and strip them bare.

Don't review any records: Unless you work at *MRR* or are Felix Havoc, you have bought all your records with your own money. And unless you're some hoarder shut-in (like I am), you probably act logically and purchase only records that you wish to keep and own and that you enjoy. No one gives two shakes of a shit what you think of the new skate-thrash-pizza single you paid six bucks for at Rickie's Records after your morning community college classes, so shove it. I am an exception to this rule.

Don't say it's good: This one is also not true for me because I am a self-aware Punk Zine Guru, but for you dilettante toe-dippers entering my world of Small Magazines, you should take this to heart. Too many pages are filled with jerks jabbering about how great the new Shit DisSystema Social album is. Sure, you probably like it all right, but don't get your dick in a twist about it. You also have poor taste, and should acknowledge this in your writings. Tell 'em it sucks. They're feeding you shit—don't eat it.

No in-jokes: No explanation necessary.

No drawings: You're terrible at art. If you were good at it, you'd be famous and have no need to put out this twenty-page piece of shit you've created.

Make it funny: No person on God's Green Earth gives two-thirds of a piece of dog shit what you have to say about anything. If you can make someone laugh, great—if you don't want to make your zine entertaining, write a fucking book or something. Zines are supposed to be read while shitting, or while sitting on a couch, bored. If you want to write a journal, write a journal—a personal one that you never, ever publish.

Make it cool: My early zines are embarrassing jumbles of poorly written trite punk-talk and bad layouts. Don't rush anything, proofread it a million times, have other people read it and tell you whether it's stupid or not. Listen to them (or don't, I certainly never have). Check for spelling errors and then re-write it when you think it's acceptable. Take methedrine and lay the whole thing out at night and never sleep.

Don't get it printed Scam 'em at the photocopy shop, chump. Paying to get your zine printed? Might as well be *Razorcake*.

Don't let your friends help: They have a dumb sense of humor and less at stake if the zine sucks (everyone making fun of you). So whatever they will do is going to suck and be half-assed—they're just doing it so they can show other people they're not a total retard. They are, and you aren't, so don't take any help at all.

Since I broke out on my own in zines, the only help I've been given is when my friend wrote an erotic short story concerning Leia Organna and Chewbacca. That was great, but your friend talking about skateboarding won't be.

Don't interview anyone: You're not good at doing this. So don't. No one gives a shit what influences anyone, so talk about how the guitarist's girlfriend has an eating disorder or that the bassist has back hair. Never tell them they're good—if they are they already know it, and if they aren't, they don't.

I'm sure there's more, but I'm tired—and due to circumstances beyond my control I am forced to write my column from the deep dank dark confines of the Maximum HQ hallway: an epicenter for spectral forces. I'm afraid of ghosts, so this thing is *done*.

Write me at bracebelden@hotmail.com if you want to buy an issue of *MEAN PUNK* #1 for $3.50 PPD. New issue coming soon (never).

"What was it like?" asks my friend Montana, as I tell her about my last visit to Armageddon.

"It was, well, I dunno..." I kind of mumbled.

"Did you go *there*?" she asks, "And if so, what'd you do?"

I look into her pretty blue eyes and know what she's asking. So I tell her. I just hope she doesn't hate me.

*

So, there I was, back in hell.

The Sunshine State.

Land of old people, frat boys and rednecks.

Floriduh—the armpit of the universe.

I wasn't happy about it, but the late- 1998 or 1999 tour with Furious George had taken us there. So there I was.

I looked down at my feet: white Nikes with yellow logos and red shoelaces. Punk Rock. Furious George style. I looked next to my feet. And saw it. Finally. The plate. Made of steel and stone. In the ground. And I read it: "Lester Martin Tabb: 1937-1993."

My father's gravestone.

I hadn't gone to his funeral years back because I didn't want to return to Florida. Plus, my whole family hated me. I knew I'd come back to hell one day, and then I'd pay my respects. And today was the day.

"That's it," my bass player Evan said to me in a very sober voice.

"Wow, your dad's grave," added our drummer Michael.

"You are standing over him now," said Adam, the drummer from Yum Yum Tree and our current tour manager/merch guy.

I looked down, and indeed I was. His headstone was about two-feet from my shoes—which put me, oh, about on his chest.

"What's it like?" asked Michael.

I thought for a second.

"I dunno," I said, looking at the gravestone with all the little rocks placed on it—no doubt by my sisters and brothers and stepmother.

"Do you miss him? Do you wish he were here?" asked Evan, with his bright green hair.

I didn't answer because I didn't know what to say.

I was standing over my dead dad, and I wasn't sure how I felt. Here was the guy that had

caused me grief my whole life: A guy who had beaten me to a pulp since I was a small child; a guy who emotionally tortured me every day of my life; and a guy who sexually molested me. A guy who hated my leather jacket, wanted me to become an accountant, beat his second wife, and wore more women's underwear under his business suits than Frank-N-Furter from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Here was a guy who I shot with my BB gun, a guy who hit on my girlfriends, a guy who told my ex-wife stuff I can never repeat and told my brothers while my mother was dying of cancer that he'd be happy when she was dead.

And a guy who pretended he was once best friends with my cool stepdad, Nick.

Here was a guy who, well, I didn't much like.

"Well?" asked Evan, from behind his Ray-Bans. "Do you miss him? Are you going to pay your last respects, or what?"

I thought about it. But let me back up a bit.

*

My father and I really never got along after I was five or so. He used to like me, take me for rides to Coney Island on his bicycle and stuff, but when my Mom left him, he took out his frustrations on my brothers and me. My whole life was spent defending myself from his punches and threats of being sent to military school. When I finally turned seventeen and was kicked out of my home for good, my life changed for the better. I moved in with my real mom and my stepdad Nick, who were totally awesome—and I learned what life was really about.

I was lucky.

Most kids don't have that choice:

Of having a good parent versus a bad one.

I was lucky I really didn't have to go out "totally on my own."

*

From the time I was eighteen until my dad's death, we had very little contact. Every now and then, he'd try to convince me to be his son, but it always ended with him telling me how to run my life and abusing me mentally. But somewhere deep inside, I felt as though I needed some sort of relationship with him—so I kept going back for more. And every time I went back it was more abuse.

I kept sticking my hand on the stove and getting burnt. Dumbass.

*

After my mom died, I saw my dad for the last time at my brother Sam's wedding. I didn't say one word to him, but he kept smirking at me—like he was happy my mom was dead. I ignored him the best I could and tried to show my brother a good time and a happy wedding.

*

While recording with my former band, Iron Prostate, my father had a heart attack. An ambulance in Tallahassee came to save him, but the unit didn't have those electric shock things that make your heart start to beat again—like on *ER*—so, well, he expired. He was dead by the time they got him to the hospital. My brother called me and told me. He asked that I come South of Hell to Florida for the funeral, but warned me that my family hated me, that they blamed *me* for his death.

Forced to decide between a horrible funeral where they'd crucify me and finishing an album that I didn't really like, I went with door number two.

I knew I would eventually see my dad's grave.

*

Now, years later, that time had come.

We had left on tour, and were doing the whole east coast. And somehow we ended up doing a show in Gainesville, and then took a trip north.

And now I was in Tallahassee.

We were on our way to Panama City.

*

So there I was, standing over my father's grave. As I looked at his name, and the rocks my sisters put on his grave, I felt rage build up in my veins.

This man was a monster, and even though he was dead, he still haunted my dreams every night.

Still does.

To this day, I still dream he is chasing me with an ax, or that he is beating my brothers and me, or hurting my mother. And I still wake up screaming.

"So, George," said Evan, snapping me out of my thoughts, "last respects or what? We gotta hit the road, the next show awaits!"

I looked down at the stone, then reached into my pocket and pulled out a couple of Furious George buttons. One had just the monkey and the name of the band on it, and the other had a picture of me, and read: "I Love George!"

I put them on his stone, next to the rocks my brothers and sisters had placed.

Michael, Adam and Evan giggled.

"So I guess that's it?" said Evan, and turned to make his way toward the van.

"Not exactly," I said.

"You gonna say a prayer?" he asked.

I didn't answer him. Instead, I just smiled.

At him.

At Michael.

And at Adam.

Then I pulled down the front of my pants, took out my dick, and took the best piss of my life.

On that damn engraved stone.

As I did so, I thought of all the bad things my father had done, what an evil person he was, and how I was glad he was dead.

I thought about how he beat his kids, tortured them, and how he had hated my mother, the nicest woman to ever walk on this planet. As I pissed, I thought of all the pain, and how he still scared me worse than Jason, Freddy Kruger, or Donald Rumsfeld—even in death.

And I thought about myself.

And all the sadness I was still holding.

But more so: the rage.

*

As my bladder emptied onto the words "Lester Martin Tabb: 1937-1993," I began to feel good.

Relieved.

As my stream began to weaken, I squeezed out as much urine out as I could.

And of my then-anger.

Finally, I shook twice, like my father always taught me, and spilled a bit too much on my black, ladies' stretch pants as I pulled them up.

"Wow," said Adam, "that's the most punk rock thing I have ever seen!"

I nodded my head in my now-wet jeans.

Then Michael asked the question of the day.

"Toilet paper?" he mumbled.

"Naw, I said, he's been dead for a long time!"

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb

2. I hear Slayer and Anthrax have some new albums coming out this summer! Fuck yeah! For now, go to myspace and check out Potatoe Famine and Paul Ryder, Norman Bates & The Showerheads—and now even Roach Motel has a site there!

3. Some great video games out very recently. *Moon*, for the Nintendo DS, by Renegade Kids—a completely Indie games label (imagine that)—the *best* first-person shooter for the machine yet. Well, next to the Lego one nobody mentions. Anyway, you play as a Major guy on the moon who fights droids, aliens and some really bad luck. The controls rock (finally) and no leaps of faith to your death—get this! Even David, the PR guy who promotes this game, is Punk! Yeah, baby!

4. *Prince Of Persia* from Ubisoft rules. It's beautiful, and very much like *Beyond Good & Evil*, if you remember that classic title from your PlayStation days. There's a deep story in this game that is very green: Save the world, grow a tree. And play some Ramones, dammit. Again, this game is stunning!

5. *Lock's Quest* from THQ for the Nintendo DS is awesome. It's very *Zelda*-like, and the whole game basically has you defending "source wells." That means you get to build cool traps and kill the bad guys. I never loved strategy games before, but this turned me onto a whole new world! Very, very deep—and fun. Nothing like frying a guy with acid, then hitting him over the head with a wench. Oh, I mean wrench!

5.5 *Penny Racers* is a cool game for the Wii that is for the kid in all of us. You race tiny cars around and it feels like virtual Hot Wheels. I like it. My nephews love it. So if ya got kids, check this out. Also, *Dance Dance Revolution* from Konami for The PlayStation2 and The Xbox360 rock. Not only is it fun to dance around in your living room, it can really get you in great shape, and beats the hell out of the price of going to the gym.

I mean, the one for the PS2 is dirt cheap, as is that system now, and rocks!!! You can do all sorts of aerobics at home and get in shape without looking like flash dance at the gym. Okay, the real reason I'm plugging this? It is great to watch chicks come over and play the damn thing. When they jump up and down their boobies are awesome, and when it comes to those deep bends? Yeah, baby! But seriously, this is great stuff!

6. I got an advance review of the movie *Choke* by that Chuck guy who wrote *Fight Club*. While it's

not over-the-top like that film, the movie stars Sam Rockwell and is funny and mean as shit. It's about a guy who has some very deep personal problems 'cause of his mom (Angelica Houston), and goes to "Sex Anonymous" groups to meet chicks. Sounds like a lot of my friends with AA! Doh!!!

7. Finally, my pal Kim wrote a book called *Sex, Blood and Rock 'n' Roll*. Ever seen that movie where that chick from *Juno* castrates that guy? This is meaner and tougher to read. It really is sex and blood and punk rock. I thought I could handle the violence since I've seen *Hostel* 1 and 2—but I'm a pussy. Maybe you aren't, so you ahead, I dare you. Read this book! It had me sleeping with the lights on for a month! Great horror!!!

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Someone told Roosevelt during the Great Depression that if he got America through the economic crisis, he would be remembered as one of its greatest presidents. Roosevelt replied with something to the effect that if he failed, he would very well be remembered as the last president. Let us not forget that the New Deal did not arise from the altruism of the elite, but from a genuine fear that radical politics would come to the fore as they had in Russia, Germany and elsewhere, and sweep the establishment out of power.

While Roosevelt was hated by the right and much of the business elite for being too socialistic and left-leaning, he may very well have defused a mass revolt by the farmers and workers of America born of the economic crisis of those times. Some of the less-remembered portions of the New Deal were the programs to promote home ownership among the working class—programs that survived in the form of FannieMae and FreddieMac. Roosevelt and others felt that if working-people owned their own homes they would be less likely to side with the hotheads and rebels in the labor movement, and would identify more with business and propertied interests.

Various supply-side conservatives, from Thatcher to Bush, have extrapolated on this idea of an "ownership society." Indeed, Bush's main pre-9-11 agenda was to dismantle the "socialistic" New Deal-era program of Social Security and replace it with private retirement accounts invested in the stock market. Again, this echoed the idea that if middle and working class people identified more closely with the interests of the elite, they would consistently back the pro-business point of view in politics.

Many observers consider one of the principle themes of the last 30-odd years to be the assault on what remains of the New Deal and of '60s-era social programs that benefited workers and minorities by the right. Today, most people my age and younger are highly skeptical that Social Security will still be around when we retire—and many of us have never had proper health care coverage. As a result, many people strive to save as much of their income as they can for retirement or health expenses. And much of this savings goes in the stock market. So in a backhanded way, the right wing idea of the ownership society has come to pass—more out of the fear of economic hardship than actually getting people to "buy in" to the conservative agenda.

One underlying theme in today's economic crisis that is rarely voiced in the media is the specter of social unrest. There have been riots in Greece, the Russian Far East and in China. Recent protests against police brutality in Oakland resulted in a strong and rapid turnout of disaffected and angry citizens. And there have been civil, but angry protests in Iceland, France and the Baltics. If you read the business papers (which is where you often find news with the least candy coating and bullshit) there is much speculation about economically driven social unrest in many countries around the world, notably in Asia and Eastern Europe.

But here in the USA it still seems that the only ones willing to revolt are the young and disenfranchised—those with the "least to lose" by rebelling. I noted before how I found myself shying away from the protests against the Republican convention here this summer, because I couldn't risk the disruption of jail time and court dates—much less a rubber bullet or tear gassing.

I would guess that a large portion of the US population today does identify with business interests and with the elite, and pretty much votes and acts against their own economic interest by supporting a conservative platform for social reasons. I would also guess that another considerable portion doesn't speak out or rebel because of fear. Not necessarily fear of police repression, but fear of losing a job or of losing health care coverage—or perhaps fear that upsetting the system would lead to a decline in their stock portfolio, if we're to believe the "ownership society" model.

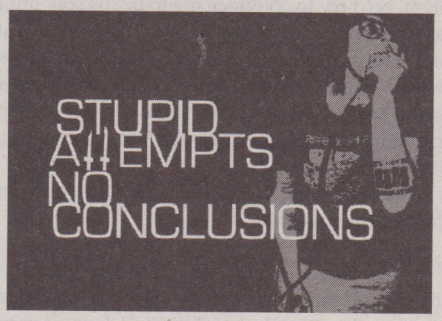
If widespread protest were to break out, it might very well come not from the radical left, but from the radical right. This is the country of Black Helicopters, Minutemen, the Michigan Militia, the Order and numerous fringe right wing groups that might move into the mainstream. The radical left is in complete shambles, and the labor movement is more like junior partners with management in most industries. There is some hope for a European-style Green Movement, but it's hard to see such a movement successfully capitalizing on the economic issues facing America. So if there is any social unrest, I think it's more likely to be spontaneous, disorganized, unfocused and quite possibly counter productive. Something like the early-'90s LA Riots. It was this kind of unrest that propelled Nixon into office in the late-'60s.

Lastly, I'd note that times aren't really that bad. If you read a book like the late Studs Terkel's *Hard Times*, you can see how really, really hard people of our grandparents' generation had it. Our recession would be a cakewalk compared to the dirty 30s. I can only hope that the outrage over the mess the robber barons of Wall Street have made propels more people to question the social relations that would allow such a narrow elite to continue to enrich themselves at the expense of the rest of the population.

August 2, 1982 will forever live in history as the day that Washington DC's Deadline recorded their demo and the comp track on *Flex Your Head* (which I discussed in this space awhile back). The Deadline demo is an almost lost classic of early-'80s DC hardcore. In my mind this demo is better than some of the vinyl offerings of the era: Solid and driving meat and potatoes hardcore with a lot of anger and conviction.

"Authority Figures" is a real standout with the shouted chorus, and rolls right into "Decayed." Mutually Assured Destruction was a common theme of Cold War-era hardcore, but let's not forget that Reagan and Brezhnev both had their fingers on the button and were itching to "begin bombing in five minutes." This sick rager came out on vinyl in the late-'80s on Peterbilt, a label mostly known for emo and post-hardcore. It was packaged early-emo-style in a manila envelope. Until recently, this band was largely off the radar except with diehards. Thankfully, this material has been re-issued and a lot more people have been exposed to this band. Tragically, the re-issue is only on CD.

Perhaps this is something we will discuss next month: It seems like every obscure band is now available on CD—at precisely the point in history where CDs have become almost irrelevant and vinyl sales are growing.



Hey, so I recently moved to the most easternly tip of North America: St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, a Canadian province. Around the world, my impending move was met with, "There's a new Finland?" or, "What are you going to do there? Are there cities or punks?" or, "What the fuck is that?"

A few months into this residency, I'm still not sure myself. I asked local punk archivist and cassette enthusiast Steve Dejected, who just co-released the tape compilation *Hell Comes to Fogtown #1*, if he could shed some light on my new living situation.

Juls Generic: Steve, what is Newfoundland?

Steve Dejected: Newfoundland is about the size of Pennsylvania with one-twentieth the population. It's an island surrounded by the North Atlantic off the eastern coast of Canada. Before its confederation into Canada in 1949, it was part of Britain—which I guess means people born here 60 years ago or more are now considered Canadians, despite being born British.

We have our own time zone, and local gold-rich eccentric Geoff Stirling believes—and promotes through his TV station, NTV—that Newfoundland is the tip of the lost city of Atlantis. The capital city of Newfoundland is St. John's, which has a population of a couple hundred thousand people. Apparently it's one of the oldest cities in North America. I understand some people refer to San Francisco as "Fogtown" too. Whatever, 'Frisco.

JG: Are there any bands from here that outsiders may have heard of?

SD: That's hard for me to answer. DA SLYME was pretty feared in their day. SCHIZOID, DOG MEAT BBQ—those are all older bands, DA SLYME going back to '76 or '77—the first punk band in Newfoundland. There's a story about the singer ending up in the hospital after their first show, and having to be cut out of his bloody jeans and the panty hose he was wearing over them after a confused crowd began pelting the band with beer bottles.

Some collectors might know about this band and their sought-after double-LP, which goes for an exorbitant sum on eBay. When it came out, the band bought a bunch of dime-a-dozen albums, tossed the records, kept the sleeves, stenciled "da slyme" on the covers, and that was that. There are occasional myths of someone finding one at Value Village or somewhere like that. There's also a story about Damian from FUCKED UP agreeing to bring the band here if someone gives him a copy.

JG: I heard a rumor that no band from Newfoundland has ever toured in America. Is that true?

SD: No. In 2001, THE KILLING played Boston, Albany, and maybe a couple other places in the US. I'm not sure where else they went on that tour. I just remember their homecoming show. It was at a hockey arena, there was no ice and they were set up around where one of the nets would have been. One of the bands they played with covered "Eggraid on Mojo" (BEASTIE BOYS)—a moment of triumph for my budding adolescent punk self.

The fact that it's an eight-hour drive and an overnight ferry ride to Nova Scotia (the next province over) makes it a little more of a challenge for local bands that wanna tour, but people still do it—and luckily it doesn't completely scare out-of-town bands away from playing shows here either. We have at least a handful of out-of-town bands every year, which people are always excited about. It's kind of a treat when a band makes the harrowing voyage to play here, and I think they're usually well received. You'll do well with merch if you come here. Most recently, we've had bands like CAREER SUICIDE, GENETIC ANGRY, CRITICAL CONVICTIONS, REGULATIONS, HARD CHARGER, BRUTAL KNIGHTS, DEFECT DEFECT and BURIED INSIDE.

JG: Are there any characteristics of the punk scene here that makes it different than punk scenes in other places? One thing I am thinking of here are the Spanish sailors who were docked in St John's who showed up at the all-locals bar show the other weekend.

SD: Yeah, that was pretty funny. They were stoked. Imagine discovering punk on accident in your 40s, and maybe not remembering the next morning. He kept doing off-beat straight-armed hand claps above his head with his back to the band, as if he was trying to get everyone else to join in; his friend dancing next to him like David Byrne in the "Once in a Lifetime" video.

I'm not sure if I'd consider it a local phenomenon or anything, because I'm sure random people wander into punk shows all the time, but I have seen this happen a few times at shows here. You'll see this drunken man in a fleece vest and khakis lurking around outside the all-ages show, and halfway through someone's set, there he is, standing on the edge of the pit in disbelief. He'll offer encouragement to the band between each song, saying things like, "Play that funky punk rock bass drum! Play that punk rock song so loud!"

One thing that's been happening here lately is there will be outdoor shows, which are always pretty fun. Once, on the day of a pretty anticipated show, we were told we couldn't use the venue anymore. It was a church hall, and someone had tagged the side of the building, which had just undergone an expensive facelift. Everyone was hanging out on the lawn bummed out: kids were calling for rides when I heard someone shout, "Here's the deal, everyone meet in Bannermant Park in one hour—the show's happening there." Someone posted a note on the door of the venue and everyone headed for the park.

The whole thing was powered through extension chords running from a light pole to a small gazebo that acted as a stage; I remember kids busting open the metal box on the pole with skateboards to expose the outlet. All the bands got to play full sets, and the cops didn't show up until everything was over and the gear was being dismantled. SHIT LEGION played that park in November once—it was so cold that the bass drum skin ripped like a piece of paper. JUDGE DREAD played their last show in that same gazebo in July with the aid of a generator.

These kinds of shows definitely offer us that aforementioned glimpse at the surprised reaction of the unsuspecting passer by. I look forward to the warmer weather so this can happen more regularly.

JG: I have this theory that since the invention of the internet, kids who live in super-remote places often become part of this overarching mono-counter-culture. Like kids who, if they lived in other places, would be too preoccupied with the amount of local punk activity to care what happens anywhere else, but instead spend a bunch of time on the Bridge Nine message-board or something. What do you think? Does this apply at all to Newfoundland? If so, does St John's support or refute this theory?

SD: Well, I think there are definitely similarities in punks from place to place, but I don't think it's completely as a result of the internet. Look at all the punk imagery we're bombarded with just as a result of having record collections; all the artwork we're exposed to, all the live photos, all the ideas in the zines we read. That milk crate of fanzines next to the toilet could give someone a pretty good push if they really wanted to make some contrived attempt at a punk identity. I feel like there have always been posers, only maybe the internet makes it easier to be "insta-punk" or whatever.

JG: Tell me about the *Hell Comes to Fogtown* compilation.

SD: It's a 90-minute indictment against the belief in CD releases, and a celebration of local punk/HC focused on the past five years or so. Kyle and I got together one night with a binder of show posters and made a list of every local band we could think of within said bracket. There were like fifty-odd bands on the list. Initially we were going to have one song for each band, but we said, "Let's just do as many volumes as it takes to do this shit justice," and we ended up with 22 bands, each with two or three songs.

A lot was taken from demos that have dwindled in availability even locally, along with some unreleased stuff. We tried to mix it up in a way that wouldn't betray the overall quality of the tape—since some of the material was of a pretty questionable quality—and I think we did a good job. Some songs might be a little quieter than others, but overall it has received a pretty good response. It's nice to have all this stuff in one place for those who may have missed some of the bands—and as a result missed the opportunity to buy the demo that sold out in one show or whatever.

JG: What are the unlisted ditties that play at the beginning and end of each side of the tape?

SD: The song at the beginning of Side A is "I's Da B'y," as performed by local favourite of years past, HARRY HIBBS; the end of Side A is "Black Velvet Band." The end of Side B is a song called "Brendan's Favourite," which if my memory serves me correctly, is also by HARRY HIBBS.

We put it on there because that's the type of music people expect to hear coming from Newfoundland: fishing ballads backed by accordion. Kyle and I are both pretty into HARRY HIBBS, actually, and we both play accordion. But that's okay because we also rage.

JG: Why should anyone order this tape?

SD: Because it has 22 bands, most of which you probably haven't heard yet. The odds are that you might like at least one or two songs on here, and if not, you have a 90-minute tape that, with a little masking tape, is ready for some songs you actually like.

JG: How can people order it?

SD: If you want a copy your best bet is to send me an e-mail (towerofswine@hotmail.com) and we'll work it out. Toss in a couple bucks or something neat. You like tapes? So do we, let's trade.

Thanks a lot, stay stoked.

RALL DEAL

I.

Two improbable new political parties have been born in France. One claims to already have the support of fifteen percent of the population—not merely of the French republic but of the entire European Union. In a multi-party parliamentary democracy, that's big. And mainstream pundits expect that number to double within a year.

France's resurgent left has been born of a movement borne of a level of mass rage and popular resentment the likes of which no one has seen here since the 1930s. Like Americans, French voters are terrified as securities markets falter and companies lay off tens of thousands of workers. They're furious about bank bailouts that cost taxpayers hundreds of billions of euros with little to no accountability, as the beneficiaries spend the money on everything except helping the ordinary people and small businesses that need it most. But unlike the United States, the incendiary rhetoric of France's left has seized the popular imagination and is redefining the acceptable range of political debate.

Jean-Luc Mélenchon quit France's Socialist Party a few months ago, decrying his former comrades as out of touch. Now he's the co-founder of France's Left Party (PG), a coalition of left-of-center parties. A week earlier, Olivier Besancenot formed the New Anti-Capitalist Party (NPA), which he says has 9,000 "militants" dedicated to the overthrow of the liberal economic system that has dominated Europe since the end of World War II. Anti-capitalist!

Even in left-leaning France, there wouldn't have been enough wine in the whole county to convince a politician that he could successfully market the NPA's battle cry—they want nothing less than "a total break with capitalism"—to the voting public. "The right to happiness," a PG deputy said flatly, "is still a new idea." And that's what they're selling.

The Left Party seeks to unite France's left-of-center factional parties—communists, socialists, greens and members of the New Anti-Capitalist Party—under an umbrella alliance that would preserve their ideological differences while focusing their attention on dismantling the free market system that many agree has brought France to the brink of economic ruin.

To this American's eyes, revolution is in their air. One week ago, labor unions and leftist political parties declared a national strike, forcing schools, banks, transportation links and government offices to close. More than a million Parisians marched in the streets, calling for the ouster of (conservative French president) Nicolas Sarkozy. (Adjusting for France's population, that's the equivalent of five million demonstrators in Washington demanding that Obama step down.)

"There is room for everyone with legitimate political opinions," a PG official said in a radio interview. "This does not include the right." What should French conservatives do, he was asked. "They should leave the country." "Down with Sarkozy," read a sign hanging from a city hall in the Auvergne region: "Death to the capitalists." The Auvergne is one of the country's most conservative regions.

What does "anti-capitalism" mean? Besancenot, head of the New Anti-Capitalist Party, foresees a society where "the majority controls and expropriates wealth. Nowadays, the fruits of one's labor is stolen by a minority; we will ensure that everyone gets his or her fair share."

Communists have always been around, especially in France. But the mainstream Socialist Party (PS) has expressed a willingness to unite with its erstwhile rivals. The PS, PG and NPA all say they're setting aside factionalism. The last time France's left was this unified was in 1936, when a similar anti-capitalist coalition formed the Popular Front government.

Of course, there are cynics … on the left. "I'm not going to close down my shop and waste the afternoon marching in the streets unless it's for real revolution, for a real popular movement," a store manager told me. "These demonstrations are just to prop up the official left, which supports the status quo," he continued.

Capitalism is in crisis, both here and in the United States. Is it doomed? No one knows, but the future of minimally regulated free markets is anything but certain.

II.

Most Americans don't care what happens in France. But the oldest country in "Old Europe" remains the Western world's intellectual capital and one of its primary originators of political trends. (Google: "May+1968+Sorbonne.")

The French are reacting to a situation almost identical to ours—economic collapse, government impotence, corporate corruption—by turning hard left. National strikes and massive demonstrations are occurring every few weeks. How far left? This far: The late president François Mitterand's Socialist Party, the rough equivalent of America's Greens, is considered too conservative to solve the economic crisis.

A new poll by the Parisian daily *Libération* found 53 percent of French voters (68 percent of 18-to-24-year-olds) favor "radical social change." If 57 percent want France to insulate itself from the global economic system, does this mean revolution? It's certainly possible. Or maybe counter-revolution: Jean-Marie Le Pen's nativist (some would say neo-fascist) National Front is also picking up points.

One thing is certain: French politics are even more volatile than the financial markets these days. In yet another indication of How Far Left?, the Communist-aligned CGT labor union is on the defensive for not being militant enough. "We're not going to put out the blazing fires [of the economic crisis]," the CGT's secretary general said, trying to seize the initiative by calling for another strike on February 18th. "We're going to fan them."

Two new entities: a Left Party (PG) umbrella organization trying to unify opposition to the conservative government of President Nicolas Sarkozy (who'd be to the left of Obama in the US) and the New Anticapitalist Party (NPA), have seized the popular imagination. The NPA claims to have registered more than 9,000 "militants" who are willing to use violent force to overthrow the government if given the word.

"Only combat pays," read a banner at the NPA's first convention.

Communism is dead, most pundits—the mainstream, stupid ones anyway—have been telling us since the USSR shut down in 1991. As it turns out, the libertarians were wrong. Half right, anyway: Human nature may be inherently individualistic, as free market capitalists claim, but it's also inherently social. When economies boom, most people are sufficiently satisfied to leave well enough alone. Who cares if my boss gets paid 100 times more than I do? I'm doing OK. As resources become scarce, however, we huddle together for protection. The sight of a small rich elite hoarding all the goodies violates our primal sense of fairness.

"In Soviet times," a man in present-day Tajikistan told me, "we lived worse than we do today. But we were all the same. Now we live a bit better, but we have to watch rich assholes pass us in their Benzes." Which would he choose? No hesitation: "Soviet times."

In America, a French cliché goes, people are afraid of the government. In France, the government is afraid of the people. With good reason, too: The French have overthrown their government dozens of times since the Revolution of 1789. The French are hard-wired with class-consciousness. Strikes, demonstrations and general hell-raising are festive occasions. Only when things spin totally out of control—as when Muslim youths rioted in the suburbs of Paris and other cities—are conservatives like Sarkozy able to make headway.

Riots over police brutality by disenfranchised minorities make the French nervous. But contempt for American-style "harsh capitalism," where citizens pay $800 a month for healthcare and write nary a letter to their local newspaper to complain, is 100 percent mainstream. The French don't think they should have to suffer just because some greedy bankers went on a looting spree.

Even Sarkozy is getting the message. "We don't want a European May '68 in the middle of Christmas," he warned his ministers in December. He shelved proposals to loosen regulation of business. Arnaud Lagardère, CEO of the Lagardère Group, told the financial daily *Les Echos*: "We're seeing, in renewed form, the most debatable aspects of Anglo-Saxon capitalism called into question."

The French and Americans face similar problems—but their temperamental differences lead them to different conclusions. An average working-class Frenchman possesses a deeper understanding of economics, politics, history and economics than most college professors in the US. Go to a bar or café, and sports will be on the tel-

evision—but not on people's lips. They're talking politics and how to force their leaders to protect their quality of life.

Americans, on the other hand, don't expect direct help from their government. They're giving Barack Obama time to see whether his economic recovery program will work. It won't, of course; economists say so. But indolent hopefulness is less work than chucking Molotov cocktails.

Back in France, the NPA sets off rhetorical bombs Americans wouldn't dream of. "We're not a boutique party out to get votes, or an institutional mainstream party, but a party of militants," says the NPA's leader to the *Le Monde* newspaper. "We're real leftists, not official leftists." The NPA is currently negotiating a temporary alliance of convenience with the Communists.

A communist revolution in western Europe would be greeted by curiosity and derision in the U.S. state-controlled media. But if such a social upheaval were to protect French living standards from a global Depression spinning out of control, it might also prove inspiring to increasingly desperate Americans.

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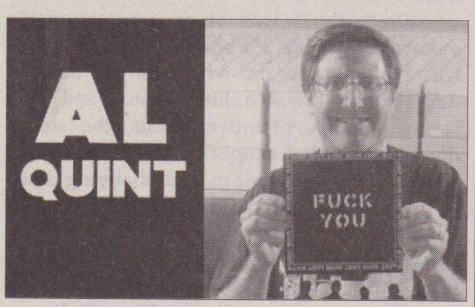


REUNION TIME?

Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later. I always hoped it wouldn't, since at least one of the guys in this band had always displayed impeccable integrity about such things. Moreover, it was a band clearly of its time, belonging to a certain era and shouldn't be extracted or extrapolated from it. But, after more than 25 years, MINOR THREAT have announced plans to reunite this summer for a free outdoor show near the Washington Monument. The date has been set for July 25. The theme is "Economic Justice Now," and the idea behind the show is to raise awareness that while large banking and investment institutions and other corporate interests are being "bailed out" by the government, there are still many in need who aren't so fortunate.

People are losing their jobs and homes, often unable to afford even their most basic needs. It's infuriating when these corporations, who come hat-in-hand begging for government assistance, turn around and spend taxpayer money on junkets to the Super Bowl, executive getaways and the like. Obama's trying to do something about it by capping executive salaries, but something tells me the pig-like CEOs will find a way around it. It's a protest, a call-to-arms (in a peaceful manner, of course) to make sure more people don't get left behind in this economic meltdown—although few are optimistic that it will end anytime soon.

So Ian, Brian, Lyle and Jeff are firing up the amps and setting up the drums in order to let a few younger generations of hardcore fans experience what their parents and (maybe?) grandparents got to experience back in their salad days of the early-'80s—sorry, couldn't resist that one. It's going to be kind of weird seeing a 47-year-old Ian MacKaye yelling about being a "minor threat," but I imagine the sentiment of feeling "out of step with the world" still rings true, even at our advanced ages. It certainly applies to this writer.

And I shouldn't talk, since I'm pondering performing songs by my old band NO SYSTEM sometime this summer, as a label was foolish enough, uh, I mean nice enough to recently release a recording of one of our demos. Does it make sense for me to sing the words of a naïve 24-year-old? Is it fair to use that band's name, since, in my case only one original member will be involved? Or is it fair when a pivotal figure isn't involved? DK's without Jello? The Germs without Darby? Reagan Youth without Dave Insurgent? Well, in the latter two bands' cases, it'd be kind of hard to pull it together since they're, well, dead. At least all four original members of Minor Threat (apparently, short-time member Steve Hansgen wasn't invited) will be performing.

And, as they say, it's for a good cause. Yes, it's a free show—but there will donation buckets passed around and various non-profit agencies will be there to collect money as well. So Minor Threat is doing it for the right reasons. I tried to reach Ian to ask why, now, after all this time, they would decide to play. I also wondered if there was any possibility of a reunion in the offing for EMBRACE, Ian's band between Minor Threat and FUGAZI. That would mean a lot to me, since the band broke up less than a week before they were supposed to play Boston in the mid-'80s. I was also a PAILHEAD fan, the project that Ian did with Al Jourgensen from MINISTRY/REVOLTING COCKS, and always hoped they might have done a live collaboration, as well. As of now, I haven't heard back from him. Maybe I should drop him a postcard with some of those questions, since that always seemed the quickest way to guarantee a reply.

I'm thinking of making the jaunt down to DC for this event. It's going to be mid-summer, so it's probably going to be hot as fuck. If you're going, don't forget to bring lots of water and sunscreen—and it's always better to wear white shirts, if possible. It reflects the light better. Black shirts will make you sweat even worse. See you there?

This whole thing about bailouts, though, did get me thinking, once again, about how the banks and brokerage houses got their share, but the Republican fuckheads in Congress have been fighting against the economic "stimulus" package. They say that it has too much spending and not enough tax cuts. Spending on things like fixing the infrastructure, for one thing—road and bridge repairs. If I wreck one more tire on a pothole (I think I've ruined three of 'em over the past year or so), I'm sending the bill to the minority leaders in both the House and Senate. But these repairs and projects might create new jobs. I'm only scratching the surface and using sweeping generalizations with that one example, but it's obvious the Republican economic approach has decimated the economy, and it's time to try a different approach.

Let's face it, ever since Reagan came into power, its been "every man for himself," to quote an ARTICLES OF FAITH song—and *there's* a band I'd go see again. Actually, they did a quasi reunion last fall with 3/5 of the original lineup following a set by Vic Bondi's current band REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY. Search around YouTube—you'll find a clip of "Bad Attitude." Same bullshit social Darwinism they've been flogging forever—although a lot of Rethugs have a problem with Darwin, too.

In my last column, I wrote about the budget cuts in Massachusetts and how they're going to affect local communities. I shudder to think about what's going to happen to the school system in my city, Peabody. By the way, SHUDDER TO THINK just did a reunion, but that's something that holds no interest for me—can't believe I *ever* liked that band. Getting to the point, though, I've been helping my 13-year-old nephew Josh with his schoolwork. The first week I tutored him, we were going over his social studies assignment. The textbook Josh is using is 10 years old, published in 1999. His English textbook is just as old.

English doesn't change much, I suppose, but having a history book that's ten years out of date is just plain sad. Equally sad is how the book is so poorly organized. I didn't read it too closely, but it was about the colonization of this country and, while the Native Americans and slaves were mentioned in passing, there didn't seem to be much emphasis on the abuses and outright murder they endured. This sure isn't Howard Zinn's *People's History*.

I kind of wish the kid was a little more interested in the topic, because I'd get him the *Young People's* adaptation, but that's not going to happen. His younger brother, however, is a gifted student—he's 8 years old, reads on an advanced level and plays chess. I just hope that the Peabody school system can meet his needs. I hope that the emphasis on drilling and repetition to prepare him for the state's standardized MCAS testing doesn't bore him or squelch his creativity.

I write about Josh's books being terribly out of date because, around the same time, it was announced that the Peabody police department had been granted bonus pay on 9/11—cops who work that day are being paid time-and-a-quarter—part of a recent contract negotiation which included the clause in addition to a healthy pay raise. Peabody's department is the first in the country to get that sort of pay benefit, even though 9/11 isn't an official holiday. Not even NYC cops receive holiday pay for 9/11. In this time of "belt tightening" for the city, the schools lose ground while the cops get paid extra for something they weren't involved with. It has turned Peabody into something of a laughing-

stock—although, in all honesty, there are *plenty* of reasons for this city to be a laughingstock, but a list would push this column well beyond the word limit. So let's move on…

PUNK ROCK

Two of my favorite albums of late are the self-titled efforts from TOTAL ABUSE and DEVOUR. The first full-length audio excursion by Total Abuse represents a developmental leap from the demo and 7". Or should I say decay—as in they've gotten scarier and more intense-sounding. That's obvious from the onset: a four-minute noise and Swans-ish lurch that does have one waiting for the payoff, and it comes with "I Can See In The Dark." Back and forth between thrash blasts and slower, intense exercises like the repetitive "Disease" and "Secrets." There aren't any overtly obvious influences, although I'd say that that the driving "Cleanse Me," for instance, has something of an early COC feel to it. The CD includes those earlier recordings and, while you can hear shadings of what's going to come with this album, it still leans towards conventional hardcore—not that I'm complaining about it but, seeing them live, it was a surprising jolt when they played the newer songs—which wasn't expected at all. This album gives you a good idea of their brutal creativity. (Deranged; www.derangedrecords.com)

Meanwhile, Devour announces their arrival with a twisted hardcore blitz. There are definitely elements that attack in a vein similar to their North Carolina brethren Double Negative, and like Total Abuse, there's also the COC inspiration. It's rammed home with wanton axe insanity, roiling bass and drums. Their vocalist Cody is credited with "demon howls," and while his emanations aren't really demonic, he certainly has a nasty, raspy set of pipes. Jugular-grabbing sounds take an ambient turn for the intro to the jarring final track, "Useless Ruin"—shades of Celtic Frost going from "Danse Macabre" into "Nocturnal Fear" on *Morbid Tales*, although not as unsettling ("DM" sounds like it was inspired by *The Exorcist*). Add this one to my "Best of '08" list. (Sorry State; 1102 N. Greensboro St., Carrboro, NC 27510; www.sorrystate records.com)

Two recent Boston releases come courtesy of RED THREAD and LIBYANS. Red Thread's demo came out in '06, and they finally have debut vinyl. Ferocious sounds from these four ladies, especially in Jen Millis' howling, although sometimes she'll also sing over the fray: Bashing, mostly mid-tempo hardcore punk, and with more aggressiveness than on the demo, although they weren't exactly soft rockers there, either.

The lyrics exude a determination to battle obstacles and discouragement from others, and escaping that sense of doubt for something empowering. It's a dual conversion she has with herself and those who have made her life miserable. And it definitely commands your attention in all respects.

Libyans' self-titled 12" was one of the best of '08, and now there's a new two-song 7". "Crash Course" shows the poppier side of the band—new guitarist Kevin Gebo adds melodic flourishes and some harmony vocals on the catchy chorus. "Erased" is more of a straightforward punk song, although once again, there are some cool guitar licks toward the end. (Both are available from Shock To The System; www.myspace.com/shocktothesystemrecords)

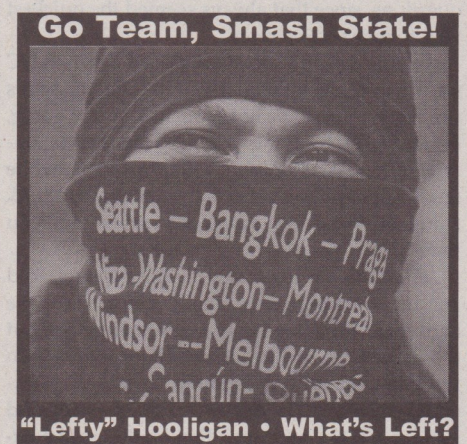
German hardcore punk band CIVIL VICTIM sticks to hard-edged blueprint on their "Mehr Krieg!" EP. One of the lines on "Nothing Left To Say" states, "I heard it before" and, yeah, that's pretty much the case for this German hardcore punk band—but it's not a bad thing. Things are varied a bit: from the fast tumult of the previously mentioned "Nothing Left To Say" and "Problem," to pounders like "We Are 129A" and "Down The Drain." The guitar playing is pretty hot throughout, not settling for mere power chords and adding some damaged-sounding parts, as well. (Loud Punk; PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12203; loudpunk@gmail.com)

Last but not least, DESCARADOS is a band that includes Carlos and Gordo from Sin Orden and their self-titled 12" offers something different from that band's rabid hardcore approach. The music is inspired by the more melodic side of the DC hardcore spectrum, especially "Subject To Change"-era Faith, along with later '80s progenitors like One Last Wish, Ignition, et al. There's a warm passion to the sonic content, and although my monolingual self doesn't understand Spanish (well, about 98 percent of it), you can hear a similar passion in Carlos' vocals, moving away from the scream 'n screech into something nuanced yet still forceful. It's a one-sided 12", with an etching on the other side and tucked inside a heavy stock, hand-screened cover. An attractive package all around. (PO Box 207188, New Haven, CT 06520; emmanavajas@gmail.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903/suburbanvoice@earthlink.net/More music reviews at: http://subvox.blogspot.com

R.I.P. Lux Interior

*PS: for those of you who actually took *everything* seriously in the segment at the beginning of this column, please note the date of this issue—although most of the points expressed are *deadly* serious, and that can be interpreted in a few ways. If you need any further explanation you're welcome to email me, but you might not like the answer…



Hear that lonesome whippoorwill,
He sounds too blue to fly.

—Hank Williams

I hated country music.

I considered it the epitome of a reactionary, racist, redneck America I was doing everything in my power to rebel against in the '60s. The only parts of country music I had any respect for were those elements, like rockabilly, that owed a good deal of their success to black music. Even though I understood that rocknroll had emerged when rural blues and country music moved to the city, I argued that the only authentic basis for rock music was black music—the blues, gospel, rhythm and blues, early jazz, and swing. I tolerated folk music because, after all, it was the voice of my generation rooted in the working class struggles of the '30s and '40s. And I'll admit to having had a love for Buffalo Springfield that became an unhealthy indulgence in Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. At the same time, I despised country as that white, whiny, "I got drunk, beat up my girl, got thrown in jail" cracker type of sentiment that was to Negro blues what white gospel was to black gospel. A pale imitation. I hated when the Byrds released "Sweetheart of the Rodeo," under the influence of Gram Parsons. The twang of a pedal steel guitar made me cringe.

Then, I heard Hank Williams do "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry."

Admittedly, I was at an impressionable moment in my life. I'd been dumped by a girlfriend of seven years, who'd moved out just days before. I was a little drunk, and very stoned. Hank's plaintive vocals, the song's deceptive musical simplicity, the forlorn lyrics all combined to take me in. I felt that song down to my bones. I got country music, for the first time.

Now, Hank himself had been no stranger to black music, having learned how to sing and play the guitar from Rufus "Teetot" Payne. Maybe his blues sensibilities were what allowed me to experience the plain, unvarnished sincerity that, at its best, is what country music is known for. This was before I got into punk rock of course, and well before I moved up to the Bay Area to start volunteering for that bastion of punk rock purity, *Maximum Rocknroll*.

By the time I moved to Oakland, I had a modest appreciation for certain country musicians—Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell, Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson— as well as for the subgenres of western swing, honky tonk, and the above mentioned rockabilly. The fact is, I enjoyed a wide variety of music, though not without discrimination. In classical music, it had to be Beethoven and after, with a particular interest in composers like Bartok, Copland and the like who incorporated folk themes into their music. It was Parker, Coltraine, Gillespie and Monk, be-bop and straight ahead jazz. I liked the Juju hi-life music of King Sunny Ade, the rai music of Cheb Khaled, the desert blues of Hamza El Din. Blue Oyster Cult circa 1972-74, and Metallica circa 1982-84. As for punk rock, I had a predisposition towards hardcore, though I really dug some of punk's edges like Operation Ivy's ska punk and The Cramps psychobilly.

Which is why I couldn't take Tim Yohannan's punk purism too seriously. To be fair, Tim

judged what was punk on at least three separate levels. The music is the most obvious, and the most fundamental. Tim considered only the most basic, raw, and primitive rocknroll to be truly punk. His opinion led to his decision to purge *MRR* of several types of punk music because they were no longer punk enough. I'll return to the subject of music in just a moment.

Tim also had political and social/cultural criteria for punk. He was no anarchist, but he considered some form of leftwing class politics to be essential to punk, in addition to the youthful rebelliousness that said to the world "fuck off and die." Combine the latter with a "DIY or die" sentiment and you have what Tim considered to be the social/cultural basis for punk.

Having had some experience with the previous period of youthful rebellion and independent activity known as the 1960s, I heartily agree that these are, indeed, the social and cultural foundations to punk, or to any dynamic counterculture. But even though I came out of the '60s a hardcore politico, I know full well that most of my fellow "rebellious youth" of that day were monumentally apolitical, or at most they considered getting high on pot to be a supreme political act. I spent a decade in the punk scene in San Diego, going on two in the Bay Area's scene, and I've have come to the same conclusion. Most punks get their politics out of a 40-ounce bottle of cheap malt liquor. So, while youthful rebellion, nihilism, DIY independence, and general obnoxiousness are essential to punk, politics, let alone leftist politics, isn't.

Which brings us back to the music. It's impossible to conceive of the '60s without rocknroll, and the same is true for punk. In my opinion, this fact should be descriptive, not prescriptive. There are a number of reasons why a whole lot of effort should not be spent in trying to define or enforce what is punk, musically speaking. The most obvious reason, of course, is that it's impossible to do. Tim once did an all-black cover of the magazine, with "Holy Bible" printed in large white letters above smaller lettering that read "of punk rock." But when he tried to lay down the correct line on punk rock music, he spawned a half dozen contrary magazines, among them *HeartattaCk*, *Punk Planet*, *Shredding Paper*, and *Hit List*, all with their own, quite different, understandings of what punk was all about.

That's because punk rock itself has several different origins, a variety of influences, and progeny too numerous to mention. As such, punk reflects the reality of most music in this country, which is subject to a high degree of cross-pollination and amalgamation. Take country music, which has its roots in English, Scottish and Irish folk songs, with influences from the blues, rhythm and blues, Hawaiian slack key, and jazz. There's just no way to have a pure type of music, even if it's reduced to three-chord simplicity. The people who play, and compose, punk rock are themselves molded by influences outside of punk, which comes out in their music. Aside from the impossibility of boiling down punk rock to its essence, whatever that might be, the question becomes, why would anyone want to?

Music is a near universal source of enjoyment that frequently transcends culture and language. It's absurd to limit one's pleasure by insisting on listening to only one kind of music, and by insisting that that kind of music be further narrowed to a particular style. I look on all the years I disdained country music as outright foolishness. I could have kicked back, with a beer or a joint depending on what I was into at the time, and enjoyed some good tunes.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.

Intro (Bust)...

Well, I never really thought I would write any sort of column in my life. I switched out of my English major after freshman year of college (which may be evident via my poor spelling and grammar skills[i]). But here I am, not far from where THEE Mykel Board sez, "I'm wrong." Anyway, after the initial suggestion of me writing a column[ii] (I hope whoever thought of this was fired/86'd/whatever you guys do over there[iii]), I tossed out the idea of making it focused on home/amateur recording: techniques, general observations, adventures, and whatnot. It's not that I don't feel confidently qualified to instruct the masses on the proper ways to operate their Tascam tape machines, but more that I'm kind of surprised that no one else has really dipped into this subject before.

MRR is, at its core, about punk music-related issues. The magazine includes political discussions and social issues to be sure—but basically every issue[iv] features at least half-a-dozen interviews with bands and several dozen reviews and recommendations of new records. And it's more-or-less "staffed by" people who play music, or release it on their own labels. That's not even saying anything of the readers, most of whom, if they aren't in their own band, are probably friends with someone who is.

My point is, that nearly everyone contributing to or reading this magazine is connected to making music—for the most part on a DIY level (i.e., not corporate-sponsored[v]). So in my mind it follows that there should be at least a small island of content that gives some basic insights into the world of making your own recordings. There have surely been discussions on the economic and personal issues of maintaining your own label, of booking your own tour, of squatting in your own squat (well actually it's not yours[vi]), so why not about running your own 4-track (or 8-track … or virtual 32-track)?

I have no degree in studio recording, I've never worked at Guitar Center, and I haven't got any special technical know-how. It's not that I'm the best person to convey this information, but it seems like no one else has bothered, so why not try? I have been messing around with 4-tracks for about ten years and computer recording (in various capacities) for about four. Honestly, I don't think you need to know much in order to do this shit. There's a limitless supply of expensive magic boxes made for the purpose of making your recording sound crisp or professional or "correct"—and while I don't think there's anything wrong with a slick recording, we all know it's not a requirement.

If you want to make a living—or even a hobby—out of recording music, you might do well to invest in some "good" mics. But sometimes flaws and shabbiness can have more character. So really, from my point of view, it doesn't take anything more than a 4-track, a couple of decent mics, some duct tape and some patience.

I'm hoping this is my first of many, or at least several, columns. I mean, the BRAIN HANDLE column lasted for at least a few issues, right[vii]? Anyhow, with that, I hereby dub this section (however short-lived it may be) "Basement Screams[viii]."

As an inaugural "good tips" section, I thought I'd write up a few bits about really simple mic arrangements for drums. I did a punkish black metal recording for a friend recently, and we did most of it with a couple of cassette machines (mainly a 4-track). I tried a couple different simple mic setups for this, and this section was sort of born out of that.

Drums are definitely the easiest things to fuck up when you're recording on your own. If you're working with a 4-track you've really got to try to get the absolute most out of very little, so here're a few ideas that may or may not be helpful, with "punk" reference points sprinkled in:

- Single mic: I doubt any pro-engineer would agree that this is even worth your trouble, but I've had better luck with it than I might have believed before trying. I like using a cheap omni-directional dynamic mic from Radio Shack,[ix] maybe a few inches above and in front of the bass drum. I've also gotten a pretty similar result with a regular Shure SM58 positioned in about the same place and pointed straight at the kit. The bass drum still cut reasonably well when I tried this, and the snare didn't fade away too much under the high-hats and cymbals.

Some duct tape on the cymbals will kill excessive ringing if you have problems with it, and tuning the toms up a bit might help them come through better too. If you want that total bombed-out sound of say, the CROSSED OUT splits, or some of the earlier MAN IS THE BASTARD records, this seems like a good way to get there. I guess by conveying the absolute minimum amount of information possible about the drums (i.e., one channel of audio), it forces them into that sort of "hulk smash" type vibe that

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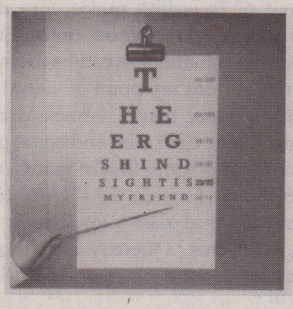

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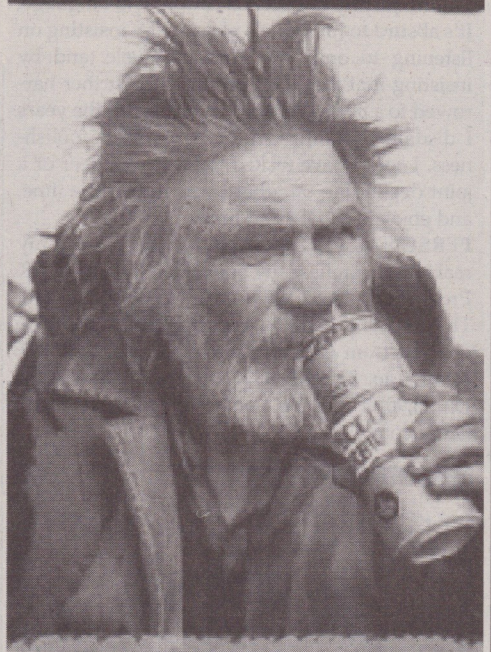

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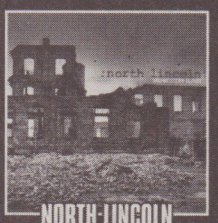

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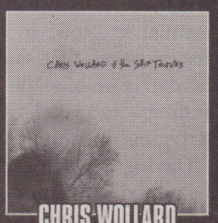

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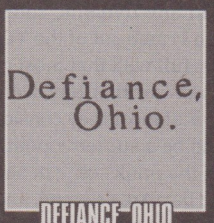

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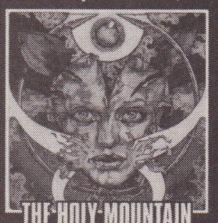

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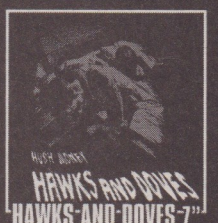

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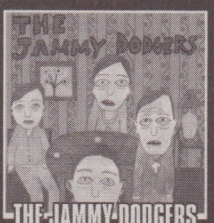

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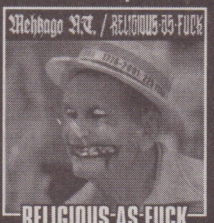

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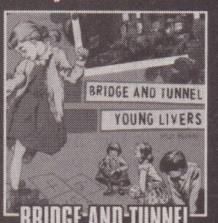

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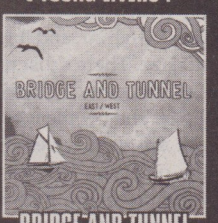

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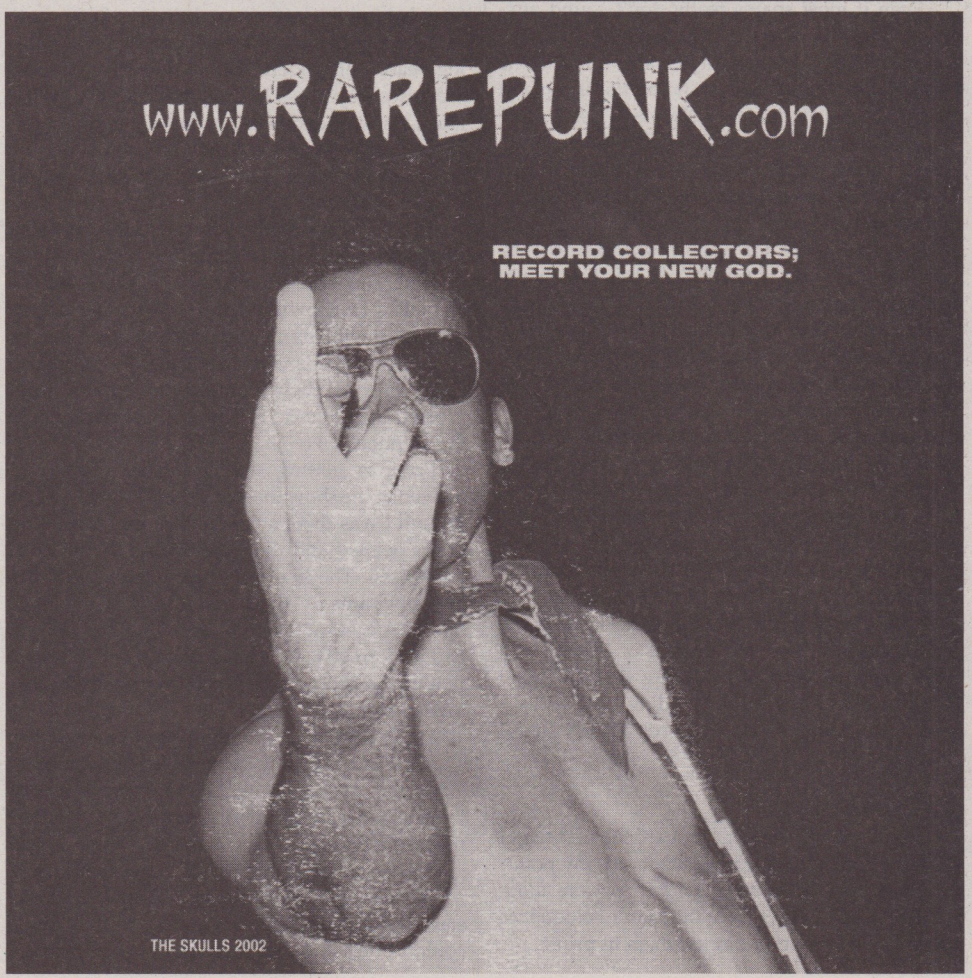


those bands exude at their best.

- If you can get a second mic into the mix here, I'd say throw it on the bass drum (maybe right up in front of it, or just inside it) and move the first mic a bit more above the kit. Even if all you have is a regular dynamic mic to pick up the bass drum, it does help give the drums a lot more forward motion and helps them to drive the sound. I tried a Sennheiser e609, which is typically used for guitars, on the bass drum and then used the same omni-directional a bit higher above the kit. It kind of started to make that rickety pots-and-pans sound you hear on a lot of European D-beat type releases from the early '80s—AGENT ORANGE, MOB-47, TERVEET KADET, etc.

The bass drum is really what drives the D-Beat sound, so it helps for it to ride more on top of the rest of the drums—but they kind of sound better all trashy and busted, which is easy to lose if you mic them properly (also probably why I jam *Fight Back* on my headphones a lot more than *Hear Nothing*…).

- If you're working with only a few mics and a 4-track, you probably don't have access to any kind of fancy compressors or EQ units. I'm willing to bet the controls on whatever multi-tracker and/or mixer you're using aren't too detailed. I for one though, have always love that snappy, processed snare sound you hear a lot on early '80s records. Give a listen to BLITZ *All Out Attack* to hear a perfect example of what I'm talking about. It's a brutal sound—very meaty and thuggish if that makes any sense.

Even if most snares really don't sound anything like this when you're listening to a live band, it sounds great to my ears. I've found the best way to recreate this sound on the cheap and easy (without all the fancy shit) is to use a dedicated snare mic run through a guitar or bass amp. There's a trashed old Peavy TNT-115 bass amp in our practice space (aka The Paincave) with a seven-band EQ on it, High/Low shelf filters, and a few other knobs for brightness, presence, etc. Usually with a bit of fiddling on this I'm able to get a pretty convincing "power snare" sound. Essentially, the amp is doing all the same shit a real compression unit would do: Squishing down the dynamic range and emphasizing certain frequencies over others.

After that, just run a cable from the line out into the 4-track and you're on your way. A kick drum mic and an overhead or two can help flesh this out as good as any of your fav UK-82 singles ever did. The first time I tried it, it kind of surprised me how drastically it changed the drum sound, but it really does make a difference.

I think I'm going to wrap it up here. I'm hopeful this hasn't been too terrible or boring, and that someone is inspired to lay down a good track or three. Thanks for reading, and remember: most of your favorite records already sound this fucked.

—

Chris Corry

[i] I actually misspelled "grammar" the first time I typed it here, which further illustrates my point.

[ii] I think they thought I was going to write about LEEWAY, but I don't have the kind of eloquence necessary to properly discuss them in print.

[iii] Just kidding—thanks doggs.

[iv] Excluding, say, the Film or Health issues. I wonder if this is going to run in the Health Issue. Is this the Health Issue?

[v] No disrespect to the corporations that make stuff I like: like beverages, pants, and Black Sabbath. It's just how they do things here.

[vi] Cue Paul Bearer sample.

[vii] True Scene From My Life:

Jeff (BRAIN HANDLE): *So MRR told us our column had run its course and it was discontinued.*

Me: *Oh, I guess I was next on the list after Brain Handle for "People We Can Give a Column to."*

[viii] I actually need a copy of *Basement Screams* (original press, duh). Please forward want lists.

[ix] The Radio Shack sku is 33-3036, and it's apparently discontinued, but I found a few online for ten or twenty dollars.

There's a Democrat in the White House, so let's party like it's 1995...

Greetings, and welcome to another exciting installment in the life of a self-exiled defector from behind the tartan curtain.

We were treated this past month, in the shining beacon of modern culture known as the San Francisco Bay Area, to a whirlwind visit by the latest star-studded super group helmed by erstwhile East Bay commentator (and contender for tallest drummer in the basement rock circuit) Aaron Cometbus.

The band is called Thorns Of Life, and also features Jawbreaker guitarist/singer Blake Schwarzenbach, and former TV Celesbian Daniella—of Showtime's *The L Word* and queercore vaudevillians Cypher In The Snow. Thanks to J. Floyd of this very magazine, I was able to catch one of their painfully oversubscribed "secret" appearances at Tenderloin watering hole the Hemlock.

Prior to getting the nod from Floyd, I'd arrived at the show too late to be admitted—even though I was there a couple of hours before the doors opened and the show hadn't in fact been advertised. The line was three-deep around the entire bar area of the Hemlock, and by the looks on their faces, at least the back-third of the line had performed a mental calculation and deduced that they'd probably be going home without seeing the band.

While I waited, I found out about a few other shows the band had booked around the area. With the exception of Gilman Street, every "venue" was so tiny that I was exhorted not to reveal my knowledge to anyone. While I was glad to be on the receiving end of such exclusive information—confirming my unquestionable status as part of the San Francisco punk elite—I couldn't help but feel surrogate pangs of disappointment for those less well-connected than myself.

For I wasn't always the mover and shaker that regularly commands your reverent fascination and undiverted attention: Once, I was just like you—a sniveling guttersnipe, hanging at the coattails of the upper-echelons of punk's chosen few, scrounging for a few scraps of acknowledgement, or, at the very least, a plus-one on the guest list.

The band seems to want to avoid the established rock tour circuit, and while I applaud that, I do feel that it's either slightly naive or willfully obtuse not to acknowledge that a band made up of members with the particular histories and achievements of these three might command some sort of buzz. I don't get the impression that the way these shows were booked was in any way manipulative or cynical, but it ended up limiting access to the band only to those "in the know"—creating more of a buzz than if they'd just booked one big show at a venue that could advertise the band's appearance through more than just word of mouth, and that could accommodate everyone who might like to attend.

Of course, all this is emblematic of the dilemma faced by the band: If they'd gone the more established route and played some corporate-sponsored beer fest at a soulless discotheque, they'd have been chastised by self-righteous fanzine columnists like myself as sellouts. You can't win really.

I regret that I'm venting these concerns in a public venue like this, rather than speaking to the band directly about it. Blake told me that Aaron booked the shows, and I didn't get a chance to catch up with him while they were in town. He's told me in the past that he reads this column, so, Aaron, hope this didn't bum you out too much. It's just that I've known two of the three people in this band personally for over ten years and I very nearly missed out on *hearing* about the shows, never mind seeing them—and I know I'm not the only one. Perhaps that's taking the "secret show" thing a bit far?

Still, for those plebeians not fortunate enough to attend a performance, I can provide the public service of reporting what I saw and heard. The band was every bit as good as one might hope: Blake's singing style and the overall songwriting sounded almost as if he'd hit the "undo" button to before Jawbreaker's final album, *Dear You*. That's probably not what he wants to hear, and it might be seen as a regression by some—but as someone who could probably have been counted among Jawbreaker's biggest fans around 1994 or so, it was most welcome to my ears—and I was definitely not the only one.

They played for a long time, which suggests they've got a wealth of material ready to record and unleash on the desperate segment of the record-buying public who have had little to feast on since the excellent *Etc.* compilation of B-sides and outtakes (released by 'Breaker drummer Adam Pfahler on his own Blackball Records a few years ago). Particularly memorable was a line about listening to the Velvet Underground, but I can't tell you much else other than that.

Until the records come out, a visit to YouTube

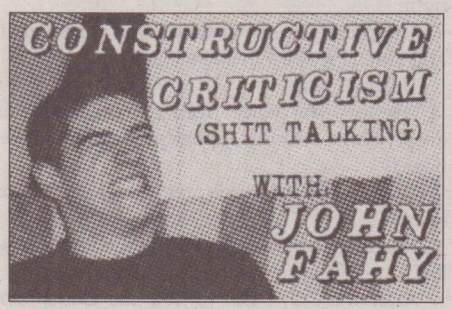
will furnish you with sufficient visual and aural documentation of the band—at least more than the shaky camera phone footage of half-a-song played last year in a Brooklyn basement, which was previously the only evidence of the band's existence.

***

Another month, another obituary for a rock 'n' roll legend. Last month it was Ron Asheton, this time around it's Cramps founder Lux Interior that has shuffled off this mortal coil. I can't say I've listened to the Cramps much in recent years, but their records—and the songs they introduced me to through their many obscure (for their time) cover versions—provided a much-needed dose of smutty perversion at a time when almost everything else I was listening to was either dry, sexless, "right-on" political punk, or "me-culture," "the personal-is-political" middle-class American hardcore.

It also helped that goth girls liked the Cramps (we didn't have any punk girls where I lived), and it was always handy to have some records that girls liked on the off-chance you might get one back to your house. I only saw them live once, in the late-'80s, and my main memory is of being transfixed by the gum-chewing, vacant-stared bassist Candy Del Mar. Years later, after Lux and Poison Ivy had started their own label to re-issue the band's early material, they showed up at the Mordam Records annual meeting (where I was part of the *MRR* delegation) and I was pretty startstruck. They were the eternal epitome of the older, cool, record-collector couple shtick. I'm sure he will be sorely missed.

PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609; Columns erratically archived at www.allanmcnaughton.com, occasional missives at bricksandmortar79.blogspot.com. Cheers!



Do You Ever Stop Masturbating?

When I think of '70s punk, I think of loud, raw, offensive music with a wild, but hopeful scene built around it. Eighties hardcore brings to mind faster, meaner music—a scene capable of violence, simmering with disillusionment and rage—for better or for worse. The '90s makes me think of stranger music drawn from different influences, and a greater focus within the scene on socio-political issues and in spreading ideas and music through the 'zine boom.

Maybe these are very simplified versions of what went on—or totally inaccurate ones. I was born in fucking '83, so what the hell do I know? The question now, as the decade approaches a close, is: What will the '00s remind us of?

The first thing that springs to my mind is the internet, and the effects its had on punk—not just greater communication or changing record prices with the advent of eBay—but the interactions between punks surrounding music and the scene in general. Now everyone has access to all kinds of music at the drop of a hat. We're certainly still excited and enthused about music, but now we can download hours of it quickly, and listen to it on iPods all day.

The result, I think, is that kids grow bored with it and feel uninspired. No one seems interested in pushing things anymore, they just want re-hashes of what was done in previous decades: Dangerhouse punk, early-'90s powerviolence, early-'80s DC hardcore, late-'80s pre-grunge shit—its all been (or is being) re-done. Really, when was the last time we had a new sub-genre? Some new, stupid little term for a *new* kind of punk. Neo-crust? That was almost nine years ago. Don't get me wrong, when it comes to '00s hardcore, there is lots of music I love—but there is many a retro trend that I don't, too.

The exchange of ideas in the punk community has hit a similar crisis. Lyrics have gravitated toward the fake, frankly. I do not believe that all these internet powerviolence or '90s throwback bands really hate themselves and everyone in the world. Not buying it. I think all of this faked rage is nauseating, empty, and done for sheer image. Why are monstrously hateful lyrics so popular among kids who spend so much time on messageboards? What is so bad?

Everyone is bored to death with politics, and jaded as fuck about the prospect of changing anything. The Wikipedia know-it-all kids are tired of bickering over issues and have resoundingly chosen complacency. We've been left with two disgusting groups: the leftover PC debaters who still argue over miniscule, college campus bullshit typical of the always failing American left; and the apolitical (or anti-political) backlash group who has no ambition to be anything but a pain in the ass in some pathetic attempt at rebelling from rebellion. The first group wants change, but gets bogged down in such petty horseshit that it never goes anywhere if it doesn't turn into a circular firing squad first.

Two friends wrote me letters recently that touched on the subject of "gender-specific" words and phrases, such as "woman" and "you guys." Is this the kind of thing that we're wasting our time on? Is this any kind of real threat? And is our backlash against it, changing words and phrases to "womyn" and "y'all." anything more than a joke? Does choosing a "green" or "sweat-free" product really put a dent in the system? Is this all we have to fight? Are we really taking any control by buying things we feel less guilty about? Are we making up for the oppression of people by changing the way we talk?

We are supposed punks in a country whose poor have been forced to build tent cities while new condos sit empty. Every single phone call we make is tapped and recorded by the National Security Agency. Our armies occupy two countries, propping up governments that we've installed. Our reactions to any of it thus far have leaned on the pitiful side.

So what have we been doing instead? Stimulating ourselves at all times of the day. We tune out the unpleasant and turn up our iPods after we're done updating our photos on Facebook and Myspace. Creating a world on the internet that we prefer to the real one is the epitome of a lack of threat. Keeping up with the latest music trends—usually re-hashes of bygone eras—and starting bands and labels that adhere to them is slowly burying our music along with the ideas that inspired it. We love music, but we could care less about zines. Everybody and their mother is starting a record label while *MRR* has to hold benefit shows. What the fuck?

We all have the feeling that something is totally wrong, but we're not really ready to make a move or take a chance to change anything. We're so bored with having nothing to fight, and no real emotions to feel. We're numb, and I don't know why.

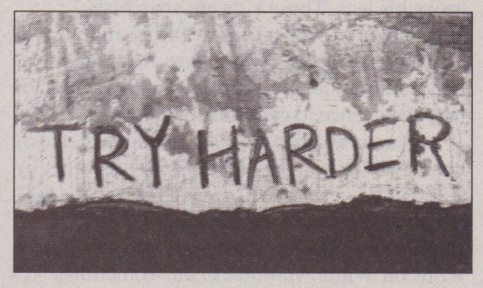
What isn't there to hate? Where is your hate? I can think of a hundred things that infuriate me right now. I hate the lack of democracy in my country, a country with enough gall to accuse other nations of lacking democracy and then invading and destroying them. I hate rich, greedy, trendy punks. I hate *Evasion*-style, my-happiness-first bullshit punk theory. I hate watching the Israeli military kill indiscriminately and with impunity. I hate my landlord who stole my fucking deposit. I hate that my parents are dead. I hate what the punk community is becoming.

Stop masturbating, at least momentarily. Take in what's going on around you and let it seep in why you should be shaking with rage.

An uninspired scene is going to produce uninspiring music, and while there are many bands out there that are sincere and relevant, they're not center-stage. I think everyone is waiting to see whose going to top what LOS CRUDOS accomplished in abrasive, impactful hardcore born out of real emotion. Who the fuck is it going to be?

ENDNOTES

1. I am starting a new band with my friend Joe called PANZRAM. We may have demos out by the time this prints, so write to me at the address below if you're interested, or check www.humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com for a sampling.
2. By the time this prints, DIVISIONS will be touring. Keep an eye out for them on the east coast!
3. John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Drive / Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers, FL / 33919 or: fahy_john@hotmail.com



If I try to ride my bike home from the all you can eat breakfast buffet, I'll puke.

I once tried to battle back uphill with a coffee in one hand and an overfull stomach, and at the

same time looking out for free stuff on the curb. Now, instead of wasting a good feeling, we've learned to take a leisurely stroll around the little pocket of cafes and vintage stores. Sometimes we go in, but mostly not. Just soak in some sun and digest.

Last Saturday I was feeling browse-y for once, so we went into one of the many hip vintage stores.

It smelled like they all do—like dad's closet of decaying polyester.

It started with a punk shirt found, or worn—and the dreaded (not as in hair, as in to be avoided) ex-punk reared his head from behind the counter.

It went as all these conversations go. Painfully.

"Oh wow, you guys are into punk then?"

"Yeah."

"I used to go to all the shows in LA. When the bands were still really punk."

"Cool."

"Saw The Damned."

"Cool."

"The Gun Club."

"Mmmhmm…"

"Social Distortion."

"OK."

"Bad Religion. Those are my good buddies."

I'm thinking, whatever. A big declarative whatever! But instead I continue my slight smiling, nodding in feigned amusement.

Paul asks, "You been to any shows up here?"

His expression changes—he says defensively, "No, no, not lately. But there aren't really any good places to go see shows up here."

I sneak a wary look at Paul before he continues.

"I mean, there's Slims. That place is all right. And I hear the Germs played somewhere in Oakland, but I don't know where. I probably would have gone to that… Oh, and I guess there's Gilman Street. You guys ever been there?"

"All the time," is the only response I think is accurate.

"I don't like that place. Went there once. It was all young kids. Real unfriendly."

"Oh… Well, when did you go?"

"Think it was 2000 or so."

"And you never went back?"

"No. They're all violent there."

"… We…they are?"

"Oh yeah, like what they did to Jello. They broke his legs. Those kids are anarchists."

The words will not form in my mouth. His bizzaro statements, lacing fact with ignorance and paranoia temporarily breaks my brain. He uses the silence to continue his rant.

"Sometimes they go on rampages, defacing businesses in Berkeley. I'm just trying to get by, y'know?"

"Wait, who goes on rampages?"

"The anarchists. They terrorize businesses, write on windows—break 'em sometimes. It's really expensive to fix."

"What does this have to do with Gilman?"

"It's them. The anarchists"

I imagine a show where the between-song banter gets really passionate, where the call to arms does more than inspire kids to circle pit, where suddenly they file out into the street, chanting slogans like "Destroy the capitalists!" Maybe they begin a rampage: a couple hundred punks in the street with spray cans and rocks going from store to store, leaving a path of retail carnage. The mega-chain drugstore, gourmet fast food place and retail outdoors store would probably be the first to go. Happy Donuts would remain blissfully unscathed, of course.

Then my fantasy turns more realistic in its depiction of the probable aftermath that would be left for the volunteers to deal with.

I imagine the pressure from the cops, the series of city meetings where we are charged for inciting a riot. I can see the triumphant look on our sour neighbor's face when he gets to say, "They're criminals. They must be shut down."

I'm torn between the two visions: one is too sadly untrue, the other too possible.

If I could have the first without incurring the second, I would—just to see it.

I shake the visions from my head, and Paul and I take turns vainly countering his cliché visions of the Gilman.

"No one from Gilman did that to Jello. It was thugs from outside the scene. Violence is not tolerated there. And besides, that was fifteen years ago—those were different times in the scene."

"Well…"

"And Gilman doesn't organize marches across Berkeley that aim to 'terrorize' small businesses. We barely keep ourselves organized. We're just trying to get by, y'know?"

He nods, but doesn't look convinced.

He is clearly resigned to believing what he's heard, what has been repeated ad infinitum, what will never stop being said.

Gilman has been around more than twenty years, and has been run by an ever-changing multitude of people—but it seems it will forever be known or judged for a handful of things that happened more than a decade ago.

I let Paul talk to him. I think about how the younger punks must look—to this guy. About how he probably thinks he's too old to be punk anymore. That he probably feels betrayed. He probably doesn't realize that he's not that much older than Paul. That if he came to shows, people would probably be nice to him, and that he wouldn't be the oldest guy at the show, thanks to people like Pat Wright or Steve List or Jello himself. And I feel sad for him.

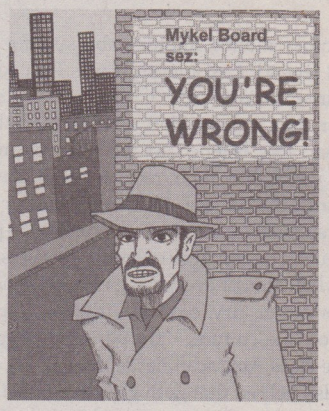
If you are gonna talk punk with some kids you just met, try not to date yourself too bad by assuming you're up on things—don't think you know all about it because you read about it on Wikipedia, or your friend told you how he read about it on Wikipedia while you were both at the bar.

Jello comes to Gilman. Can everybody please stop talking about that incident with him at the club like it's the only thing that ever happened here?

And please please please. Nobody wants to hear all about the bands you saw or how cool things were but aren't anymore. Punk didn't end when you stopped being punk. It also didn't stop being awesome then either.

Then maybe when we meet, we can talk about punk—and actually enjoy talking about it.

Long rambling letters about how things used to be, but aren't anymore to: PO Box 301 Berkeley, CA 94701. Electronic mail to arielawesome@gmail.com



"The hitter can never be the judge. Only the receiver of the blow can tell you how hard it was, whether it would kill a man or make a baby just yawn." –Edward P. Jones

April is supposed to be the month of rebirth, refreshment. Spring. Waking up from the frozen winter. But I'll be lucky if I can get out of bed this April, and I know I'll never completely recover. Soon you'll know why.

Fools may continue to believe the old sticks-and-stones poem your mother told you. But believe me, words *can* hurt. Not so much the person they're directed against, but the one who creates them.

Here's the story:

It starts in January. Just before my birthday: 65. I should retire—like normal people. Yeah, right.

The phone rings. I usually don't answer it. This time, I make a mistake.

"Hello?" I say.

"Hello." The voice from the other side is deep, gentle—almost fatherly. "Is this Mykel Board?"

"It is," I say. "If this is about the MasterCard bill…"

The voice on the other end of the line chuckles.

After the call, I run to take the Chinatown bus to Boston. Four hours and fifteen minutes later, I walk into his office. It's a modest place, walls lined with bookshelves. On one side is an incredibly messy desk: papers, folders, books open, face down, curved like birds in flight.

As he stands up, I notice his hair—grayish, but full, like Ronald Reagan's only puffier. He's ten years my senior, but he's got twice as much hair. Is he really Jewish? Jews go bald. Why do you think they invented those yarmulkes? It's a cover-up.

The man smiles, and shakes my hand.

"Mykel," he says, "I've been waiting a long time for this meeting."

"I never expected it," I say. "I thought you were pissed off at me because I called you a Holocaust revisionist."

His face is static, as if molded into a perpetu-

al smile.

"I don't even remember that," he says. "I'm not one to hold a grudge."

He motions for me to sit down. There is a vacant straight-back wooden chair: slatted, like something you might find in an old library.

"Professor Chomsky. Can I call you Noam? I've always wanted to ask you about that part in *Aspects of a Theory of Syntax*," I say, "I mean the pronoun and anaphora. How does that relate to Dougherty's anaporn relationship?

And in *John promised Bill to go*, John goes. But in *John persuaded Bill to go*, Bill goes. Or is that more *Government and Binding*?"

The professor pulls his chair opposite mine. From behind some papers, he takes out a coffee pot and a cup. He pours me a cup of coffee.

"Here," he says. "Relax before we converse."

He stands to hand me the coffee. But instead of handing it to me, he throws it in my face. The hot liquid burns my skin and blinds me.

"So, I'm a Holocaust revisionist, huh? Revise this!" I feel a sharp pain on my cheek, where I guess he struck me with. His hand? A book? Before I have time to consider, I feel the pain on my other cheek. A small trickle of something warm runs down the side of my face.

"I'll give you an anaporn relationship," he says, slamming something really big against the side of my head.

I pass out.

At first, it's just the pain in my wrists, like a dream about handcuffs, then consciousness returns. My wrists really do hurt. I move my hand to rub away the pain. I don't move my hand. I can't. It's tied down—the other one too.

Then I feel the cold: a cool wind, washing over my—my naked body. I'm here. Exposed. Slowly, the awareness overtakes me. I smell sawdust. Feel something rough against my skin. I'm folded, folded over something—maybe a sawhorse. My wrists tied to the legs in front, my ankles to the rear ones. My hips rest on top of the sawhorse. Rest? No, they're pulled tight against it, my balls forced back and downward from the pressure.

Through my slowly opening eyes I can see backward—and upside down, between my legs. There's Chomsky, naked from the waist down, fisting a surprisingly large erection—his, not mine.

I close my eyes and lift my head. Someone is in front of me. I can only see from mid-thigh down. A pair of jeans, and some politically correct non-Nike sneakers.

"Hello Mykel," I recognize the voice.

"Biafra!" I say. "Thank God you're here…" As I speak I notice my mouth hurts. My teeth hurt. I run my tongue over them and feel a back molar... loose... I wiggle it with my tongue tip, and speak.

"Jeezus fuck!" I say. "I don't get it."

"Don't you Mykel?" he answers, laughing like a villain in kids' cartoons. "You've played the tune long enough. Now it's time to pay the piper. Remember that (his voice changes to a wimpy New York accent) *I guess it was interesting, but it sure went on a long a long time...*? Remember that? How about *The Dead Kennedys were great, but Lard???... I'd just... greasy.* Remember that Mykel?"

I hear the sound of a zipper unzipping.

A pinch. A brutal pinch of my nose—squeezed shut—nearly broken. I can't breathe. I open my mouth to take a breath. Immediately, something thick and hard enters, pressing against the back of my throat, making me gag.

"We'll see what lasts a long time," comes Biafra's voice above me.

I feel like I'm going to puke. But I can't. No place to let it out. I gag.

Then the pain comes. Not from my mouth, but from behind me. From my anal rosebud.

"I don't have to plow you a new one." It's Chomsky's voice behind me. "This one will do just fine."

I want to scream as the dry scraping against my tender brown ring is stretched and torn. I can't scream. I can hardly breathe as the Biafran kielbasa knocks my loose tooth free from my lower jaw.

I feel blood filling my mouth. Simultaneously, the sandpaper sound behind me changes into a soft squish. I must be lubricating with my own blood.

Confirmed: in a warm trickle down the back of my legs.

"Yeeehaw!" whoops the voice behind me. Then a slap to my asscheek. "Ride 'em cowboy!"

Porno stars look like they're having the time of their life when all their holes are filled at once. With the brutality of my situation I may be having the time of my life—but it's not a good time.

I hear a groan above me. The pace and intensity of the shoving into my mouth quickens. If I throw up, the vomit will be forced back into my lungs. I'm not sure I can hold back. I'll suffocate. Die. I have to keep control.

Hands press behind my head, forcing my nose into the mass of pubic hair in front of me. I swallow my tooth. It's washed down by a mass of thick liquid that dribbles down the back of my throat.

He pulls himself out of my mouth. My head released, it now hangs limply a few inches above the ground. A thin steam of blood, semen and drool dribbles up the side of my face.

I gasp as fresh air fills my lungs for the first time in what feels like an hour, but is probably no more than a few minutes. I can barely lift my head. I don't have to.

Someone has grabbed the hair on the back of my head and is yanking it upwards. One of my eyes is swollen shut from the hot coffee and the blows inflicted on it. Through the other eye, I make out a wide black face with a mass of curly-but-not-kinky hair. There is something familiar about the wide body and the loose wool sweater. I know that face. If only I could concentrate.

I let my eyes drop from the out-of-focus face, down the body, to the nude lower half... nude lower half???

I try to speak, but only a sputter of blood leaves my mouth.

The woman holds my head up, taking a fist full of hair. Spreading her legs, she forces her naked crotch into my face.

"What's black and sits on three hundred pounds of crack? Huh Mykel?" she says.

"I thought it was funny," I say through the muffle. Then think, *Fuck! It's Oprah Winfrey!*

"Here's some crack for you Mykel," she says, grinding into my bleeding nose and mouth. "Funny, isn't it?"

My neck feels like it's going to snap off. Her thighs tighten around my head. I'm inhaling the entire Seattle fish market. I can't breathe. My lungs are going to explode.

At the edge of whatever vision I have left I see a vague outline... a black leather jacket. Levis. Short blond hair.

George Tabb! I think. He's here to save me.

"George!" I say through the massive twat in front of me.

"Yeah, Mykel," he says, walking around to where my bloody asshole lay naked and abused. "Remember that time when…"

I can't hear the rest, because those black Oprah thighs have tightened around my head. The last words I hear before I lose consciousness are, "Take my dick, please!"

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or Web site viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—> *At the Bottom of my Pile Department*: I found this clipping. It's about the father of a 7-year-old Wisconsin boy. Dad was so upset his son wouldn't wear a Green Bay Packers jersey during the playoffs, that he forced it on the kid. Then he duct-taped it to him.

The father was arrested, fined $186 and released. My question: What the fuck kind of fine is $186? I'm not a football fan. Does that number have some kind of special meaning in football land? A quarterback number or something? Jeezus!

—> *Making Progress Department:* Until March 3, 2008, Verizon Wireless included a contract provision that subscribers agree that the company "does not own or manage the internet." The provision has since been dropped. However, subscribers must still acknowledge, "Verizon assumes no liability for the accuracy of things that may be read over the Internet or received in emails." Does that mean that guy in Nigeria *doesn't* really want me to hold his money?

—> To avoid a trial, Karen Fletcher of Pennsylvania plead guilty to obscenity for fictional kiddie sex stories posted on her subscription-only Web ssite. There were no pictures on the site. She was fined $1000 and given six months house arrest. This is the first obscenity conviction based solely on written material in over 30 years. Is Obama gonna fix this??? And it gets worse:

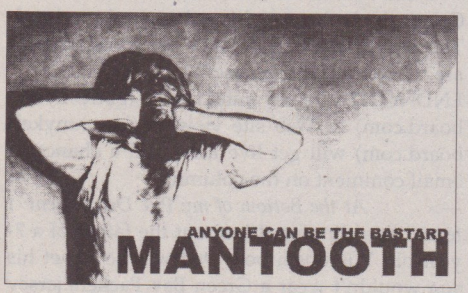
—> *Pssst, Hey kid, wanna buy a book? Let's see your ID Department:* A new 2008 Oregon law makes it a $125,000 crime to furnish "sexually explicit" materials to a minor. This includes health-education materials and fiction. Booksellers would be liable—even if the minors are only browsing.

—> *Life Imitates Art Department:* Doctors at

Bellevue Mental Hospital in New York have identified a new syndrome they call "The Truman Show Delusion," a condition by which people—in this case mostly young white men, believe they are the subjects of their own reality TV show. Some seem pleased, ready for the million-dollar payout at the end. Others seem upset.

One syndrome victim came to NY to climb the Statue of Liberty. He believed that he'd be reunited with this high school girlfriend at the top, and finally be released from "the show." Hate to spoil it, buster, but there's only one way we get released from the show, and it's not by climbing. It's by jumping.

—>*Obama or Not Department: Good Magazine* (December '08) reports that twenty percent of recently polled NYU students said they'd give up their right to vote in 2008 in exchange for an iPod Touch. What I want to know is, where was McCain on this offer? He shoulda been handing out those iPods. He coulda won!



Last Column

There's an egomania that runs deep through me that causes me to think about those *fateful days*. On that fateful day I will quit my job in such a fashion that everyone in the office will be aghast for days. It will surely be something to remember, and I will proudly walk down the street knowing that I just blew every motherfucker's mind by giving so and so (that bastard) *what for*.

On another fateful day I will find a big bag of money on the street, call my creditors, and tell them that they've seen the last of me, dismissing said creditors with a jerk-off motion.

On fateful days gone by, I should have said something to the effect that I am the shit, and you didn't deserve my valuable time. Instead I kind of just stood there mouth-breathing. And on yet another fateful day, I probably should have just not typed anything on that messageboard, saving myself a lot of bullshit.

So it goes without saying that I've put a lot of thought into how to put an end to certain things, situations, relationships, habits. And like most people who do the same, we rarely find ourselves ready for those *fateful days*. Rarely do we know what to say to leave that person—or everyone in the room—brutally exposed to the goddamn truth.

I don't intend for my last column to be anything like that, because far too often what comes out is a stuttering mess that's just confusing for everyone involved. And while it can be said that any discernible goal of my columns would be to confuse the reader, I'm not necessarily looking for an awkward departure.

I've written for *MRR* for the past four-and-a-half years. My first guest column attempted to parody some CrimethInc. "literature" I had read and thought was simply the dumbest thing I had ever seen that week. I had to let someone know how bewildered and ridiculous I thought it was. I could feel tremor through my early-twenties bones. If you go back and read some of my earlier columns, you could tell this was a real problem of mine—something I still have problems with. Mine was the golden voice that would tear through hypocrisy and bad taste. Mine was the visceral wit that would expose everyone in the room to the goddamn truth.

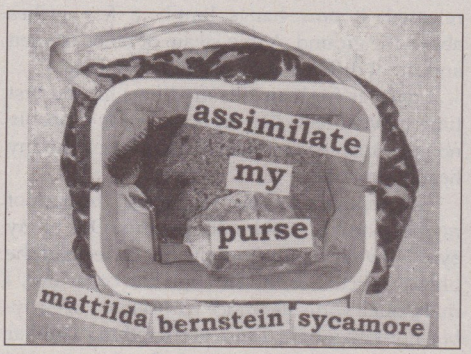
Quite frankly, I was starved for attention and probably suffered from low self-esteem. Not that I don't defend every single thing I've written as an undiscovered continent of sheer genius, but when I started writing for *MRR* I didn't really have much of a focus on anything besides being wildly indignant about this and/or that.

The origin-story of my column is not very interesting. My friend Andy talked to Mike Thorn frequently on the internet. He says to Mike, "Hey, give Mantooth a column!" Then Thorn goes, "Sure." Shortly thereafter Thorn got excommunicated from the Church of Punk Rock for reasons I never bothered to read carefully enough.

Anyhow, trying to be confrontational got me nowhere but into pointless internet spats with dudes from Parts Unknown and Manic Ride records. I wasn't really shocked that this is where it got me. But I'm not sure what else I expected. My focus shifted mostly to anecdotes and fucked up stories from my youth that I can only assume dazzled and amazed most of the five people that regularly read my column.

There really isn't much more to it than I've got no motivation to do this anymore. I don't care. Rather end it now before I start wasting all of our time by submitting a bunch of half assed bullshit just for the sake of having a column in *MRR*.

As always you can email me at gregory.mantooth@gmail.com. Good luck in all your endeavors.



Lostmissing: a Public Art Project

You know when you have a friend who you think will always be there? No matter what, at least you'll have that friendship, right? Lostmissing is a public art project about the loss of that relationship—a specific relationship for me—right now it's missing. I want to express myself in a public space in a way that feels personal and more meaningful than a private expression, because I want to connect to other people and other Lostmissing stories. This project is a public expression of grief in order to feel hopeful again—it's about that random flyer you see and you don't know what it means but your eyes get bright all the sudden.

I will be putting these flyers up everywhere I can think of and posting photos of the flyers in public spaces—on my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com, and maybe in *MRR* if they don't look too tiny—I'll even make new posters out of the pictures and post photos of those new posters.

And I'll be giving the flyers out to people to put up in their own towns and kitchens and living rooms and bathrooms and galleries and meeting spaces and community centers and bars and workplaces and on the street and on abandoned buildings in bus shelters and on public transportation and on bulletin boards and in store windows and in letters and taxis and hotel lobbies and on the internet and at shows of all kinds and near dramatic views and tourist attractions and in your own art and wherever else you can think of.

I want to make this expression of sadness and anger into something collective, and I want people to add their own Lostmissing stories to the flyers if they feel inspired, and then to please send revised flyers or photos of posters in public or private spaces, affixed in any way you find appropriate, and then I'll post it all on my blog and maybe make a zine or a handmade book or some form of documentation that puts it all together.

What do you think?

All the images are posted on my blog, where you can print out the *.jpeg* and post it everywhere. I can also send you hard copies of the flyers as I make them, or a *.pdf* of each poster as it arrives—just let me know (my contact info is at the bottom).

Yay—I'm so excited!

Lostmissing #1

I don't know if what I feel is a sense of loss or if I feel like you're already lost I mean I've lost you and now I don't feel that loss. I know it's too early. I worry about running into you and how I'll feel, how I'll feel and how I'll act that's different from how I feel. I could smile and say hi and feel my whole body get tense. I could turn away and feel my whole body get tense, any hint of energy lost where is my energy lost. I could say something sarcastic and feel that rush from not breathing but all the blood to face. I could spit in your face and more of that rush but what would be your response?

I've never spit in anyone's face, except during sex—actually during sex that's one of the hottest things, spit everywhere spit in my face but this would be different. I could scream at the top of my lungs why do they say top of my lungs or maybe it does make sense, head forward neck into chest up. I could scream as loud as loud as possible, head forward neck into chest up: Scream what the fuck do you think you're doing? What the fuck do you think you're doing? What the fuck do you think you're doing?

I could say how dare you and then spit in

your face, head back and then. I could say how dare you and then spit in your face and then lick it off you like a dog. Maybe if I were a dog then you would bend over and pet me and then I could bite your hand and it would be okay. What if I see you and the wind blows in my face and my hair gets messed up? I'm not used to that, with this new style that moves around more. My hair looks good today, but I need stronger hair gel. Stronger hair gel that I'm not allergic to. Maybe I'll see you and I'll start sneezing.

Lostmissing #2

I just re-read the letter I sent you, the letter you told me you weren't going to read. You probably read it. I don't like that I have to guess about everything now—it makes me feel lonelier. You called me all angry and left me a message saying I was crossing your boundaries, the boundaries you were changing over the phone so that they were crossed. That was in September. We haven't spoken since September, almost five months we haven't spoken in five months and now I have to guess about everything.

I don't have to guess about that letter. That letter is gorgeous. It's so vulnerable and layered and open and honest and reading it again now it's like I'm suddenly stunned again. I'm just stunned. I, I can't believe you responded by deciding not to speak to me, I mean I'm only guessing that you're not speaking to me since you haven't replied to any of my messages. You haven't told me that you're not speaking to me, as if that moment of speech would be too much. As if I'm so dangerous to your new version of health or stability that you can't even engage for one moment I'm not worth it. Not even a message on my phone when you know I'm sleeping and it's off.

I'm finding it hard to breathe, I'm just sitting here with this look on my face where my eyes stare out in frozen pain jaw locked breath stuck I can't believe you read that letter, and this is where we're left with this gap between us. I can't believe you didn't read that letter, and this is where you're leaving me.

Lostmissing #3

(Oops—it's an image, so I don't know how to make it fit here—it's about accountability, and I'm sure you'll love it.)

Lostmissing #4

Our last conversation, or not the last the second-to-last, right? The one when you got so enraged I thought you might hit me but even when I thought that I wanted to think that I knew that you wouldn't but the truth is that you got so enraged I thought you might hit me. I started planning out what I would do, there wouldn't be anything to do I mean I wouldn't be able to fight you off. Later, when I told you that even though I knew you wouldn't hit me I still felt that way, I mean I was scared and I was planning out what to do—no I didn't say that part I just said even though I knew you wouldn't hit me I still felt that way and you said I would never hit you, I've never hit anyone, you know that. And I said I know. Except maybe I don't know.

Last night I had this scary dream, really scary you were about to attack me. Then when I woke up I wondered whether a nightmare was better sleep than no sleep, but then I fell into something much calmer, it was such a relief when you asked me about these posters I said I thought I might never speak to you again and you were listening.

When I started thinking about this project, it was a series of letters to you, letters that would be on the outside of the envelope so that even if you were going to throw them out then you might read something. Now I don't know if I want you to be a part of this project in that way at all, I mean yes I still feel silenced and I want to make you hear me but maybe in this public expression of grief or longing or love you don't matter and that means more.

Lostmissing #5

But of course you matter—this project is about you, about us, about the world and what we want it to be. Are you still in present tense? What we wanted it to be. What I want it to be. So then in the dream when you're listening I realize oh, I still want you to listen I still want you to hear me.

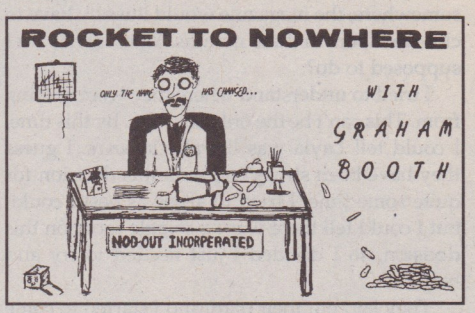
I guess it was so shocking to me that here I was shaking and unable to speak shaking and unable to speak because of your anger, your anger the person who I've felt so safe with safer than with anyone so present in my body that's what I'm missing now. But then there was your anger and my shaking, I went into the bathroom I closed my eyes for a second I could feel my head ready to shoot diagonally backwards into the air and I wondered about the difference between dissociating and staying present. I mean: Is this what I'm feeling, or is this what it means to leave?

It's so horrible to me that you were the one who left me there shaking, left me there with all the knowledge of what it meant, all the knowledge of my father's rage my father's violence in my body still and so I'm trying to separate that from you. I mean: It did feel violent the way you were treating me, the way you looked at me like if I looked away then you would pull out a gun and shoot me just then just like that or maybe just your hands you would know where to strangle and that was just because I was looking at you like a friend the friend I knew the friend I knew so well I wanted to see what you were feeling.

I don't know what that shaking meant except that I was triggered in a way that I haven't been in years, even now I think about sending you these posters as letters and then I think about your rage I think about whether you'll attack me even if that doesn't make sense I mean you don't even want to speak to me let alone attack me, right? It's just because I don't know what's going on, what's going on with you there's all this distance you've created. It's so intense the way that kind of fear stays in my body, that kind of fear from so long ago and so I want to separate the part that isn't you from the part that is you and you won't even let me do that.

Yes, I'm still exhausted from the crazy book tour for my new novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*, but it made me feel more engaged and now I just have to keep that engagement somehow…

Feel free to check in on me via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com. You can also send me love letters and/or delicious threats via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.



Yuck! Sticky fingers! I've been having a hard time typing my column this month because my hands have been caked in duct tape goo for two weeks straight. Yes, this duct tape is record-related. It involves a box of pretty insane records I received in the mail last week. I'll get into the contents a bit later—but before I get into that, well, they asked me to share the news with everybody this month…

I guess everybody is well aware of the current economic climate. It sucks. If you've spent any time in your local bookstore lately, you should know that business is slow—real slow. Or maybe you are one of those people too broke to even consider setting foot in a bookstore. You are one of many.

Print media sales are at an all-time low, and even the beloved *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* you're holding in your hands isn't immune to this bleak economic reality. *MRR* sales have fallen off significantly, and the magazine is having a hard time coming up with the cash to keep up with monthly operating expenses.

Over the past few months, our brave coordinators have been trying their best to reach out to the community for support and generate creative new fundraising ideas to help make ends meet, but things have been looking pretty grim. The numbers for this past December and January are the worst in the magazine's nearly 30-year history! The higher-ups at the magazine have been reluctant to come to terms with these realities, but numbers don't lie, and some tough decisions had to be made.

To be honest, I was unaware of how bad things had gotten—I just write a column every month! So it was pretty random to get a call two weeks ago from Layla and Cissie. I never could have imagined what they were asking me! (Believe me, I didn't ask for this!) But, basically, they know that I know *a lot* about obscure punk records and prices, and about selling records on eBay. They also said they were approaching me partly because I'm somewhat removed from the whole SF local shitworker / day-to-day runnings of the magazine, and that would keep things less complicated.

Anyway, so yeah, the "Big News." Uhmm, well, basically they were calling to ask me if I would be willing to help them sell some of the *MRR* record collection on eBay for them to help generate some cash for the magazine.

Wow! I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I actually did ask them point blank if they were kidding. No. They were not kidding. They went through the numbers with me and reiterated that if they couldn't pull some extra money from somewhere, the magazine would literally have to close its doors in three months. Yikes! What am I supposed to do?

I tried to understand where they were coming from. This can't be the only solution. By this time, I could tell Layla was literally in tears. I guess they have been struggling with this decision for quite some time. I tried to argue as best I could, but I could tell there was no wiggle room on this decision, so I decided I just needed to try and help.

They laid out their plan, and I started to come around to the idea. I mean, ask yourself: What is more important—a magazine that thousands of people read every month, or a record collection that maybe ten people peruse every month? With the internet, you can basically hear all of the music you could ever imagine, so having a hard copy on vinyl is almost redundant—especially when you consider the size of the *MRR* library. It is *huge*.

Many records in the collection are worth hundreds, if not thousands of dollars. Recent thefts from the collection have shown that expensive records have become a liability, and sadly, people continue to steal records from *MRR*. Actually, the notorious mister Rob Noxious infiltrated the *MRR* compound a few weekends ago while he was in town for the Gilman record swap! Luckily some staffers recognized him and booted him from the facility, but there's no telling when the next big thefts will occur. An argument can be made that it makes more sense to cash out the records now, while prices are high, instead of worrying about someone stealing the TAPEWORM single in the next eight months.

Obviously selling the magazine's record collection is a huge undertaking, and Layla and Cissie aren't really thinking about selling *everything* right now. They have decided to focus on selling the highest-priced items. Generally, these are the most easily available on the internet, and will benefit the magazine the most in the short term.

It also makes sense from the magazine's standpoint, since most of the $$$ records are already stored separately, off-site, in a climate-controlled storage facility. This way they won't draw any unnecessary attention from shitworkers as they pull hundreds of records from the stacks—they can just fill a few boxes at the storage facility, ship them down to me, and no one else will be bothered.

I still had some reservations, but I was pretty impressed with how thought out their plan was. But really, I was just happy to help out the magazine. Our phone call did get a little complicated. They were hoping that I would do all of the work for free! Unfortunately, I don't have *that* much free time, so I explained to them my typical consignment rate of 25 percent (Sorry!), but said that I could offer a big discount (12.5 percent, or half-price) as a favor to the magazine. They kept pushing the "do it for free" angle, and thought that others at the magazine wouldn't appreciate it if anyone was making money off of the sale.

So I came up with a compromise: I could pick out two or three records from the collection as "payment." Eureka! That was apparently the right answer for Cissie and Layla, and we all agreed it would be the best solution.

So that's the "Big News." Some tough choices were made, but hopefully with the added revenue from this first batch of auction sales, the magazine will be fine for at least six to eight months. As I mentioned, I received a box last week. Boy, were there some doozies in there! HEART ATTACK *God is Dead* 7" anyone?

That's where the duct tape comes in. Can you believe they originally thought I was just going to list the records as-is, green tape and all? I laughed at the thought! I mean, sure, the green tape has its charm as a punk rock artifact, but the goal here is to make money. I have since explained to them that most of the tape can be removed. Depending on the chemicals you use on them, sometimes you can get it off without a trace! When you're talking about something like the KORO *700 Club* 7" EP, easily an $800 record, every little bit counts, and I would estimate a sleeve with tape is only worth about 40 percent of what a sleeve without tape is worth—that might be $200-300!

So last week I started the painstaking process of removing duct tape from every sleeve they sent me; with my current workload, its been hard for me to get more than one or two sleeves a night. With roughly 100 records, I would guess these auctions will appear on eBay sometime in mid-April. We talked about doing a handful of listings every week, but my experience shows that you always get the most money when you do a super concentrated blitz of 100 listings at once. That way more people see your auctions. For example, say you had a BAD BRAINS *Pay to Cum* 7" with sleeve listed one week (everybody has this saved search), and a NEGATIVE APPROACH 7" EP *Test Pressing with Alternate Mix* the next week (most people already have a NEGATIVE APPROACH 7" so they don't bother having a saved search): Some people might not even see the NEGATIVE APPROACH 7". If they're listed in the same week, everybody sees both!

I originally thought that we could use my personal seller account on eBay, but I knew it would inevitably get complicated—especially since all of the money is going directly to *MRR*. So they will be setting up a new *MRR*-only seller account with eBay (and Paypal of course!). I asked Layla or Cissie to mention the account in her column this month, so look out for it!

Aside from peeling tape, all I've been thinking about for the past couple weeks is which three records I'm going to get from the *MRR* collection. Man, I'm not even sure what records they have! I'm tempted to take stuff from the box they sent, but I've heard about some other, uh, "secrets" lurking in there. Like I could really use this much cleaner copy of THE FIX *Vengeance* 7" (in my all-time top ten), but I could probably find another copy in my lifetime. Something like JOHN VOMIT & THE LEATHERSCABS *Picked off the Litter* 7" is both Ultra-Rare, and gets extra points for being a Northern California artifact. Of course, I've spent the better part of ten years trying to get TERVEET KADET *Rock Laahausta Vastaan* 7" Mega-Rare first EP to no avail—and I don't see any of those turning up anytime soon.

But what I'm really curious to get my hands on is Tim Yo's cache of unreleased Bay Area Punk Acetates. Everybody has heard about his extensive SF demo collection, but I heard there are a small handful of Acetate-only releases produced specifically for Tim to play on the Radio. Can you imagine a SNOT PUPPIES 7" *Acetate*? FRIED ABORTIONS 7" *Acetate*? Can you imagine *owning* one of them?! It's going to be a rough month trying to decide! Needless to say, I am in hog heaven!

If you have any questions regarding the upcoming *MRR* record auctions, Iunderstand Layla is also setting up a new *MRR* email address at tonyfromhawaii@maximumrocknroll.com. There was some talk about trying to sell the records off of eBay if they could get high enough offers (and a few clued in shitworkers have already started the deluge of daily emails). Remember everybody, these are charity auctions for the magazine. Bid Hard! Think of your bid as your contribution to keeping this well-oiled machine running for a few more months (if not years)!

How to Make a Molotov Cocktail

My feet sweat when I sleep. Socks and shoes stay on if I'm sleeping during the day. The socks will absorb the sweat, causing the material to stiffen. Before the socks harden, the excess moisture bleeds onto the inner-soles of my shoes. An unpleasant odor lingers and eventually mingles with the other leftover stenches. The smell is quite unbearable. When friends or family have me over for dinner, it is requested that my shoes are never removed.

The State is being uncontrollably smashed. The System is barfing out of a moving automobile while my friends "up" it. Nazi sympathy is endlessly being fucked. The headphones over your ears are blaring Grand Buffet's "Candy Bars." The bus is taking all of us to the Dead Guy tribute gig. Mike Ovens is the opening act. The whole gang leaves early and purchases fruit smoothies from the Get Go convenience stop and gas station. Back at our basement apartment, we watch *Wishmaster* on Cinemax.

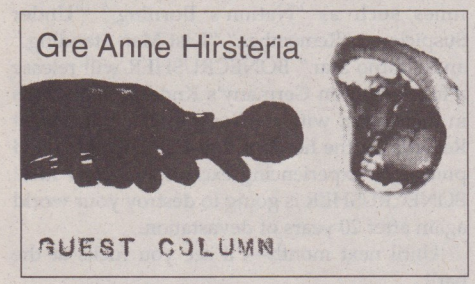
In the morning, after a long night of sleep, I wake up to bathe. My sweaty feet collect a horde of pennies, cat hair and scraps of paper. The warm shower washes the objects from my toes. The bathroom radio is playing a mixtape of Boston and New York hardcore. I can't remember who made the mix for me. The music isn't inter-

esting anymore. I wish to be incredibly upset about this.

A close friend of mine is enamored by Nickelodeon game shows from the late 20th century. The décor of his room is modeled after the set of *Double Dare*. When he invites me to his house, I say, "I'm ready when you are." My friend tells me a story about how a thief burglarized his prized gem collection. "My condolences," I say. "Tangerine Dream" is playing on the living room stereo. He tells me about the Barry McGee lecture and the Centipede E'est performance at the Carnegie Museum. I forgot to go.

At times of leisure I enjoy relaxing at the park, on a friend's lawn, or in grassy fields. Nothing is near me. The sun shines on my face. I hear traffic. My body shifts on dirt and grass. I sprawl out, taking my shoes and socks off. I am alone so I fall asleep. When I wake up, the ground near my feet is soaked with sweat. I rub my feet into the grass and I can hear the music of sweat.

Boston is freezing. Friends from summers before are there. The small house is really crowded. I feel lonely so I stand by Tyler. *Ride the Snake* is on the table. I read it for most of the night, enjoying the articles and music lists. During my band's set, every song now has the lyrics to Husker Du's "Celebrated Summer." No one notices. In hopes of seeing an object suspended in air, I kick out the snow from underneath a bike outside. Two drunks yell at me as a tow-truck drives by. The first drunk (a man) says he knows who I am, and that I am trouble. The other drunk (a woman) is holding a bottle of wine that looks like a baby with a messy bib.



Stop Making Me Crazy: Tips for Straight Punx

I wanted to write something on transgender health care, but when I sat down to write it I realized there wasn't a lot that I actually knew. I know that trans people are disrespected and brutalized in ambulances, hospitals and doctors' offices. I know that many of us lose our lives when bigoted medical professionals become aware of our trans status and refuse to treat us. I know that I don't have enough money for hormone treatment, sex reassignment surgery, or therapy—but more then anything I know what it's like to be queer and trans in a hopelessly heterosexist and third-gender-hating world, and am all too aware of the impact of such a world on the state of one's mental health.

Some of us seek refuge from the straight world in the rebelliousness of the punk scene. Most of us leave feeling even bitterer than before. Others stay for the time being out of stubbornness, figuring that somebody has to stick around and write the obligatory queer and/or feminist story for the next issue of *MRR*—only to later see it published between two articles of worthless, sexist, punk rock bullshit.

Oftentimes we wake up and commute to work gripping our knives tight in our hoodie pockets with our eyes on our backs. Once we arrive, we're in for a full day of having our names and pronouns fucked up by coworkers, customers and management alike. We stick out like sore thumbs in an environment of assumed heterosexuality and binary gender, making us targets. All the while we know that when we are not sucking it up, we are risking unemployment—or worse.

So when we head out to the show at the end of the day, we aren't going so we can get shit on by the punk scene in the same ways that we're shit on by the dominant culture everywhere else! Here are some ways that you can be a better "ally"—or at least less of a dick:

Stop imitating queers. What is wrong with straight punx who go around speaking in a lisp, slapping each other's ass and pretending to be coupled with their straight friends? What a pathetic attempt at being "queer friendly." If this is your way of flirting with the idea of same-sex attraction, get some fucking guts and come out already. Otherwise, stop fucking mocking us!

Do you really have to call everyone "dude"? To many people, the word dude has male connotations: regardless of how you "meant it." College students call me bro, and punx call me dude. This culture has a problem referring to everything as male. When you do this to me—who was assigned male at birth but is a gender-queer trans womyn—you are disrespecting my gender identity.

Destroy that entire fucking genre of anti-PC, white boy bands, and all bands that use rape imagery for shock value. There is no place for that shit. You wanna offend people? Sing about killing straight people, white people—men. You'll get more of a rise out of people that way anyway.

Stop doing their shows. Stop reviewing their records. Don't let them hang out in your town. Get the punk girls and trannies together to kick their ass when they do. Stop defending them. Stop making excuses.

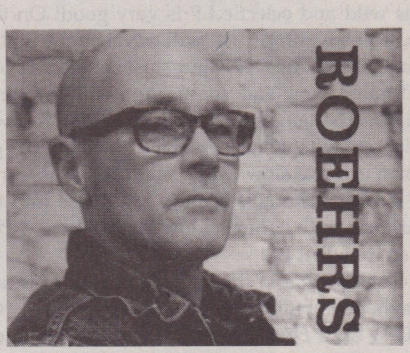
Flaunting your straightness is gross. Hetero PDA's are alienating, and constantly being alienated is exhausting. And God help me if I see one more straight couple making out at a Limp Wrist show! Tacky fucking breeders! I can't tell you how excited I get to be in a space that is both queer and punk, and how disgusting it is to see that space being infected with straight peoples' constant sense of entitlement. Next time I hope you get punched in the back of the head by some fed-up fag.

What's the deal with punx getting married all the time? Radical queer and trans folx are busy denouncing marriage, which we aren't even legally entitled to—meanwhile, straight punx are planning weddings—since when was marriage "punk"?

Educate yourself on trans issues. Politely ask for peoples' pronoun preferences and respect them. If you can't define and pronounce the words "ze" and "hir," look them up online. If you can't use them comfortably, practice.

That's it for now. So now that you know what not to do, you want to know what you can do to assist in the queer and trans struggle, right? Nothing. We can do the rest. It's just that, while we plan the coming queer and trans insurrection, it would be nice to not have to feel so endlessly lonely in the punk scene, and to not have to feel so fucking crazy.

Contact: arwen_anne@hotmail.com



Our Nations Burning

The hardcore label of the month is clearly Cowabunga Records. The first 7" we will examine is COLD SHOULDER from Hammond, Indiana.

This lethal dose of hardcore starts out with "Condominiums," a proper smash in the face! This tune has poignant lyrics like "Buildings stand as unmarked graves" and "I can't help but wonder why we keep treating the symptoms and not the problems." Good stuff! Song two on the thrash- punk fucker is "Can't Cheat Death" with succinct words like "Closer to death with every minute" and "Live your life for the minute." Listen up, punks and skins! Those are wise words to share! On "Diet of Worms," COLD SHOULDER rant about "Your self-serving morals, your scriptures, your commandments / Your wasted life, your hypocrisies, your god / Will all be buried when you die / Tell your god he's my enemy"! On side two of this raging disc, COLD SHOULDER lurches into "Not for Sale" with the message: "Slogans for banners / Pay lip service to every cause / Slogans for banners / Follow them without any pause." This song illustrates what mindless sheep some Americans have become! We crash through "Love" and "Economic Draft" and get to the final song on the second side of the COLD SHOULDER EP, "America's Song." The lyrics go like this: "I'm not scraping by to live / Taking all the shit they give / Someday soon you'll admit / The pains of being a patriot / The nuclear family, the white picket fence / Give it up, the dream is dead." Yes sir! The COLD SHOULDER EP has all the elements of a thrash masterpiece!

The second excellent EP on the Cowabunga label is a compilation entitled *Welcome to the Golden State*. This excellent nine-song hardcore/punk collection features E-COLI, SOCIAL SICKNESS, FUNERAL SHOCK, VIDEO DISEASE, CRAWLSPACE, BROKEN

OIDS. Fuck yes! This great compilation has a thorough cross-section of quality hardcore and punk. This 7" is highly recommended!

The third entry in the Cowabunga Records thrash wars this month is a welcome reissue of Texas skate punks A.N.S.'s first full-length record, *The Pool*. This epic A.N.S. journey takes you all over the skate thrash territory. There are some fast, short blasts of punk fury, some longer rock 'n' roll excursions, and some slow, melodic parts. The one unifying thread: all the music on this wild and eclectic LP is very good! On this musical adventure, you will travel all the hinterlands from "The Deep End" to "Skate Nazi" and "Through Time and Space." You will encounter mighty challenges and great rewards! You will celebrate with "Skate Zombies Must Shred," get down low and slow with "The Grip," reassess all of it with "Thought Wrong," and ease into the darkness with "The Shadow Has a Name." This is an excellent LP!

The fourth and final psychotic slice of thrash mayhem submitted for your approval is the HIGH LIFE *Drink Yourself to Freedom* EP. These crazed Texans encourage you to "Wave that 40 [ounce beer] high, 'cause we ain't solving any problems tonight!" In "Life Ain't Cool," HIGH LIFE, professional drinkers from Mound, Texas, clarify a couple of things for you. The lyrics are pretty much self-explanatory: "I don't care what you think about my life / What you see in my eyes or how I spend eternity / I don't care about you and I don't care about me / ...I don't care about anything!" "All Hate" has some heartfelt lyrics. Read this shit: "This trap got me tight—got to cut myself free / With a heart full of hate and a head full of spite... / If I can't destroy you, I'll destroy myself." HIGH LIFE stomps through "Modern Minds," "Shithead," and "Melting Switches." All these songs are steeped in bad attitude and brandish a menacing snarl. This is good shit!

Order your COLD SHOULDER EP, V/A *Welcome to the Golden State* hardcore compilation EP, the HIGH LIFE *Drink Yourself to Freedom* EP, and the re-release of Texas skate punk legends A.N.S.'s *The Pool* LP from Cowabunga Records, 195 S. Armstrong Way #D, Upland, CA 91786, www.cowabungarecords.com.

Holy fuck! Two of Boston, Mass's evil hardcore units, FOR THE WORSE and ENEMIES FOR LIFE, have teamed up to destroy the world as you know it. FOR THE WORSE lead off the battle-cry on side A with "The Destroyer" and "P.N.D." This is fucking earth-scorching hardcore of the toughest caliber!! The third HC gem offered up by FOR THE WORSE is the entertaining "Skinheads Smoke Dope." This thrash 'n' roll will inspire you knuckleheads! On the B-side of this storming EP, you lucky skins and punks get ENEMIES FOR LIFE crushing you with four hardcore punk rock blasts. ENEMIES FOR LIFE begin the deconstruction with "Friend vs. Friend." This tune has searing guitar displays with manic vocals on top. Song two, "Nuthin' Personal," has even more intricate guitar musing before we slam into "News to Me"! This time out, ENEMIES FOR LIFE meld the chugging guitar line with powerful hardcore vocals. Song number four, "Go Get Old," will complete the devastation! Fast shouted vocals accompany excellent guitar fury! The FOR THE WORSE / ENEMIES FOR LIFE split is essential for all fans of Boston Hardcore! Order your copy today from: Tourist Trap Records, 58 Lexington Drive, Hyannis, MA 02601.

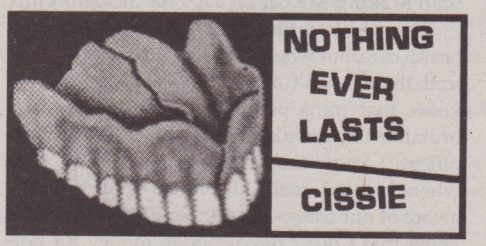
You fucks need to listen to the WARTORN / LOS DOLARES split EP! This shit oozes hardcore bile that will poison your mundane day-to-day existence! Wisconsin's native sons, WARTORN, will rip you a new asshole with their two songs on the A-side of this split. "Open Wound" is about those sick fucks who find entertainment value watching pitbulls maim and maul each other. Let the lame-brained human owners of the dogs fight to a bloody death! Song two by WARTORN is "Killing Frost." This song is about a friend who is diagnosed with a terminal disease and decides to end it quickly by suicide via gunshot wound. Songs like this remind everyone of the fragile grasp we have on life—how tenuous our futures are. The band LOS DOLARES is up next on side two of this split. This is riddled with doom-laden black punk riffs that will ruin the most bright sunshine-filled day. The guitars carve gutters in your bowels; the vocals tear at your larynx! The Spanish-language lyrics languish in "Rivers of Blood"; songs about the police and about death permeate the landscape. This is a good split EP! The EP has a thick, glossy paper stock foldout sleeve with a handsome "War Is Business" poster unveiled inside! This fine package is presented by a cooperative effort featuring the Noseke, Deskontento, Fight For Your Mind, Deviance, and Muerte Al Silencio labels.

Fucking ANNIHILATION TIME from the San Francisco Bay Area has been taking the city by storm! Two of the most rambunctious shows last month featured ANNIHILATION TIME and these motherfuckers kicked a lot of punk ass! ANNIHILATION TIME played on the bill with skate-thrash maniacs A.N.S. At the sold-out AMEBIX show at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, ANNIHILATION TIME followed the mighty HELLSHOCK on stage. ANNIHILATION TIME fucking threw down the gauntlet! ANNIHILATION TIME, formerly hailing from Oxnard, California, is widely respected and much-admired in the SF Bay Area— and for good reason!! These guys fucking destroyed the all-ages Great American audience! It must be recognized that Scotty's Tankcrimes Records has been the prime mover in advancing the burgeoning international reputation of this great punk 'n' roll band! Contributing to the conspiracy has been illustrious partners such as Dead / Alive Records (Philadelphia, PA) and Six Weeks Records (Cotati, California). ANNIHILATION TIME smashed through a set consisting of "Panic," "The Worm," "Splashback," "Yuppie Killer," "Jonestown," "Get a Job," "Bald-Headed Woman," "Imaginary Mirror," and much more! This shit was earth-shattering, brilliant punk rock with a capital "R"! This is fucking ferocious rock 'n' roll delivered with authority!

Portland, Oregon's favorite sons, HELLSHOCK, had primed the capacity crowd with a seething cesspool of dark-as-death, black-spirited doom punk! Joel and his minions perpetrated many foul and heinous deeds on this hapless crowd of hip fucks! Included in this bestial blood-letting ceremony were "Low Men in Yellow Cloaks," a new song, "Wax Statues," "Dead Lights(also new)," "Masquerade," "Last Sunset," "Grey City," "Prisoner," and more great new songs. Fuck yes! HELLSHOCK remains one of the most infectious and grim rock 'n' roll treasures in the United States of America! HELLSHOCK is poised to tour Japan with AGE, the same great Japanese punk veterans with whom they toured the West Coast of the United States last year. That tour will take HELLSHOCK all over Japan from March 9th to March 30th. While in Tokyo, HELLSHOCK will record six new songs for an LP at Our House Studio-home to many HG-FACT hardcore bands. Included will be "Low Men in Yellow Cloaks," "Dead Lights," "Darkness Will Endure," plus three more. The new HELLSHOCK song "Prisoner" will be released on a split 7" with AGE. This is all great news for you HELLSHOCK fans!

Fucking BONECRUSHER from Orange County, California has a blistering 10" coming out on Mike Josephson's Longshot Music record label. Mike Kanel, Noah and George have teamed up to create the hardest skinhead street rock in the USA. These Southern California brutes have cranked out some of the hardest tunes produced in SoCal since BONECRUSHER'S "Tomorrow is Too Late," "Casualty" or BLACK FLAG's "White Minority" Mike Longshot will choose from five killer skinhead tunes such as "Nation's Burning," "Under Suspicion," "Remember," "Last Man Standing," and "Porno Star." BONECRUSHER will release a full-length on Germany's Knock-Out Records in the spring, with a follow-up 7" on Longshot Records on the heels of that CD. You skins and punks are experiencing exceptional good luck! BONECRUSHER is going to destroy your world again after 20 years of devastation.

Until next month—I'll see you fucks at the bar!!



Print media is not, in fact, dead. It's still here and it's never gonna *die*. In the late '80s/early '90s people were convinced that vinyl was a goner—the music industry seemed certain that people would always be willing to shell out $15-$20 for a new CD, which rendered the larger and less profitable format useless in their eyes. Fooled them. Now the masses are taking a renewed interest in vinyl for keepsakes and fashion and whatnot, and CDs are suffering the wound of the downloading generation. The industry has since regained interest in the LP format and is currently overworking your

favorite pressing plant. So where does that leave print media, you ask? Ok, you didn't ask, because you probably don't care, but I've been laying in bed reading old punk zines all night and I'm pretty pumped to talk about this issue, so listen or don't.

First off, I should let it be known that I think the internet is pretty awesome. You can do an image search for "Jerry's Kids Boston" and let your eyes get overwhelmed by the myriad of action shots. You can find MP3s of their unreleased songs from the *Boston Not LA* session, watch some videos on YouTube, and then read a couple interviews with them on Kill From the Heart and be an expert. It's worth the Google search 'cos they're one of the greatest hardcore bands of all time. I still get chills when listening to *Is This My World?* But it doesn't have to be Jerry's Kids; pick a band, and if you look hard enough, you can piece together different perspectives of their history from various places on the internet. A colossal cache of info can be obtained within a matter of hours instead of the months, or even years, that it used to take. I would've killed to have access to this endless and easily accessible database of knowledge during my teen years in 'Bama. The internet is amazing.

There's something missing out there though. I'll spend hours hooked to my computer and I won't be able to tell you a single thing that I've looked at. For some reason, I'm more likely to retain the information I read in a magazine or book. The internet is worse than TV in the way that it numbs the brain and the information presented rarely penetrates—it's all surface. I can't figure it out. Webzines like *Terminal Boredom* and *Shit-Fi* are great, and there are tons of neat, massive historical resources such as Kill From the Heart, Operation Phoenix (tons of old *MRR*s), Punks Is Hippies (more old zines with an international scope), etc. It's so rare that anything that I come across on the internet sticks and I find it impossible to view it in a linear manner—it's unavoidable that my ADD goes haywire whenever I touch my computer.

As far as information is concerned I still prefer zines that are made on paper, and while it's obvious that I'm in the minority, I know that I'm not alone. It is a fact that less and less people are producing great printed fanzines and more folks are content to spend their time trolling message boards and blogs for news about records, obscure bands, shocking opinions, and what have you. But blogs and message boards are rarely thorough and they don't have the aesthetic and tangible quality of zines, which makes them seem hollow. When I'm holding an actual zine I feel like I've got a full package, even if it sucks, whereas a review or interview on a blog just seems like an afterthought in an endless series of similar blurbs. I enjoy reading record reviews and then seeing what kind of conversation the person can have with a band and vice versa. I like the strong voice and sense of cohesion that good fanzines are capable of achieving. I've spent the night thumbing through old issues of *Touch and Go*, *Forced Exposure*, *Warning*, *Distort*, *Dear Jesus*, etc. These publications all have definitive voices and tastes, and I appreciate it even if I don't always agree with the opinions presented. The words and ideas in zines like these are direct and abrasive and will stick with me for years.

Ok, so back to the original issue at hand. Print media is not dead and I think folks will continue to make paper fanzines and magazines until the end of time. Whether or not *MRR* can continue to survive remains to be seen. We do things on a pretty grand scale here. We produce this magazine on a monthly basis, 5000-6000 copies for each issue, all of the co-ords spends endless hours of our free time working on it, rent in SF is still horrendously high, the price of shipping increases every year, and our costs are not always being met by the incoming funds. It's an old and worn out story. But even if *Maximum Rocknroll* doesn't live on into the ominous depths of the next great era, someone will be out there testing the endurance of a copy machine to give you an authoritative earful about the latest mindmelting musical phenomenon that altered their world. The allure of making something that is decidedly *yours*, with *your* hands that you can shove in other folks hands will surely be appealing to all the future generations of obsessed and deviant or timid or nerdy or loudmouth taste-making youths, and middle-aged folks will continue to make zines for nostalgia's sake. But nostalgia is waste...I wanna read what the future writes.

***

Somewhere around the middle of this issue there's a random assortment of pages bearing lots of tiny type and handmade layouts, each page was written and designed by one person. For clarity's sake we'll call them one-page zines. I really like one-page zines, and the idea of typing up a bunch of opinions, a short interview, a couple of reviews, and then throwing it all together with a name smacked on it. When it's done you can hand it out to your friends or swap it out in the newsstand of the community newsletter or put it under random windshield wipers. The possibilities for distributing a piece of paper are pretty far reaching. We cheated in our presentation of these one-pagers because we only offered the zinesters one side of a page as opposed to both, but you get the picture. Thanks to all the folks that sent in pages! And if you haven't figured out the underlying credo of this column…it's not too late to start a fanzine. Go and do it.

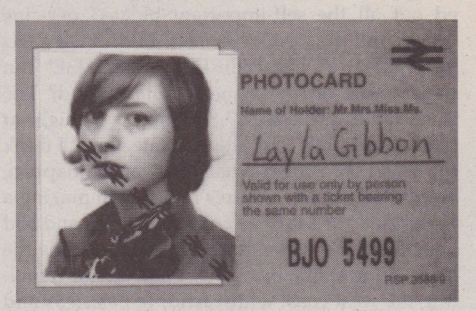
***

Endnotes:

1. In the editorial mishap of the month department (Whoa. I think I just incorporated some Mykel Board into my column): The Betong Hysteria – *Spontan Abort* EP reissue that was reviewed last month was *not* a bootleg. It was released by the very legitimate record label, Hit Me. If you like abrasive, raw, and jarring '80s Euro hardcore of the finest caliber, then check out www.hitmerecords.com for information on how to order it.

2. The impending Sacred Shock LP is phenomenal. I'll save from saying too much about it since it will probably receive a full review within the next month or so, but ever since getting the CDR of it a couple weeks ago the songs have been suffocating my brain with their subtle hooks.

3. Other musical fodder: Citizens Arrest, *Pick Your King* and "Just to Get Away" on repeat, Rocket From the Tombs, and *Zen Arcade*



You'll never see your face in a magazine.

"I was involved in the U.S. hardcore scene through writing, rather than touring. Anne and I worked on one of the earliest DC hardcore zines, *Now What?*, published in 1981 by Sarah Woodell. Then I became pen pals with guys all over the US through Colin Sears' and my zine *If This Goes On*. There was this great network of fanzine writers who were also in punk bands, but they were all guys. My whole attitude was that I didn't want to be a groupie, I wanted to participate as an equal. I communicated with Thurston Moore who had just started Sonic Youth and did *Killer*, Barry Hennsler of the Necros who did *Smegma Journal*, Bob Moore who was in Rebel Truth for a bit, did *Noise* and ran the label Version Sound, and one of the guys from Jody Foster's Army who did *Phenis*. We all just found each other by reading each other's zines." (Sharon Cheslow, *MRR* # 298)

The first fanzine I ever got was because I read a blurb about Bikini Kill in *Sassy* magazine, an alternateen mag from ye olde '90s, and sent off for the zine mentioned. Soon after I read about Huggy Bear, based in my hometown London, who it seemed did a zine for every show they played in the early days at least, and thus my introduction to the world of xeroxed missives. Also trading zines with a lot of sXe girl pen pals at various expensive liberal arts schools in small towns of the American mid-west, as I got more into hardcore. I did my first zine when I was 13, called Drop Babies, which shifted into a more skate and hardcore orientated zine called Chimps, which I theoretically still do. There were always way more girls making zines than making bands, and I always think of how lucky I was as an isolated punk teenager in that era, so many fanzines to send off for and kids to write. Anyway, as we were putting this issue together I was reading a bunch of old zines from different eras, old Pettibon zines, *Touch and Go*, *Forced Exposure* and Tobi Vail's *Jigsaw*, the Huggy Bear made *Reggae Chicken* and *Parlez-Vous Code Fucker*, thinking about the shifting meaning of punk and the different ways of representing it in paper form. We wanted this issue to be something you would pick up, and be inspired to make your own zine, but not just any zine. One

that represents what punk is and can be—reactionary and transgressive, creepy and hilarious, political and moronic. Or none of those words...

I think Janelle says it best in the interview with her contained within; something along the lines that hopefully blogs have weeded out all the self-important bloated per-zine types. And thus, NOW IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO WRITE YOUR WEIRDO TREASTISE! Ten page article on the Wipers guitar sound? The punk ladies of East LA? Staying up all night at the donut store? Your all-girl skate gang? I think the secret is to cover what you want to happen, your ideas and adventures rather than making a "grrrl zine" or a "coffee and hitchhiking and bad emo zine." It's so fucking depressing reading the same dude's zine over and over—about travelling the west coast whilst reading *Cometbus* and Kerouac and drinking diner coffee and having many life changing revelations.

I wanted to write a piece about the secret history of girl zines—Sharon's quote at the start of this made me think about how zines were such important currency in the early hardcore scene, and yet how transient and disposable they are in comparison to records. Since zines are a primary way that women contribute to punk culture, our ideas and contributions disappear as the moms of former punks make them clear out their bedrooms. I like the idea of punk not being set in stone, kept up forever, flowers by the gravestone in memoriam to old ideas and happenings. But it's also depressing, like unless Sharon and Cynthia had put together the *Banned in DC* book I would have had no idea that women were so instrumental in the construction of that scene, because there's no discography of girl written hardcore zines you know? But then I also get bugged out about getting contacted by endless academics looking to write a book about Riot Grrrl, which I would like to be regarded in the same way as punk, where new generations of girls make it their own, form it in their own image if that makes sense. Rather than ossifying it and making it into some weird postcard punk thing that you must adhere to or else you are doing it wrong! It should be a template for girl punk culture maybe, but just as a basis that you can and should do something, not as a rule book or a formal guide line if that makes sense…

I wrote to a friend from from England who put together a super awesome zine called *New Britain*, in the early '90s because I had this vague recollection of him writing about this teenage girl who made her own zine, in the Crass/anarcho era of English punk, which combined bands she liked and weird hair style tips. He had no memory of this article, so maybe I invented it, but I have carried the idea with me that alongside the forever memorialized Sniffin' Glue there were secret fanzine girls at work. And there were; one of the women that helped set up the Huggy Bear/Bikini Kill tour that changed my 14 year old life did a zine in '77 called *Jolt* focusing on women's contributions to punk, and sexism in the scene.

"The very fact that rock, the so-called rebel culture, has always been completely male-dominated just goes to show once more that if there's one person more oppressed than a teenage boy it's a teenage girl"

(Lucy Toothpaste, *Jolt*)

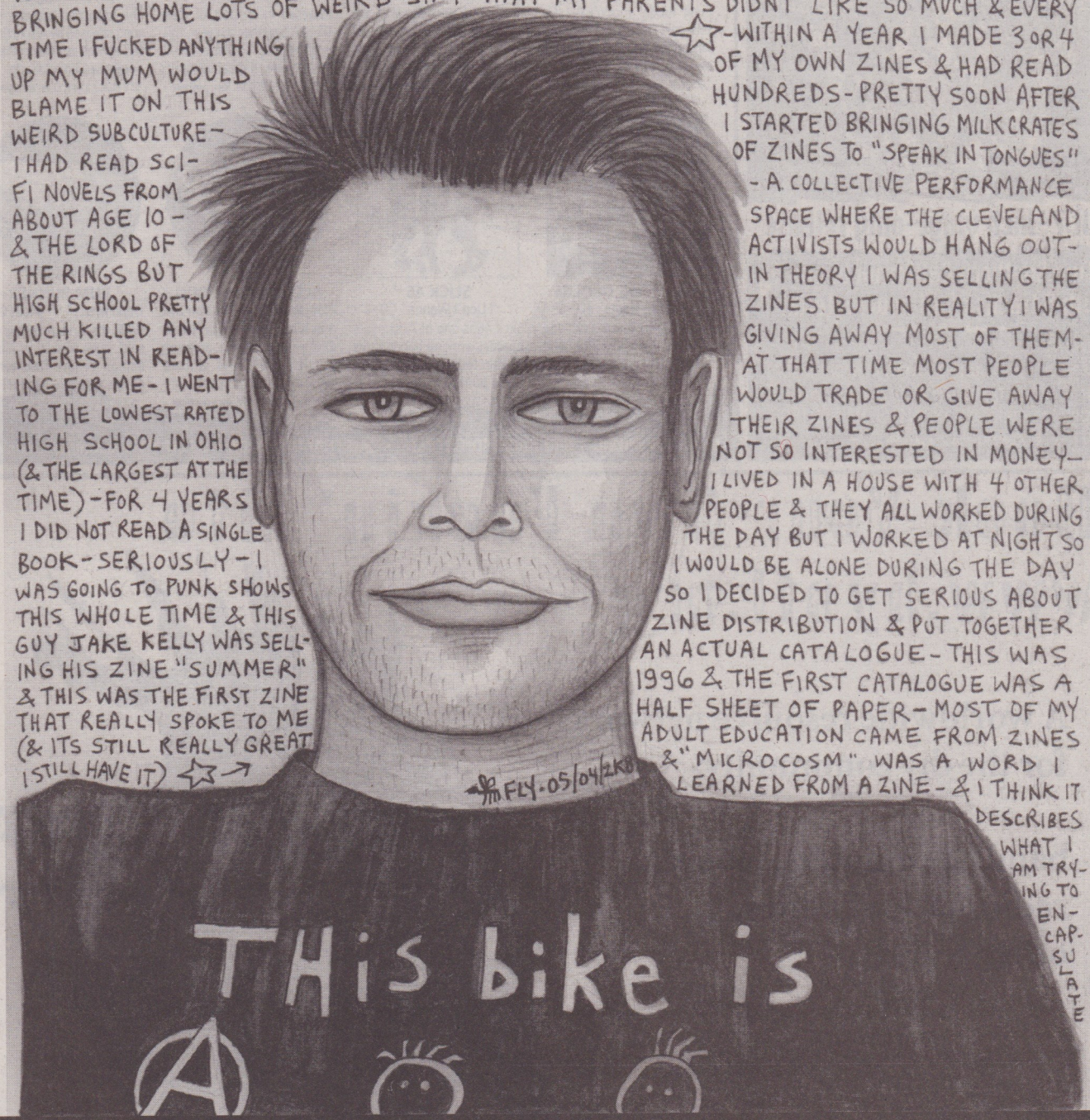
Apparently the Slits went round to her house to hang out after reading the zine, which is so fucking cool. The ultimate punk nod of recognition! The insert to the Ultimo Resorte discography that just came out has a picture of a zine called *Femzine*, which instantly made me freak out. Created by Dena, an American who moved to England, it was an early '80s hardcore zine focusing on women's involvement in the scene. It featured Vulpess, Sadonation, Ultimo Resorte, and the Wrecks amongst others, and I think maybe there are PDFs of it available online somewhere?? Not sure! I know you can download Dena's contributions to *Flipside* via that Operation Phoenix records website, and there's a cool lady punks in Europe guide from the same era.

It's a paradox, on one hand the endless coffee table books and talking heads reliving their epic hardcore pasts have made me weary, but then I also am totally consumed by the ephemera of old era punk and hardcore and find it frustrating that only Riot Grrrl ever makes it into any of the books. And that just fits the right boxes, the first all girl youth subculture? I'll write my MA thesis on that fer sure! It makes me think of how people would say that finally punk 'made it' when Green Day and Nirvana did, as if those bands signify such a thing, and the day punk 'makes it' is the day punk dies. What we do is secret! Anyway, this is as always just a rambling list of things I have been thinking about but what is more important is that you need to do a fanzine! Seriously, secret society of girls, time to represent your up all night skate sessions and bedroom bands…

Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

I KNOW MY FAMILY MOVED FROM GERMANY AFTER WORLD WAR I - & THEY MOVED TO PITTSBURGH - THE TRICKY THING IS THAT NO ONE IN MY FAMILY IS ALIVE TO ASK ABOUT OUR ORIGINS - WELL MY MUM & GRAMMA ARE ALIVE BUT DUE TO ALZHEIMER's THEY CAN'T REMEMBER - ANYWAY I'M A FAN OF NOT HAVING TO KNOW EVERY LITTLE DETAIL AS LONG AS YOU HAVE THE GENERAL CONCEPT - MY PARENTS RELOCATED TO CLEVELAND BUT THEY WERE BACK & FORTH SO MUCH THAT IT IS UNCLEAR WHERE I WAS ACTUALLY BORN - THERE WAS SOME SUPER SKETCHINESS & MY PARENTS WOULD NEVER FILL ME IN ON THE REAL STORY - I GREW UP BACK & FORTH BETWEEN CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH - MY DAD HAD 2 STROKES WHEN I WAS 5 & LOST ALL MOTOR ABILITIES - I WAS THE BAD KID - TOO MUCH TO HANDLE & KEPT GETTING PASSED OFF TO MY PITTSBURGH GRAMMA WHO DIED WHEN I WAS 10 OR 12 - SHE HAD BEEN MORE OF A MUM TO ME THAN MY REAL MUM - I WAS INTO PUNK & SUCH PRETTY SHORTLY AFTER THAT - I WAS BRINGING HOME LOTS OF WEIRD SHIT THAT MY PARENTS DIDNT LIKE SO MUCH & EVERY TIME I FUCKED ANYTHING UP MY MUM WOULD BLAME IT ON THIS WEIRD SUBCULTURE - I HAD READ SCI-FI NOVELS FROM ABOUT AGE 10 - & THE LORD OF THE RINGS BUT HIGH SCHOOL PRETTY MUCH KILLED ANY INTEREST IN READING FOR ME - I WENT TO THE LOWEST RATED HIGH SCHOOL IN OHIO (& THE LARGEST AT THE TIME) - FOR 4 YEARS I DID NOT READ A SINGLE BOOK - SERIOUSLY - I WAS GOING TO PUNK SHOWS THIS WHOLE TIME & THIS GUY JAKE KELLY WAS SELLING HIS ZINE "SUMMER" & THIS WAS THE FIRST ZINE THAT REALLY SPOKE TO ME (& ITS STILL REALLY GREAT I STILL HAVE IT) ☆→

☆ - WITHIN A YEAR I MADE 3 OR 4 OF MY OWN ZINES & HAD READ HUNDREDS - PRETTY SOON AFTER I STARTED BRINGING MILK CRATES OF ZINES TO "SPEAK IN TONGUES" - A COLLECTIVE PERFORMANCE SPACE WHERE THE CLEVELAND ACTIVISTS WOULD HANG OUT - IN THEORY I WAS SELLING THE ZINES BUT IN REALITY I WAS GIVING AWAY MOST OF THEM - AT THAT TIME MOST PEOPLE WOULD TRADE OR GIVE AWAY THEIR ZINES & PEOPLE WERE NOT SO INTERESTED IN MONEY - I LIVED IN A HOUSE WITH 4 OTHER PEOPLE & THEY ALL WORKED DURING THE DAY BUT I WORKED AT NIGHT SO I WOULD BE ALONE DURING THE DAY SO I DECIDED TO GET SERIOUS ABOUT ZINE DISTRIBUTION & PUT TOGETHER AN ACTUAL CATALOGUE - THIS WAS 1996 & THE FIRST CATALOGUE WAS A HALF SHEET OF PAPER - MOST OF MY ADULT EDUCATION CAME FROM ZINES & "MICROCOSM" WAS A WORD I LEARNED FROM A ZINE - & I THINK IT DESCRIBES WHAT I AM TRYING TO ENCAPSULATE



JOE BIEL - 05/04/2K8 - NEW YORK CITY

I FINALLY MET JOE A COUPLE YEARS AGO AT THE ANARCHIST BOOKFAIR IN SF AFTER SEEING MICROCOSM ZINES & BOOKS SPROUT UP ALL OVER THE PLACE - JOE IS REALLY FUN TO HANG OUT WITH BUT YOU HAVE TO BE READY FOR HIM TO FALL ASLEEP MID-SENTENCE & MID- FRUIT SALAD AT APPROXIMATELY 9PM (ACTUALLY I JUST MADE UP THE TIME BUT THE FALLING ASLEEP PART IS TRUE) - JOE IS WORKING ON OTHER STUFF BESIDES THE MOST EXCELLENT MICROCOSM PUBLISHING WORLD - HE HAS A NEW BOOK PLANNED WITH GARRETT COUNTY PRESS THAT CONTAINS ALL OF HIS MRR INTERVIEWS ABOUT HOW PEOPLE TAKE ETHICS THEY LEARNED IN PUNK AND APPLY THEM TO OTHER THINGS - & HE IS ALSO FINISHING UP A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE PLAN-IT X RECORDS DIY COMMUNITY CALLED "IF IT AIN'T CHEAP, IT AIN'T PUNK" - TO CONTACT JOE & TO FIND A BUNCH OF AMAZING BOOKS & ZINES (INCLUDING FLY ZINES!!) & OTHER STUFF - GO TO WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM - TO CONTACT FLY PLEASE EMAIL: FLY@BWAY.NET (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW ITS NOT SPAM) - OR SNAIL ME!! (I LOVE THE SNAIL!) - FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA

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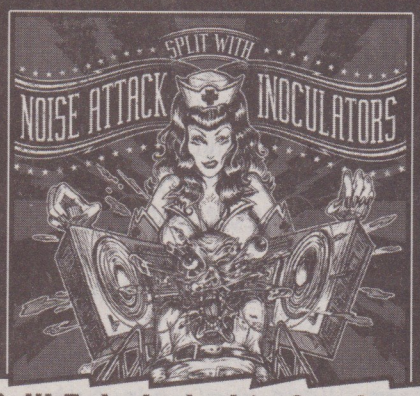

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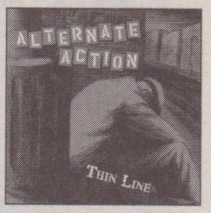

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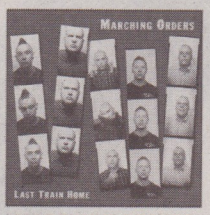

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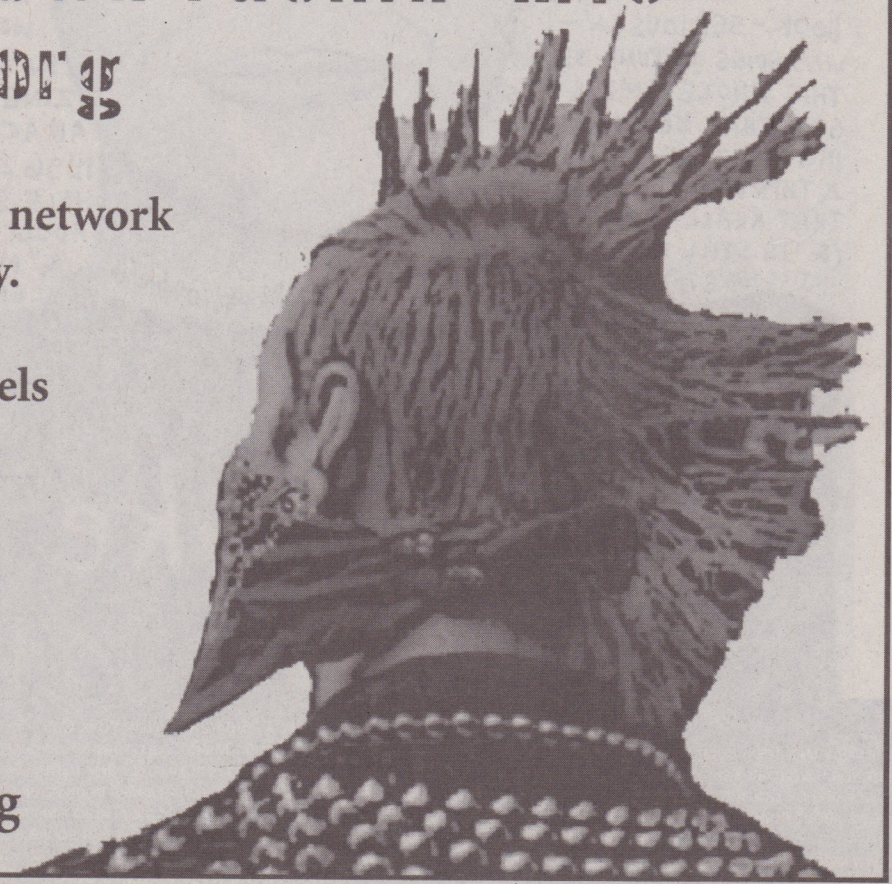

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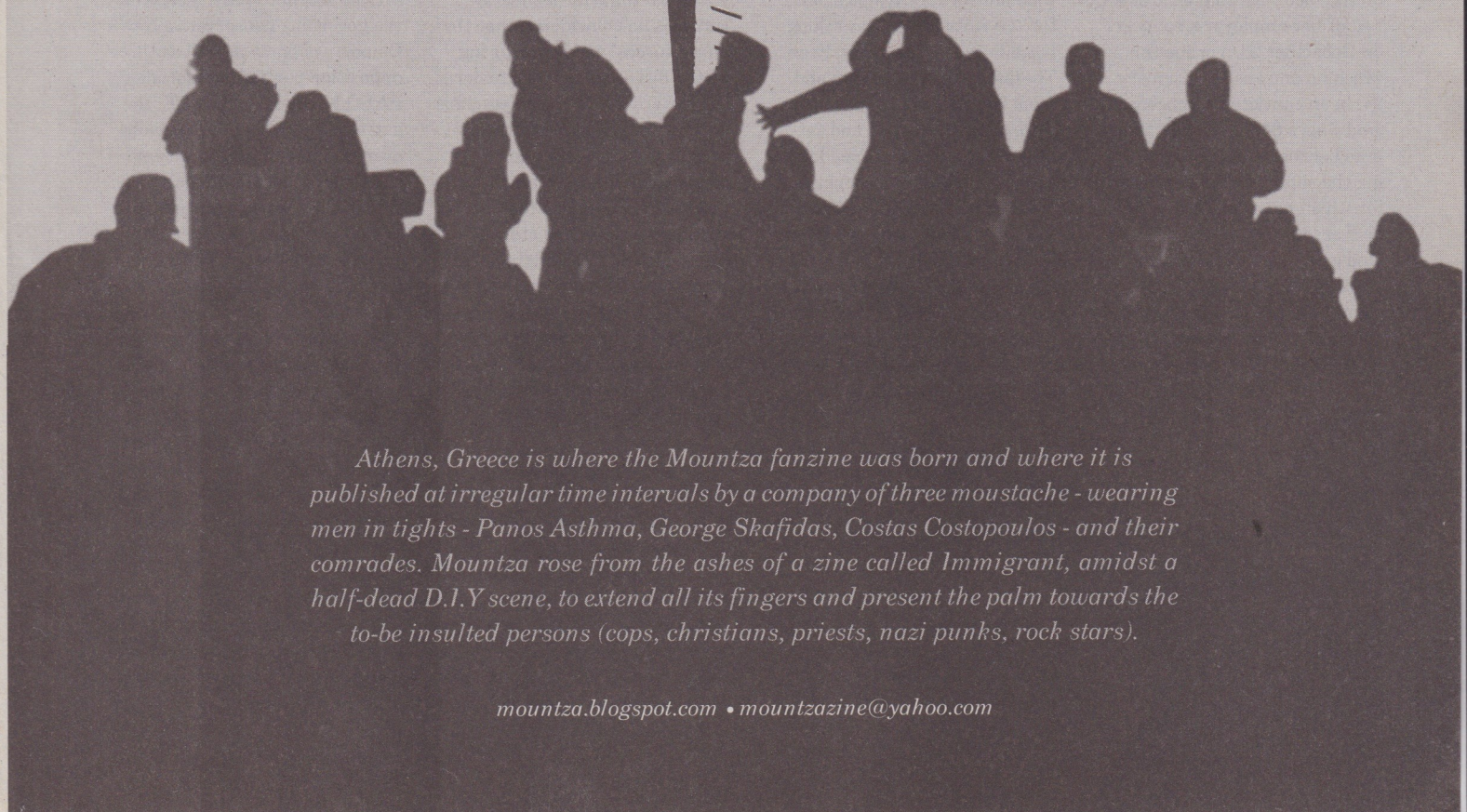


Athens, Greece is where the Mountza fanzine was born and where it is published at irregular time intervals by a company of three moustache - wearing men in tights - Panos Asthma, George Skafidas, Costas Costopoulos - and their comrades. Mountza rose from the ashes of a zine called Immigrant, amidst a half-dead D.I.Y scene, to extend all its fingers and present the palm towards the to-be insulted persons (cops, christians, priests, nazi punks, rock stars).

mountza.blogspot.com • mountzazine@yahoo.com

Watching them fires from within

By George Skafidas

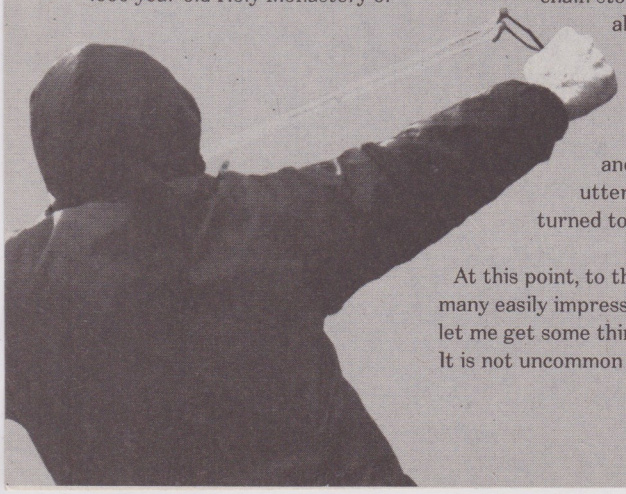
Greece... officially, the Hellenic Republic... "the birthplace of democracy; Western philosophy and the Olympic Games"... "the cradle of civilisation; Western literature; historiography and political science"... the source of "major scientific and mathematical principles; Western drama... tragedy and comedy". Officially, that is.

Greece... unoficcially, a modern-day haven for corrupted politics; myopic policies; cheap talk; close-mindedness; willing subservience; right-wing impunity; sensational conservatism and parliamentarian totalitarianism. Unofficially yet in reality, that is.

For your enlightment, Greece is the land where a 44 year-old trade unionist named Konstantina Kuneva (immigrant worker from Bulgaria who served as the militant general secretary of the Panattic Union of Cleaners and Domestic Personnel) was sprayed on the face with sulphuric acid by two of her employer's bouncers on December 23, a crime for which no one has yet (January 24) been convicted. Greece is the land where 84 people lost their lives because of forest fires during the summer of 2007, a crime for which no official has yet been held accountable. Greece is the land where the Orthodox Church, the biggest landowner in the country, is not paying any taxes and the based in Mount Athos, 1000 year-old Holy Monastery of Vatopedi swapped, with the help of state officials, "coal" ("special protection areas" of Lake Vistonida in Northern Greece which the cenobite monks had illegally expropriated) for "gold" (valuable public properties in many Greek cities which the priests immediately afterwards sold for millions of euros to private companies and wealthy individuals). Greece is the land where immigrants apply for asylum just to end up literally dead in a ditch (one in coma, two dead, since October 2008) or badly beaten by cops, where more than 70 people have died in the hands of police forces after 1993, according to politicians' estimates, not mine.

Alexis Grigoropoulos, a 15 year-old kid was shot dead in the Exarchia area by the special guard Epameinondas Korkoneas on December the 6th.

All of a sudden, overnight, Greece made the headlines worldwide not for its Olympics, but for the rioting that was taking place in tens of its cities. From Thessaloniki to Heraclion and from Kavala to Larissa, youths were attacking banks and setting police cars afire. Suddenly, overnight, the complacency had made room for unrifined rage, 14 year-old kids were "searchin, searchin to destroy" and attacking police stations with rocks while masked black-blockish protesters were tearing down chain-stores (situated along some of Athens's main commercial streets) and banks. The utter inaction had turned to action.



At this point, to the dismay of many easily impressible spirits, let me get some things straight. It is not uncommon to see riots in Greece, aspecially in and around the Exarchia area (a densely populated neighborhood in the centre of Athens where mostly left-wing people hang out, surrounded by many univerisities: the polytechnic school, the law school, the Athens University of Economics and Business) and univerisities (where a univeristy asylum applies since 1982). Don't get me wrong, I love the sound of breaking glass but truth be told, the afore-mentioned, "customary" rioting is far from being a threat to the status quo. On the contrary, it is actually an aspect of a status quo that has a place for "relief valves" (let em burn a car or two on the Exarchia front while we violate people's rights all across Greece), that wants all the restive spirits to be closeted (willingly) in the exarchia area and around the polytechnic school, so that they can feel relatively free there, inside their "revolutionary" microcosm, while the outside world is leaning more and more towards neoliberalism. It is no coincidence that the police forces' main aim, during all the disturbances, was to drive the rioters inside the polytechnic school. And the demonstrators happily played along. I can't blame them. There is an oh so temptingly liberating feel in fighting back against state oppression. (All these might seem utterly revolutionary to people who are allowed to march only on one side of the sidewalk, but believe me when I say that Greece today is no better politics-wise than Italy circa 1992).

This time though, things got a bit out of line. Riots were raging in an unprecedented number of smaller Greek cities, places that had never before witnessed such acts of violence (even in the posh southern suburbs of Athens). Politically unaware people were hitting the streets. Kids as young as 14 were dauntlessly standing up to the authoritites. Institutions and trade unions were occupied and served as hubs of alternative networking and action planning. All the official political parties stood there empty-handed, unable to cash in on the disorder and the disenchanted youth's behaviour.

Add some glorious moments (watching that awful giant-size christmas tree burn in Syntagma Square, among others) and you have a story to tell your kids many years from now, a story of a riot that, at least for a few days, backed the main political parties into a corner.

At this point, to the dismay of many economic minds, let me get some things straight. The rage was not economic in origin. Truth be told, the main productive classes, the workers and the employees were not the ones going "wild in the streets". They were sitting in front of the TV waiting for the storm to pass. Meanwhile, the governing conservative New Democracy party as well as three opposition parties (the socialist PA.SO.K, the stalinist KKE, the extreme right L.A.O.S, basically everyone in parliament except the Coalition of the Radical Left: SYRIZA) were argumenting over broken shop-windows (petty politics) rather than lost human lives and large-scale policies (the limits of police, the role of special-guard units). Approaching the situation from this angle, they were treating the murder as an isolated event, not as a state policy, a view which is held, unfortunately, by the majority of Greeks. In reality though, the hellenic police and army serve as right-wing, patriotic conservative hubs ever since the Civil War (1946-1949). This tradition breeds and feeds policemen who act more or less as mafia gang members while the public chooses to look the other way.

You see, the general public in Greece is not sympathetic to resistance movements (and anti-americanism does equal a resistance movement, not in Greece at least). It has never been that way (the Greek military junta 1967-1974 did not collapse as a result of the Athens Polytechnic uprising). My compatriots are conservative, short-shighted people, unwilling to look beyond their personal interests. And once in while, when a cop kills one of their kids, they scream and shout... not for an uprising but for a better state and a more honest government. I know, it's sad to say, but most of the people who were sympathetic to the recent riots (and many of the people who threw a stone or two), actually just want a more "moral", incorrupt state. But how moral can a state be? This is where the anarchists failed. While exceling at confrontation, they failed to show to the general public that exploitation, alienation and killings are inherent in the system. Sometimes it's easier to break a window than speak a word... And things got back to normal.

After all, Greece is still the cradle of civilisation, just like the US is still the home of the free and Gallows are "the most vicious storm to sweep the musical landscape in god-knows-how-fucking-long". All classic examples of Orwellian newspeak. "War is Peace; Freedom is Slavery; Ignorance is Strength", punk is commerce, football-hooligans are revolutionaries and the cops are here, right around every goddamn fucking corner to serve and protect.

Democracy, plutocracy, oligarchy: it's all Greek to me.

Athens, Greece
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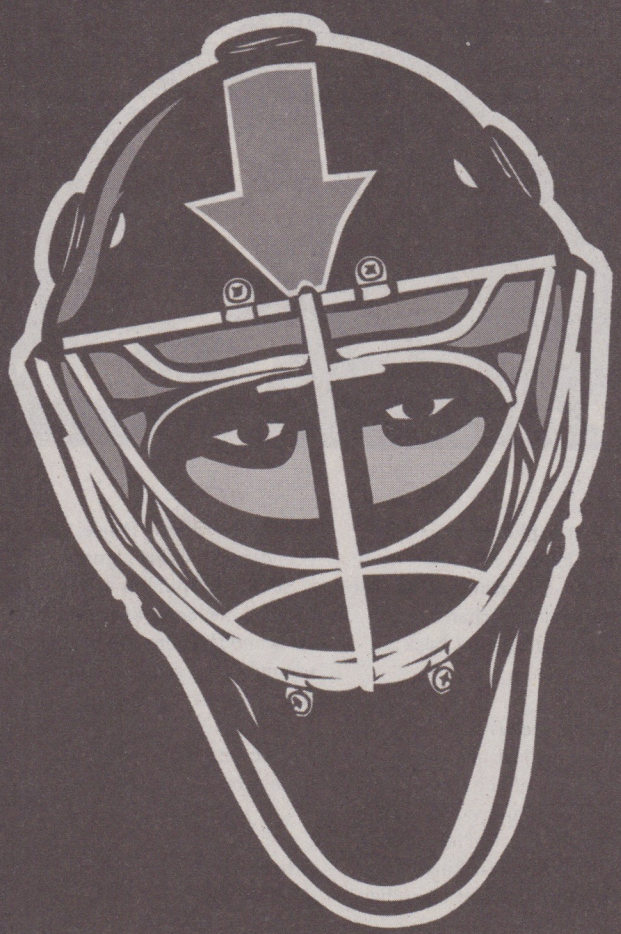

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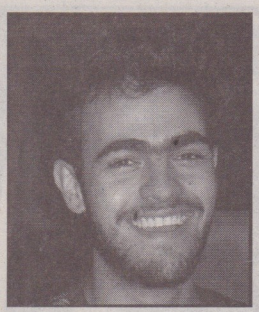
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's your best prank story?
(asked at a few different shows in early February)

Judy, 25, Oakland
It was over a period of one month, and it involved the nightly recording of a song from the perspective of an actual retired tank that was stationed outside our friend's apartment. The tank would "call" him with a robot voice and techno under it and try to convince him to get in the tank and ride in the tank and form a sexual relationship with the tank, and sometimes it would just talk shit to him. Then we visited him and played some of the songs on the car stereo.

Phoebe, 18, Hayward
It didn't happen to me, but my old science teacher had a chemical that he put on the toilet seats of the girls' bathroom so that when they went to pee, they got their asses dyed in a circle.

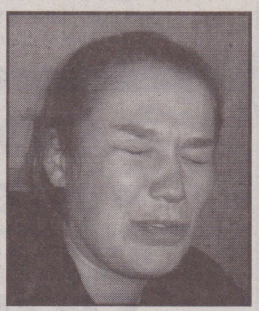


Brian, 21, Oakland
We found a freezer full of dead pets behind a veterinary hospital, and we took three cats and one dog and we put them in lockers at the high school nearby.

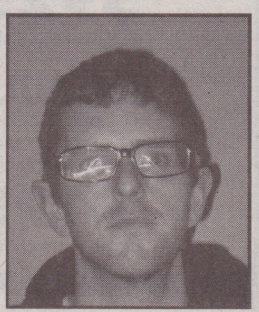
Stephanie, 24, San Francisco
I used to work at a skate shop in Pleasant Hill, California, and I was about to quit. Before I quit, I changed in the computer for the receipts to say "thank you for sucking" instead of "thank you for shopping." And they didn't notice it for months.

Moses, 24, San Francisco
So there's this guy Kevin that used to bum cigarettes off of us in 8th grade all the time, and one day I hollowed out a cigarette and put a Black Cat in there, filled the rest with tobacco, gave it to him, and it popped right in his face when he was smoking it.

Helen, 24, San Francisco
In high school, I had a friend who was very anal and had everything placed very particularly in her room. While she was making us breakfast one morning after a sleepover, we moved everything in her room one inch to the right, which also means clockwise on the walls. When she came back, she noticed immediately, but we moved everything back.



Gabrielle, 17, Lafayette
For senior prank, they decided to put about a thousand 99 cent goldfish in the school pool. The chlorine killed them all by the next morning, and all the freshmen and sophomores had to swim through a pool of dead fish.



Kyle, 22, Oakland
So I was living in London for a while, and my best friend was still here. Every now and then I'd get these emails that were like "hey, I'd like to form a better relationship with you and God, maybe we can have dinner." I was talking to my friend and he asked if I was getting any weird emails and I was like "no...yes. Yes I have," and he said "Oh, I signed you up for a Christian dating website."

Dave, 21, San Francisco
I was on a family roadtrip and brought along my best friend at the time, and we stopped off at Road Stop and I saw they had some Ex Lax, and slipped it in his drink. I thought it was pretty funny.

Brooke, 25, San Francisco
I was in 8th grade and my best friend and I were at Waterworld, and we were at the children's area and we put suntan oil on the lily pads so that when the kids were trying to walk on it, they were slipping and sliding all over the place.

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Z-Gun

neo wave and paleo wave

I'd have to assume that one of the more popular questions in the MRR mailbox is, "What happens to MRR shitworkers when they grow old?" The answer, apparently, is that they spend their free time working on their own newsprint zine. And so we introduce Z Gun, gaining momentum with three issues to date, which is run by some old allies of Maximum Rocknroll, Ryan Wells and Scott Soriano. I wrote the boys to see how things have been going with their current endeavor, and after establishing a few ground rules–"No negative questions, and only the following topics are open for discussion: my cats, your cats, that cute cat I just saw walking on a fence, Jesus, a band only I know about from 1988...Oh yeah, ether vs. morphine"–we went at it.

Interview by Dave Hyde.

MRR: The first time I read *Z Gun*, it was a website and was limited to record reviews only. I'm curious about your expansion from reviews to more in-depth content, and from the web to newsprint. Was this always the plan or did things just evolve along the way?

Scott: Print was always the intention. We did the review web page to get some interest going, get us writing instead of talking about doing a zine, and because it was the easiest place to start.

Ryan: Yeah, print was the ideal from Day One, we never wanted to stop at just doing another blog. There used to be so many good-to-great music zines back in the '90s and it's not like people somehow forgot how to write, it's just that it was all going to waste on the internet. That's how I look at it, anyway. Writing about music on the web, no matter how insightful it might be, just lacks that certain gravitas that only print can provide. Timeliness, I dunno. I also felt like the music scene of today, at least that part of it that I dig, was therefore getting shortchanged somewhat. We've been looking at paper for our information for 500 years and the respect readers afford to the printed word is instinctive with my generation. We'll see if 17-year-old Pink Reason fans grok this as well. So far the answer is yes.

Scott: And, besides, someday, someone is gonna kick the plug out of the wall and this internet fad will come to a screeching halt. When that happens, we will be poised to take over the world.

MRR: "Day One" in caps...sounds biblical. Is there some comfort in knowing that with print media there's something tangible, that when the apocalypse comes and Google's cache of the Internet is gone, there will still be copies of *Z Gun* floating around with the cockroaches?

Ryan: At this point I would liken Google's chances of surviving the apocalypse to better than the cockroaches. Aside from that I just think there's nothing sexier than a pile of yellowing music zines covered with a layer of dirty underwear and crushed ciggie packs, just waiting for that disgusted girl-

friend-soon-to-be-wife to order their violent removal to the trash. We're operating on a 20-year Stealth Plan; when you run into a copy of *Z Gun* years and years later, the extreme nostalgic rush is calculated to make you double over with tears and wailing. The last time I ran into an old copy of *Superdope* I confined myself to a dark room for a week. Strangely, finding a web page I forgot to bookmark a couple of years later fails to elicit the same response.

MRR: Do you think that the limitations of your circulation size and distribution network balance out against the benefit of having the zine exist as a physical entity? Has the web presence assisted in getting the zine to some hands that might otherwise be out of reach?

Scott: Personally, I am a print guy. I was raised on books and gobbled down comic books as a kid, and then later zines as a teen. The internet comes secondary to me, and though I adapt to it fine, print feels comfortable. But besides that it is more aesthetically pleasing to me than words on a screen, and it will last. I have books on my shelves from the 1800s, stuff that is 200 years old, and it reads fine. The limitations of print are no more so now than pre-internet. In fact, we might have greater reach now than if we had done this in the '90s, because "word of mouth" via the Internet is much stronger than pre-Internet and we have a one-on-one, near instant connection with the reader. We also have very little competition as so few people are now doing print music zines. So rather than a small fish in a big pond, we are the big fish on land. Big Fish.

Ryan: I couldn't quantify what effect the blog has had on the circulation. I personally believe that a certain Internet message board has actually clued more people onto the mag's existence. We have yet to spring for a big marketing research company to really give us some solid numbers on that, but we could always make some up. We're not stressing on the distro part too much. We're dealing with record distributors in the main and avoiding the entire mafia-encrusted sinkhole that is mainstream mag distro—not that they would have any interest in a newsprint foldover without a barcode that runs multi-page articles on bands like Brainbombs.

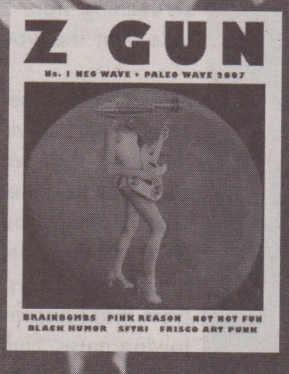
MRR: From your pronouncement of "let's do a zine" to the time I was on the can reading the first issue, what were some of the unforeseen challenges in the production? Can you talk about some of the hurdles and setbacks that you faced in the process of making *Z Gun*?

Scott: Ryan and I started putting together a zine years ago and got 75% done and shelved it. It had a Monoshock overview that Ryan did, something on Christian psych, and I forget what else. The only thing that came of it was inspiration for me to do the Monoshock discography CD and the urge to some day do a print zine. When we actually decided to do what became *Z Gun*, it was probably six months from "let's do it" to the first issue. Only challenge is meeting deadlines, but we knew that would be a problem.

Ryan: Huh, I kind of forgot about that first stab at a zine, to be honest. I think the genesis of the mag for me grew from our now-abandoned idea to work up a book-length treatment on the original SF wave scene. From that you get the SF "Artpunk" article, which one local Catholic League booster crowned as "naming every shitty band to ever come out of San Francisco." In the end, I'm just too much of a smartass to do a reverential full-length hagiography of the SF party-hardy scene circa 1976-'82. I'm more comfortable doing a series of articles. The layout process on the debut was a real brain-fry, and we nearly killed Jeff Herrmann during the editing process. Wait, I've got the knife pointed the wrong way, he nearly slew *us*. It wasn't very hard to get people to contribute ideas, but getting the product took some arm twisting. I think the idea of the mag existing in 2007 sold itself, really. It turns out people still like reading about music during that break before *Top Chef* comes back on with the twist. I would have to say that the disconcerting number of typos in the first issue is a direct result of getting sick of looking at my own writing on a computer. Next hurdle.

MRR: Backing up a bit to round out the genesis of the zine—you have both been prolific pundits of underground music, with a handful of blogs between you, guest spots in others' zines/blogs/websites, not to mention might-as-well-be-your-full-time-job message board posting histories. Why add another project? What hole is *Z Gun* filling that is not being addressed with your other outlets?

Ryan: Well, I'm merely monomaniacal with my music-related board activity, and half of my postings are monosyllabic anyway, so that's no big time-suck. The only distinct advantage that our other blog, *Static Party*, has over print is the ability to play Mr.



DJ with '90s garage-punk mp3s. But really, that blog should be a series of K-Tel comps available at your local Mom 'n' Pop drugstore. *Z Gun* is supposed to be the Grownup Project, although it sure has generated a lot of crying.

Scott: What hole is being filled? Any port in the storm, baby. Uhhh here is a very self-interested reason: There was no place where all the records I released were getting reviewed in print or online (except for *Terminal Boredom*, which I was involved with). The A Frames got reviewed everywhere, Antennas Erupt and the Geeks next to nowhere. Very easy to get the standard interpretation of punk reviewed. Difficult to get anything that steps out of bounds. Though a lot of punks like to think they are radical, culturally they are quite conservative and *MRR* is a perfect example of that. While anarchistic politics get plenty of consideration, punk rock that is radical musically, that is about breaking down musical barriers and destroying preconceived notions about what "punk" is gets short shrift. The connections between, say, Wolf Eyes, Black Flag, and Peter Brotzmann (to name three more common names) is only being drawn in *The Wire*, which is a boring read. We wanted to create something that countered punk's musical conservatism (and its tendency to regurgitate past trends) and talk about and review bands that do try to challenge the status quo, and we wanted the writing to be fresh and not scared of being irreverent. As far as why carve out a slice of my life to do *Z Gun*, what is stated above is justification enough.

MRR: From the point when content is written to the time it lands in a reader's hands, about how long is the wing-to-wing cycle time on an issue of the zine? How has this lag-time affected your philosophy in regards to topical content like record reviews? With the immediacy of the web (and its ability to hype up and sell out a record in under a week) I would imagine the game has changed a bit.

Ryan: Well, we've only got the two issues out so the quick answer is "eight months." That will probably shorten slightly with the third issue, since now that people realize we're actually putting this thing out, like, *for reals*, we are getting interest from other writers to contribute stuff, which in turn definitely reduces the chances of our simply running stuff lifted from old issues of *Teenage Wasteland Gazette* or *Another Room*. Immediacy: there is a bit of the impression that anything online is lightweight by virtue of the ease of presentation. And yet, when I used to write reviews for this very tome, I could dash off a review of a mediocre CD that I was assigned (that no one was ever going to buy) in three minutes, which is three minutes I will never get back by the way, thank you very much. I give myself a lot more time to think about what I'm saying now, whether I'll feel cool with reading it a year from now, and that's true for both the blog and the paper version. Some reviews of full-length releases get taken off the blog and printed in the zine, and we'll do some very slight rewrites at that time depending on how the context of its perception might have changed. I usually try to rework any clumsy allusions I spat out, personally. And if the record sold out in a week, eh, it never really existed for people to listen to anyway, right? Its future in the music scene will be reduced to a series of cell phone photos in eBay auctions. Dum.

Scott: As Ryan stated, anyone in any format can dash off a review, but because the internet is supposed to be about "instant communication," plenty o' people make snap judgments about things that they shouldn't. People publish instant reviews in order to be the first to review a record, when prior to the internet, technology dictated that you had to at least wait a bit to get that word out there. Reflection and contemplation are not only good things but they are important. There are records that take time to sink in—say the Hospitals' *Hairdryer Peace*—and can't be reviewed fairly after one or two listens. Really, it is important to remember that the internet is little more than a tool. It is not the end, but the means to an end, and in this case that end is to communicate an opinion. Any opinion worth listening to should be one that was formed by a bit of thought and consideration, not rushed by the imagined dictates of instant technology. That, to me, seems like a timeless truth, one that stands regardless of what machine information is transmitted on.

MRR: Black Humor, Brainbombs, and Pink Reason, among others, have found a home in the pages of *Z Gun*. These are bands that operate outside of the typical genre limitations, and as you put it, are trying to challenge the status quo. Can you talk about what interests you in bands like this that operate in the margins of modern music?

Ryan: I've never been one of those people who finds a type of music, or a certain band, and thinks: "Well, that's settled, I'm set for life. Hit repeat." Once I hear someone like Brian Eno or Home Blitz or Liimanarina, I'm re-energized to keep poking around those margins where they came from in the first place. Everybody starts out as a nobody from Palookaville, and that's always where the action's been, whether you're talking about Moondog, Execute, or Mike Rep. Like most young dopes, I started out in the mainstream and waded out from there. From my era, that would be Dire Straits, Juice Newton, Queen, etc.—whatever was playing on AM or FM consultant-programmed radio. I always suspected I was missing something big, although it wasn't a zine that got me started down this road but a college radio station I discovered at thirteen: KFJC, out of Foothill Junior College in the Bay Area. These days, I haven't listened to a new major label release in years and years. There's too much good stuff percolating up from the ever-luvin' swamps to keep me busy.

MRR: Thus far, most of the bands featured in *Z Gun* have, at least loosely, fit into a rock-based paradigm, but I know that your interests are not limited to that. Are there plans to expand and cover, say, free jazz, Turkish music, outsider folk, etc.—other music that blurs the conventional wisdom of "what music should be?"

Ryan: I would say that the outsider folk scene is rather lovingly and sincerely covered by the gang over at *Arthur*. Hardcore and thrash is, of course, getting its rage on in interviews on either side of this one. Noise was handled brilliantly by the zine, *Bananafish*—in fact, the writing was far more entertaining than 90% of the shit it covered. In some ways, we are just trying to squeeze ourselves into a "whatever's not that" type of non-category. We ran an interview/article with the nigh-unclassifiable Ceramic Hobs from the UK in the last issue that is a good example of our non-rockist bent. At a drunken soiree the other evening I pitched an article to a certain Bob Seger devotee to come up with something that did justice to his early, ass-kickin' blue collar psych-rock phase. Do you like Heavy Music? Yar. We'll even poach on *MRR*'s turf from time to time. I guess we'll see who's the youngest, fastest and most scientific. Having said that, there is absolutely no type of music that we wouldn't dare to demean with inclusion in the mag. Well, that's not entirely true, probably the only scene that's "weird" that I have no interest in is the electronic/beats music world—that stuff leaves me

colder than a brown dwarf orbiting the nebular cloud in Galaxy XG-4326.

Scott: I think my interest in free jazz, various ethnic musics, and outsider folk is just an extension of how I view music and what I value in it: authenticity, energy, imagination, etc. While none of those sounds have had a feature piece on them, records of the sort do get reviewed in *Z Gun*. I am sure sooner or later something regarding those genres will make their way into the main part of the mag.

MRR: Are there any musicians/bands that you dream of featuring but you haven't been able to get in contact with or organize yet? A *Z Gun* wishlist?

Ryan: There are a few people I'm trying to track down via the wonder of the Internet, but I don't want to jinx it. In most cases, if an article looks like it's gonna be DOA it's because the subject is furiously non-interested, although the Brainbombs piece is an example of an article brought back from the dead through the miracles of semantic medicine as practiced by Dr. Buckles.

Scott: There is a certain chaos involved with the zine. We have hundreds of ideas, though what goes in is what gets done and god knows what determines that. Thus no wish list of bands or people other than to keep the people writing for us writing for us and that we actually meet a deadline!

MRR: The timing is right for *Z Gun*, as there seems to be an abundance of bands creating challenging music (which is not to imply that there had been a deficit before). Do you think this is accurate? I am wondering if readily available reissues, plus the availability of almost anything via filesharing, has leveled the playing field by making what were once hopelessly obscure, "advanced" records as easy to hear as The Runaways, and has this influenced the music that's being created? What's your take on current "weird music" trends?

Ryan: The number-one benefit the Internet has bequeathed as far as obscure music goes is breaking the decades-long monopoly of the Psychedelic Fatsos, the Stone-Faced Punk Collectors, and the Beret-Sporting Weird Jazzbos, who kept thousands of obscure and beautiful releases under their iron and sweaty control. This means that bands don't have to use just the Stooges, just Minor Threat, or just the Sonics for their templates anymore if they don't want to. They can find the juice those bands brought to the table in a slightly different package, and hopefully we'll all win from this with the production of records that are slightly...off...from what we were conditioned to expect. Since families don't jam in the front parlor around the piano anymore, the Internet has become the defacto Queer-Aunt-Martha-Who-Plays-Mouth-Harp for the now generation. Anyway, there was plenty of weirdness in Old Pre-Web USA, it's just become a little easier to track the history of it all. Anything previously great and life-affirming can eventually become dreary from repetition, repetition, so it's more, more, more! There's bizarre stuff coming out now that totally creams previous attempts at non-conformist krap from the last 20-odd years that got plennnnnty of run at the time. Really, which would you rather throw on in 2008: This Mortal Coil or Blank Dogs? Alternately, Sex Vid or Rain Like the Sound of Trains? We just want to give current outfits the run they deserve while they are still Walking the Earth, while also digging up stuff from the Before Time that's either fascinated us for years or has just wandered blinking out of the desert. We don't discriminate. Actually, that's a lie.

Scott: I got into punk when anything that wasn't nailed down was considered "punk rock" by the mainstream. A Madness fan dressed Two Tone had just as much of a chance getting the shit kicked out of him by aggies, longhairs, and jocks as a Black Flag devotee with shaved head and engineer boots. I got thrown off my high school radio station for playing the "punk" sounds of Soft Cell. The new wave surfer kid wearing Levis 501s and Vans was jumped because he was a "Devo fag." I learned very quickly that those of us who dug music that wasn't Foreigner, Boston, or Led Zeppelin better look at ourselves as a tribe otherwise we'd be picked off. As a result, I never understood the genre ghettos. Punk for me has always been about music which musically is radical on some level. I also tend to look at punk as something that is not static, something that reinvents itself—even if part of that reinvention is cannibalizing old forms. So my paws are constantly searching for the "new" or the "weird." And really, it has always been there. If bands like Black Humor, Brainbombs, etc., define this weirdness then so do Flipper, Throbbing Gristle, and The Fall, three groups that are anything but obscure. If the Blank Dogs and Pink Reason are the new weird, then the weird ten years ago was Crash Normal and God is My Co-Pilot, twenty years ago Unholy Swill and Death of Samantha, twenty five Big Black and Butthole Surfers. *Z Gun* is just tapping into a tradition of underground rock and roll that emerged when the status quo embraced the Beatles and accepted rock and roll as mainstream.

MRR: At what point did you realize that "The Underground" wasn't just limited to the people onstage and the music that they made? How did zines play into your lives, help form your tastes, etc.?

Ryan: I could never afford to go to any arena rock shows, so I didn't stumble into the Rock God trench like all my metalhead peers in South City. I'm about three to four years behind Soriano in scene arrival. My first show was The Cure in 1984, and it was happily downhill from there. The Underground is all I've ever really known as my primary musical experience.

Scott: My introduction to punk rock was indirectly through neighborhood delinquents, but my guide was *New York Rocker*, *Slash*, *Creem*, *NME* and, a little later, *Flipside*, *Damage*, *MRR*, *Touch & Go*, *Forced Exposure*, etc. I did my first scene report for *MRR*'s third issue. And soon after did my own zine (*Spamm*) for a few years. I didn't have any older punks or music freaks to lead me to this or that. It was reading zines and looking at record covers in Tower's import section. A combo of self-education through zines and pure chance formed my tastes.

MRR: I'm curious about what zines you were weaned on, the ones that you still go

back and flip through today and fawn over. Which ones have inspired you, either in your writing endeavors or just to go out and look at things, music, whatever, a little differently? Perhaps you could give *MRR*'s readers a brief reading list of zines that you think they can't live without hunting down.

Scott: The ones mentioned above—early *Flipside*, *Search & Destroy*, *Slash*, *Forced Exposure*—the classics. But also *MRR* up to the fifth year is underrated, much more diverse than at any other time (reviews of the Dicks and Diamanda Galas side by side). *New York Rocker* is underrated. *BravEar* and early *Unsound* for their style. *Ripper*, which was a great zine out of San Jose. *Human French Fries* was one of the funniest zines ever. People overlook *Cometbus*'s early music issues, perhaps because they are so hard to find. Into the '90s: *Backporch* and *Get Lost* were both cool.

Ryan: I found out about music in the mid '80s from a few very straight sources: *Spin* (back when they closely covered the SST scene, for instance), *Creem* (straightish by the '80s for sure, in context), but also *Forced Exposure*, *Op*, or whatever zines were laying around at the house party I would be drinking at. I didn't even pick up *MRR* until I was 18 or so because I thought it was only hardcore, and I hated hardcore when I was 18, I was an instinctive '77-crew type of guy since I was 15. Blame the Beatles. I missed the good HC stuff by a couple of years, so I had to spend some time playing catch-up in the mid-to-late '80s. I also spent my fair share of time reading the zines (titles?) at Tower Records as well. Let's talk '90s then, shall we? Mags to track down that are fun and informative are *Superdope*, *Feminist Baseball* (go early), *Wipeout* (the Oblivians' zine), *Pure Filth*, *Bananafish*, *Your Flesh*, *Rock Mag*, *Catapult*, and take this with a massive grain of salt (close to terminal), *Black to Comm*.

MRR: Anything you'd care to add that was not covered?

Scott: Yeah, as stated earlier, one of the reasons we started *Z Gun* was to review records that fell out of the orthodox notion of what is punk. As important is that we review bands' first releases, stuff on small labels, records released in small pressings (because that is all the label/band thinks there is desire for, not to create a collectible), and labels with a DIY ethic. Of course, taste plays a part, too. We'd rather review a great or shitty record than something that is competent but more of the same.

Ryan: Don't forget kids, an average record is the same as a shitty record: you'll probably never listen to it again! Let's all strive for excellence in this age of drastically reduced monetary reward! You should all be aching for a killer review from *Z Gun*. It's the only payday left to all you weirdos. I'm also still waiting for someone to effectively ape the Homosexuals, so let's go people.

Both: Of course, we both want to add that we have a bunch of contributors and behind the scenes people who it would be impossible to do this thing without—Monty Buckles and Jeff Herrmann—need to be singled out here, though there are others who merit mention: PR, JA, SW, FSS, LB, JS, RK, MS, MY, DX, and more we've forgotten. And God. We would like to thank God.

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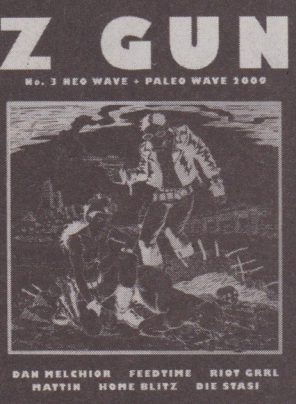

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AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN HOLMSTROM OF

PUNK

50¢

MAGAZINE

A Visit with the Editor of *Punk*
or, *How a Fanzine Changed the World*
by Aaron Cometbus

News passed down the punk pipeline: a print media-themed issue of *MRR*! What better opportunity to sit down with the pioneer of punk himself, John Holmstrom? I'd admired his work since I was a wee lad, and had a long list of questions I'd always been dying to ask. He was amenable to the idea, and agreed to meet me at a nearby diner—the same diner, in fact, that held the fateful conference where Henry joined Black Flag. Hopefully this meeting would have a happier outcome.

However, a party of Ukrainians sat down for a post-wedding celebration at the next table over just as we began to chat. As a result, my tape recording serves as a better record of their conversation than ours. And so, with what direct quotes I can salvage, the story will proceed in my own words.

Holmstrom came to New York City from Connecticut in 1972 to learn to draw comics. He enrolled at the School for Visual Arts, but was disappointed to find not a single cartooning class. Along with some other angry students, he went to the president of the school. "Sure, what cartoonists do you want?" the President asked. "Put a list together."

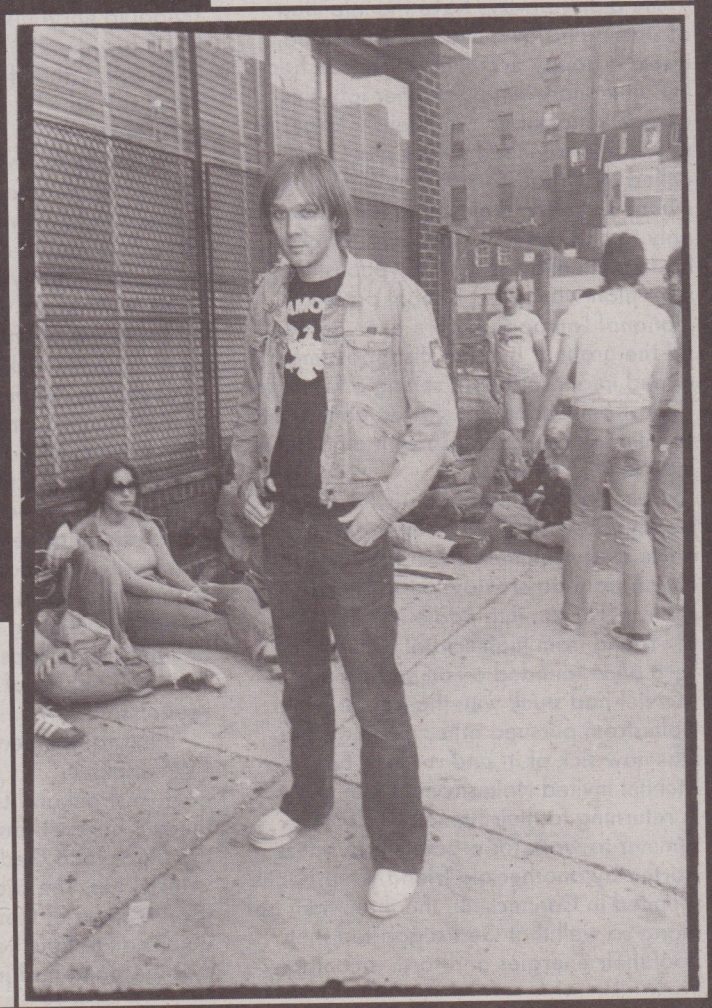
And so they did—a fantasy list of comic legends. Topping the list was Will Eisner (the comic maverick who'd created the *Spirit* in 1940, and, famously, turned down publishing the first issue of *Superman*) and Harvey Kurtzman (the founder of the original *Mad* magazine). The administration surprised the students by hiring both.

Studying under Eisner and Kurtzman was Holmstrom's first entry into the worlds of comics and publishing. Their lessons, and their belief in him, greatly affected the course of his life. Even after he could no longer afford the steep SVA tuition and was forced to drop out, Holmstrom continued on as their apprentice, literally as well as figuratively: both Eisner and Kurtzman hired him as personal assistant. The work was part-time and paid only minimum wage, but that was all he needed to scrape by. More importantly, it gave the young artist an opportunity to hone his own skills.

Holmstrom's first published work was *Domeland*, an educational comic book put out by Charas—later to become a Puerto Rican activist organization with a massive squat on Avenue B, but at the time a less political group operating out of an acre-wide lot on Cherry Street (leased for fifteen dollars a month) where they built geodesic domes. To Charas, these structures were the perfect shelter: indestructible, aerodynamic, affordable, and environmentally sound. Charas (and *Domeland*) promoted them as an answer to many of the world's housing woes, and they were all set to go to India to demonstrate, with Holmstrom in tow. Then someone from the Indian government looked up the group's name in a Spanish-English dictionary, and the deal was off. Instead, the domes were built in the South Bronx, where it took resourceful youth only two or three days to blow them up.

Holmstrom was embarrassed by *Domeland*, as anyone should be of their earliest work, and he neglected to keep even one original copy. His next output, a cover illustration for *Screw* (of a woman putting ketchup on a severed penis in a hotdog bun) embarrassed everyone else. But, he was getting experience, and other work on the side, doing ads. Kurtzman, who had landed Holmstrom the *Screw* cover, now angled him into a freelance job at Scholastic, drawing a monthly strip for *Bananas*, their magazine for seventh and eighth graders. "It was a great gig," Holmstrom remembers. "Three hundred dollars per strip, and back then, you could get an apartment in New York for

JOHN HOLMSTROM IN 1977



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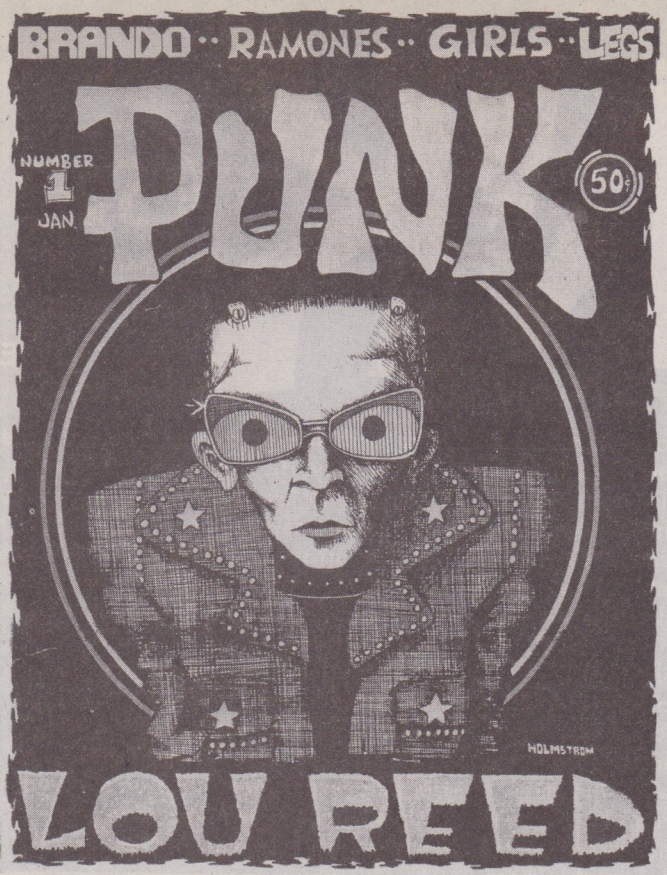


hundred dollars a month."

He didn't always have the intention of starting his own magazine. Instead, it was a happy accident. Kurtzman had lined him up with yet another job, this one as editor of an ambitiously large, soon-to-be-launched humor magazine called *National Harpoon*, a *National Lampoon* spoof. Holmstrom was hired, only to find out that *Harpoon*'s backers had no intention of actually publishing; their plan was to get bought out by *National Lampoon* before even getting off the ground. But that disappointment turned into inspiration, setting off bells in Holmstrom's head. "It started getting into my mind what I could do with a national magazine," he says.

Helping Kurtzman had never been a steady job, and Will Eisner closed his office every summer, so Holmstrom was cut off from day-to-day work. He was restless. He ran into Eddie NcNiel, an old friend from high school with whom he'd once founded a comedy group. McNiel had stuck with the troupe while Holmstrom pursued other avenues, but was now sick of it, and restless, too. McNiel invited Holmstrom to join him in returning to their hometown for the summer to work for a painting business started by another old friend, Ged. Once reunited in Connecticut, the three men got along so well that Ged suggested they pool their energies and form a company—for publishing instead of painting. And so it was that in the summer of '75, in Ged's downtown Cheshire apartment, *Punk* (and perhaps punk itself) was born.

As summer came to an end, Holmstrom returned to Eisner's office. McNiel—henceforth known by his nickname Legs—was making porno flicks at Total Impact, a hippie film cooperative at Second Avenue and 14th, sharing the office with such future film luminaries as Victor Colicchio (*Summer of Sam*) and Mary Harron (*I shot Andy Warhol, American Psycho*). Movie buffs may or may not want to seek out the one film all three worked on together: a porno called *Blow Dry*.

Ged went back to school to finish his degree, but called just a few months later: "Ah, I'm bored in school, I hate it here. Let's start the company now."

Great!

Holmstrom went out to find their new venture some office space, but nothing seemed right or within range. Having already given 30-day notice on his apartment, and with the date drawing close, Holmstrom was nervous. Then a real estate agent brought him to the no-man's-land tucked in between Hell's Kitchen, the rail yards, and the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel. Abandoned train tracks ran overhead, rats the size of cats lurked on the docks down the block. The building for rent—a huge storefront, with a complete office set-up already in place—was eerily abandoned as if the previous tenants had disappeared into thin air. Sweaters still hung on the backs of chairs, half-full coffee cups rested on the desks. "We can get rid of all this junk," the realtor said.

"No, no! It's perfect!" said Holmstrom. "We'll take it."

Holmstrom and Legs came up with the two hundred bucks needed to secure the place, and Ged arrived a couple weeks later. The Dictators were chosen for the cover of their debut issue, but a quick call to Epic Records brought news that the band had just broken up. "Let's go see the Ramones and do a story on them," Holmstrom suggested. With a reel-to-reel recorder and someone from Total Impact along to take pictures, they headed to CBGB's on the Sunday after Thanksgiving. After interviewing the Ramones, it turned out that Lou Reed was in the audience, and he reluctantly agreed to talk to them too, resulting in one of the most incisive and hilarious interviews ever published. The whole magazine came together fast; a bit of paste-up and it was delivered to the printer (the same guy who'd done *Domeland*) on Christmas. On New Year's Eve Holmstrom stopped by to check on the progress, and, finding the printer hard at work, rolled up his sleeves to help.

On January 1st, 1976, *Punk* #1 hit the streets. CB's was only two blocks from the printer, so Legs and Holmstrom were able to deliver their baby right into waiting hands.

Punk stood out immediately from other magazines of the period. Visually, it was striking, with bold graphics, bawdy cartoons, and photo-comic narratives inspired by the French "photo funnies" from the Forties that Kurtzman had brought into class. Instead of being text-heavy, Holmstrom employed a "less is more" attitude, expressing his ideas with very few words. In part, he credits Minimalism: "Musicians weren't hanging around art galleries, but everyone was aware of the artistic scene in New York at the time, and a lot of the better bands were trying to present a new visual form as well as a new musical form. I wanted *Punk* to be like that, too."

Rather than focus on news and current events like the remaining Sixties underground papers, *Punk* covered the culture of rock and roll, and did so with a swaggering, take-no-prisoners attitude. It was intentionally shocking, the way rock and roll had once been, back when DJs smashed records on the air and Senate subcommittees linked comic books and rock and roll to juvenile delinquency. Holmstrom wanted to bring back that connection and run with it—not just the shocking energy, but the coupling of rock and roll with comics, two art forms that had grown up side by side. "There was this great music coming out of CBGB's," he says, "and I could tell rock and roll was headed in a certain way. I wanted to bring out a magazine that was sort of a combination of the Sixties underground papers and a comic book. We wanted to be the *Mad* magazine of rock and roll."

So, the new rag that rang in the bicentennial was a synthesis of many unlikely sources: Forties French film mags, Fifties rock and roll, and Sixties

underground press. Comic books (both underground and mainstream) and the original, Kurtzman-produced *Mad* magazine (rather than the later, heavily formatted version). The shittyness and grittiness of New York in the Seventies as well as art school ideas about Minimalism. But what really set *Punk* apart, what made it not just a groundbreaking magazine but the spark that started the fire which remains so close to so many of our hearts—that was something else. In large part, it was Legs's fault. He had always wanted to be a P.R. guy. "Look," he said, "if you want an idea to be successful, you've got to make it bigger than the magazine. We're gonna start a punk *movement*." He took a very small scene in a Hell's Angels hangout on the Bowery and cast it larger than life. "I'm gonna be a punk," Legs declared, assuming the role of pin-up boy and archetype for the new movement, one that's changed very little in all the years since.

Of course, it was laughable, not to mention megalomaniacal. But, it worked. In New York, anyone could go down to CBGB's, see that this "movement" consisted of three or four bands and a handful of their friends, then dismiss it outright. Not so in England, where, through distributors, *Punk* #1 reached readers who took Legs's fantasy literally. Blondie returned from their first European tour with reports of London kids dressed up like Legs acting out scenes from the pages of *Punk* #1 and calling themselves punks. They took to it completely, only one thing missing: the music. Kids were dying of curiosity, asking, "What does this punk rock *sound* like?" In January 1976, there were no punk records yet in existence. The Ramones first UK tour, famous for supposedly launching the first wave of British punk, was still six months away. According to Rat Scabies of the Damned, the London kids formed their own bands by looking at the pictures from the pages of *Punk* and trying to guess what the music sounded like. Even when they got it wrong, they got it right.

The release of the Ramones debut LP also came about, in part, as a result of the first issue of *Punk*. "We got them their first record contract," Holmstrom claims. "Our initial story on the Ramones convinced Seymour Stein from Sire Records that he had to sign them and make them the first hit out of CBGB's." The iconic image from the album's front cover came from a *Punk* photo shoot, snapped by CB's doorwoman Roberta Bayley in one of her first ever attempts to use a camera. As to the exact location of the photograph, it remains a mystery. Legs and Arturo Vega (Ramones' art director) maintain that it was taken at the community garden on 2nd Street between First and Second. Holmstrom remembers it happening elsewhere, but as to where, he hasn't a clue, and Bayley herself has forgotten too. (The photo on the third album was shot in the alley behind CBGB's—that much we know for sure).

So, *Punk* #1 was an instant hit by all accounts. Subscription requests started coming in after just a few days. The Village Voice called *Punk* "the zeitgeist of a new generation".

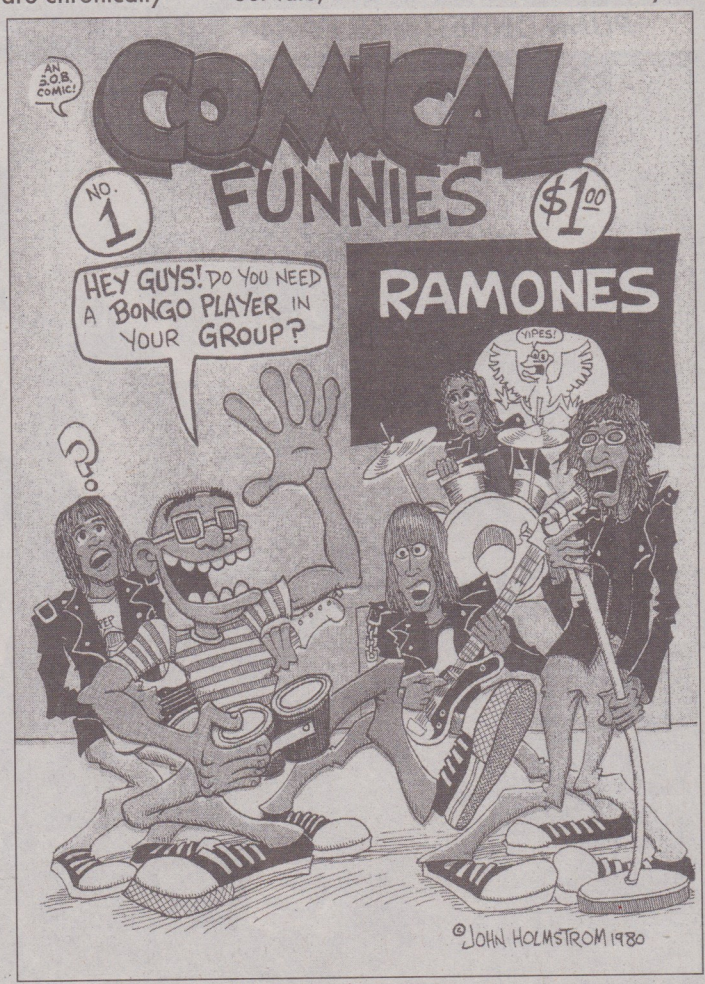
"That was our peak," Holmstrom sighs. "From there, it goes downhill. Everything falls apart."

The problem was a matter of perspective: what seemed like a success to *Punk* readers was a complete failure in the eyes of its creators, whose expectations were set much, much higher. They'd expected to get rich, or at the very least make a decent living from their efforts. Instead, months passed, and Holmstrom, Legs, and Ged were still sharing living as well as working quarters at the Tenth Avenue storefront—now known as the Punk Dump—and struggling to come out monthly and just pay the bills. Add to this the age-old problems of publishing: distributors that don't pay, printers that are chronically late, advertisers who abandon ship if the magazine fails to come out on time. It was hard to reconcile the fact that *Punk* was getting tons of press and the magazine was an international sensation, yet it only seemed to get more difficult to produce instead of less.

Their visions of grandeur were perhaps unrealistic, but not unprecedented. After all, punk rock seemed poised to be the Next Big Thing, and they were right on the crest of the wave. Holmstrom explains: "I thought the Ramones would be bigger than the Beatles. I'd seen the examples of, say, Alice Cooper, who went from being the most hated, reviled rock band in L.A. to number one with a bullet. That seemed to be the formula for success in rock and roll. Everybody hated Jimi Hendrix when he first came out—he was kicked off the Monkees tour by the Daughters of the American Revolution—and then he became the biggest star in the universe. People hated the Beatles when they came out, they hated the Rolling Stones. Everything in rock and roll had this rebellious spirit that people tried to stop, and hated. So I figured, 'Hey, they hate it! We're gonna be rich! We're right where we want to be.' Because, really, we were just following the formula for success. Only, ironically, when it came to punk, the formula stopped working."

The bottom line was, they were broke. Despite daydreams of fame and fortune, the real goal was just to make enough to eat. Luckily, Holmstrom still had his freelance work for *Bananas* and other magazines on the side, and that provided enough for him to get by. In hindsight, he realizes that the magazine should have been subsidized by his freelance work and kept going no matter what. But, in the summer of '76, things seemed bleak. Their latest issue—*Punk* #5—was abysmal, shunned by readers and staff alike. With little remaining resources or hope, they decided to call it quits.

And that would have been the end of our tale, if not for the entrance one day



of an unexpected visitor. Holmstrom was sitting around the Dump dejectedly when a man walked in and kicked his feet up on the desk. "I'm gonna make you rich and famous," he said, punctuating his claim with a crisp hundred dollar for each of the *Punk* staff. With that, he bid farewell: "I'll be in touch."

The man was Tom Forcade, already a legend in the history of underground publishing, though our bewildered boys didn't know that yet.

Forcade's life deserves an article of its own, if not a full novel. Start in the Sixties with a small-time Arizona drug dealer who learned to fly, making his own trips over the border to Mexico and Colombia as a way to cut out the middleman; soon, he'd made a small fortune. Publishing an underground magazine, *Orpheum*, led to involvement with the Underground Press Syndicate, a half-dozen papers with an agreement to freely reprint each other's work. Under Forcade's stewardship, and thanks to his organizational skills, it grew into a powerhouse with 200 members worldwide. Next, he engineered a deal with microfilm company Bell & Howell to preserve for posterity all the Sixties papers, big and small, while providing them with funds to persevere for another few years. Called in front of a Senate subcommittee investigating pornography, he introduced the pie toss as a form of political protest. Angry at corporate control of rock music, he founded the Rock Liberation Front, going up against Warner Brothers for their attempted takeover of Woodstock, and confronting Phil Spector for pocketing the proceeds from the benefit album for Bangladesh. Forcade was everywhere at once, including the 1972 Republican convention, where police—finding smoke bombs in his van—accused him of a plot to assassinate Richard Nixon. He was forced to go on the lam—and that's when his biggest epiphany yet hit: why not start a magazine to bring underground culture to the mainstream? A year later, his idea was a reality, and the magazine, *High Times*, was selling a million copies a month. Two years after that, he walked into *Punk*.

Forcade was a miracle, exactly what Holmstrom & co. desperately needed: a benefactor to bring their own dream back to life—one with unparalleled experience in distribution and publishing. It seemed a perfect fit.

Punk #6 followed, published under the auspices of *High Times*. It was their first full-length photo comic, a film on paper called *The Legend of Nick Detroit*, with Richard Hell playing the lead role and David Johansen, Debbie Harry, and the Talking Heads, among others, in support. The all-star cast was as much of an accident as the photo comics Kurtzman had done in the early Sixties featuring Gloria Steinem, Terry Gilliam and John Cleese (both later of Monty Python), R. Crumb, and even Woody Allen. For Kurtzman, like Holmstrom fifteen years later, those were just the people hanging around his office at the time.

Nick Detroit was an innovative, exciting experiment. And, a complete flop. Forcade unceremoniously dropped *Punk* like a hot rock—though, later, he would be back. For now, it was back to square one.

Holmstrom's history is full of such false starts and just plain bad luck, but also a surprising amount of eleventh-hour saves. Once again, a mysterious investor appeared, this one from Detroit, drawn in by all the *Nick Detroit* posters plastered around town. He dropped twenty grand into the coffers of the nearly-moribund mag, and soon the presses were rolling again, with some of *Punk*'s best issues to date. Issue #8 featured a cover story on the Sex Pistols, at a time when few in America had heard of the band. Unlike Legs, who considered the London scene a pale imitation, Holmstrom was thrilled by the new energy. "They improved on our formula," he says. "When I first heard the Sex Pistols record, I was blown away. No, I was never competitive about it. That was Legs's thing. Legs didn't have an understanding that it would be good if punk rock happened in another city and in another way."

Similarly, Holmstrom was supportive of the fanzines that followed in *Punk*'s footsteps ("just as long as they didn't think they were better than us," he says). The first issue of *Sniffin' Glue* arrived in the mail in the summer of '76 with a fan letter from editor Mark P. "Then, all of a sudden," says Holmstrom, "the third issue, there's a shift. Then I'm getting letters like, 'Oh, you Americans, you're rich, and you suck. We live on the

PUNK CHRISTMAS PARTY

PHOTO BY ROBERTA BAYLEY

dole. You don't know what suffering is.' What a load of shit! Here I am eating chicken livers and some kid over there is giving us shit." Still, he acknowledges *Sniffin' Glue*'s awesomeness (and, in truth, it was even better than *Punk*) but prefers its lesser-remembered London contemporary, *Ripped & Torn*. The flood of English zines was made possible by Rough Trade, who took the profits from importing copies of *Punk* and bought a mimeograph machine for all the kids to use to make their own. "They didn't need us anymore," laments *Punk*'s editor, sounding both proud and sad.

As for Legs, his involvement in *Punk*—though crucial at its inception—was actually rather limited, according to Holmstrom: "He contributed a little bit to the first issue, then took off with the second issue. Then he and Ged had a big falling out, had a fist fight on the floor trying to kill each other, and he was kicked out." Legs returned, but borrowed Ged's bed—and a bottle of maple syrup—for a threesome. That was the last straw.

Two cofounders were left, and, soon, they were embroiled in a conflict of their own. Punk #9 was all set to go to press—in Holmstrom's opinion, the best one yet, featuring the Damned, a comic interview of Kiss, and advance excerpts of William S. Burroughs' *Junkie*—when Ged announced that this issue would have to be their last; there was no money left. The twenty grand was already gone, pissed away on bad business decisions and the fancy, glossy paper that Ged had picked. The rest of the staff was justifiably pissed. "It was like the Julius Caesar assassination," says Holmstrom. "We ended up firing him right before it was going to come back from the printer."

Ged decided to get revenge. He went to the printer and told them that *Punk* didn't have enough in the bank to pay the bill, which turned out to be the case. Holmstrom had to personally borrow money to get the magazine out of hock. Then the printer, now finally paid off in full, went belly up. Holmstrom never did get the magazines back, nor the cash; not even the originals, which included one-of-a-kind polaroids of Burroughs and Ginsberg in Mexico hanging out on the beach.

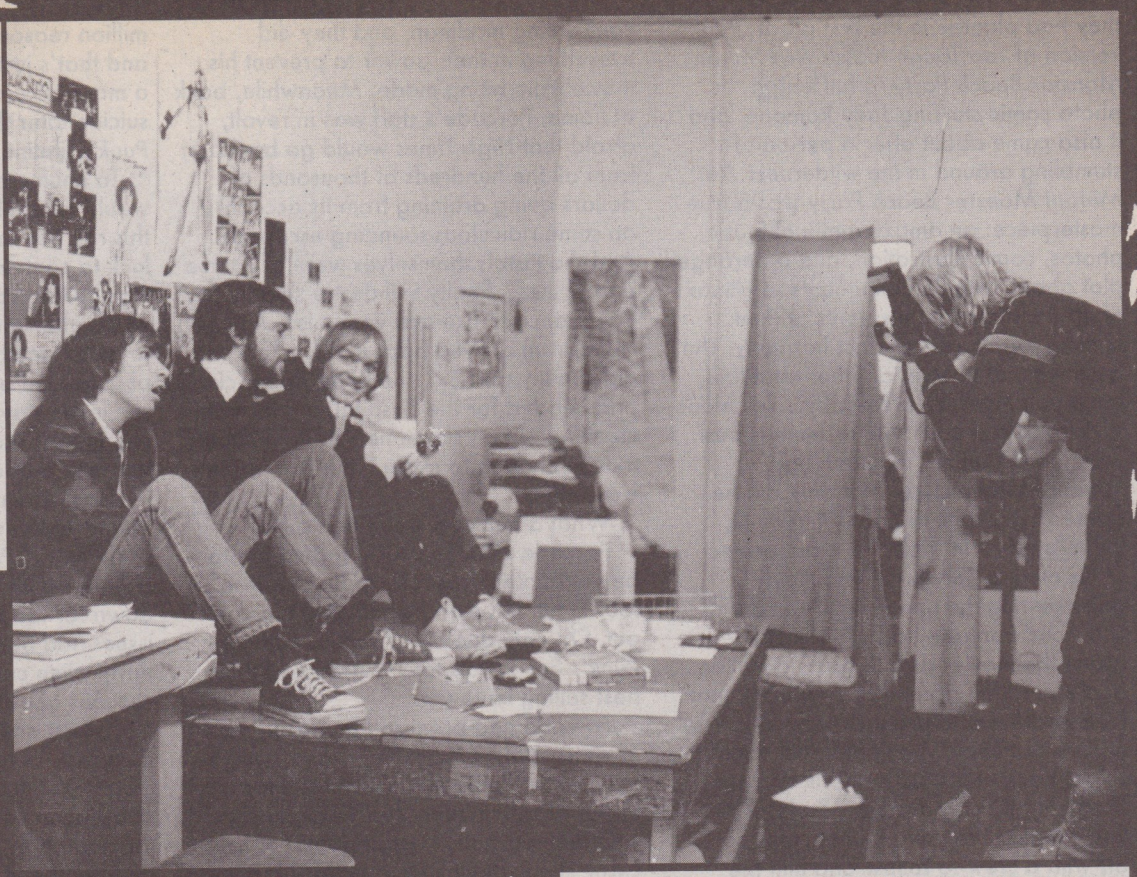


PHOTO BY ROBERTA BAYLEY

***ROLLING STONE* PHOTO SHOOT**

Not only was it a disaster in every respect—friendship included—but *Punk* was now in debt. Someone suggested a benefit, and a whole weekend of shows at CB's was quickly set up. Blondie, Dead Boys, the Cramps, and Patti Smith all played. The Dictators' Ross the Boss jumped onstage to jam, as did Fred Smith, who had left Blondie to join Television, confident that they would be the more successful band. That was when the paradigm at CB's was undergoing a radical shift: Blondie and the Ramones—both of whom had been considered a joke—were becoming hugely popular, while the more polished, groomed-for-success groups were left in the dust. Blondie's contract on the small Private Stock label was bought out by Chrysalis. The Ramones' label, Sire—then still a small independent—was bought up by Warner Brothers.

Punk Rock was now a big business. *Punk* magazine was still a total bust. As always, the musical aspects of the scene received support and acclaim while the print media that formed its cultural underpinnings (and helped promote the bands) ate shit. That set the tone for what was to come, three decades of great fanzines morphing into mostly mediocre record labels (*Slash*, *Touch & Go*, *Sub Pop*, *Lookout*, *No Idea*) and fanzine editors who achieved renown only through their later bands (Kevin Seconds, Thurston Moore, King Vitamin of the Butthole Surfers, Dave Grubbs of Slint). Anyone who's done both a fanzine and a band knows that playing music is always more rewarding, and—kill me for saying so, but it's true—less work.

At any rate, Holmstrom was back in the black after the benefit, and back at the grind. However, the issues that followed were lacking a little spunk; someone had taken the piss out of *Punk*. The magazine mirrored what the Ramones were going through at the time—a process of simplifying and boiling down to basics, paired with increased production values and a nod to the mainstream. *Rocket to Russia* and *Road to Ruin* were certainly great albums (and drawing the art for both earned Holmstrom enough to get his own apartment and move out of the Dump). So were the corresponding issues of *Punk*. But, getting to the heart of the matter meant becoming a bit tame and formulaic in the process (and the coming addition of full-color photos helped neither the band or mag). To further the analogy, it wasn't until the much later *Too Tough to Die* that the Ramones finally reconnected with the spirit that had made them so special, and they did so not by paring down but by branching out, surprising everyone by incorporating hardcore into their trademark sound—in essence, taking the fruit from the tree

they had planted in the first place. *Punk*'s version of *Too Tough to Die* was *Mutant Monster Beach Party*, a full-length photo comic starring Joey Ramone, and it also came about after a period of stumbling around in the wilderness. Yet *Mutant Monster Beach Party* was a true masterpiece: an amazing mix of music, photos, comic illustration, and a deranged plot about juvenile delinquents—a climax of all the disparate elements of *Punk* coming together in perfect harmony. The issue was, of course, another total loss, but if you measure success by sales alone, sticking to a predictable formula is best.

In the meantime, Forcade had reentered the picture. Not only did he agree to go back to publishing *Punk*, he enlisted Holmstrom for a pet project of his own: an underground movie documenting the upcoming Sex Pistols U.S. tour. Forcade had grandiose ideas about the movie—sure to gross a million bucks—and the accompanying book that Holmstrom would produce (plus a special edition of *Punk*). Most of all, he wanted to get back at his old nemesis Warner Brothers, the corporate profiteer, who was running the tour. And so, they set off with a crew to follow and film the band as they wound their way through the entrails of America, leaving a path of destruction in their wake. But things with the film did not go as Forcade had foreseen. Warner Brothers remembered him all too well; they wanted nothing to do with the pie-throwing, Phil Spector-confronting madman, and they did everything in their power to prevent his movie from being made. Meanwhile, back at home, Forcade's staff was in revolt, afraid that *High Times* would go bankrupt from all the hundreds of thousands of dollars being draining from its account on some ridiculous-sounding escapade. And the Pistols themselves were of course a total mess, finally self-destructing in San Francisco like everyone else. As Holmstrom arrived back in New York, so did Johnny and Sid, the latter dopesick and headed for the hospital, the former crashing out on someone's floor, without money enough to make it the rest of the way home.

What a hell of a week and a half!

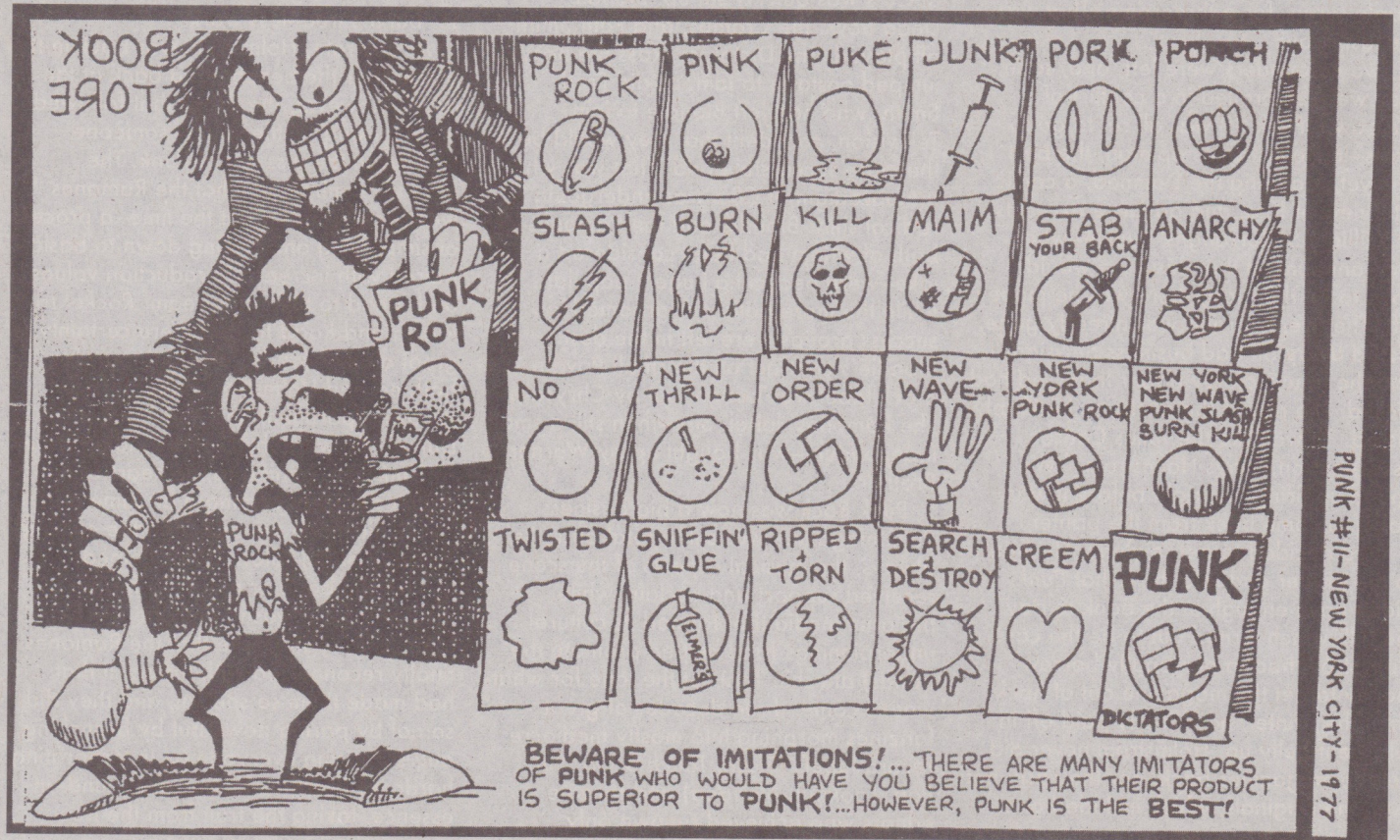
Forcade's movie, *DOA*, turned out to be yet another casualty of that tour—it took a full three-and-a-half years to come out. On only one count was he right: *Punk*'s Sex Pistols tour journal was their best selling issue yet.

Forcade had promised to make *Punk* as successful as *High Times*, and It might have even happened, were it not for the exclusive distribution deal Forcade signed with the notorious *Hustler* publisher, Larry Flynt. The ink was still fresh on the contract when Flynt got shot. "When that fucker shot Flynt, he pulled the rug out from under us," Holmstrom says, shaking his head. "*High Times* started getting late payments for their distribution. The whole company was thrown into chaos."

"Oh, I've got a million of them. A million reasons why we weren't successful, and that's just one." Less laughable—and a more accurate shot—was Forcade's suicide later that year, which severed *Punk*'s lifeline once and for all.

To enumerate every failure of *Punk* would take all night, and any reader of this rag has enough of her or his own bad luck to contemplate. Besides, my coffee was getting cold, the waitress having cut us off after realizing we weren't going to order anything more than a side of perogis and a grilled cheese. Mercifully, she let us stay; the place was otherwise empty now that the wedding party had left, and outside it was pissing rain.

Holmstrom's story was always ending but never over. Like the scene of the same name, *Punk* died again and again. It wasn't until 1981 that it was really down for the count. Altogether, eighteen issues had been produced, three of which never even came out (lost to the inky clutches of every magazine's best friend and worst enemy: its printer). But, rather than rest—or learn his lesson—Holmstrom leapt right back into the fray with a new publication called *Comical Funnies*, a collaboration with three other cartoonists that had been involved at the tail-end of *Punk*: Bruce Carleton, Ken Weiner, and the then-unknown, fresh-faced Peter Bagge. Holmstrom felt invigorated to work on a project completely divorced from the music industry, and he remembers the parties—and collaborative energy—of *Comical Funnies* fondly. Inevitably, it



couldn't last: Bagge and the others were headed towards full-length comics while the somewhat old-fashioned newspaper editor in Holmstrom yearned for a more mixed format. His next magazine, a free monthly called *Stop*, reflected that. One highlight was Holmstrom's article on "Punxploitation" in Hollywood movies; at a time when nearly all old punks were writing dismissive, self-serving drivel about the new generation and the meaning of punk, he was insightful, articulate, and generous.

By 1983, *Stop* was over and the freelance jobs had dried up (Holmstrom's art for the Ramones had somewhat backfired, making his style synonymous with the band rather than leading to other work). For regular employment, he returned first to Scholastic and then to *High Times*, where the new editor knew his comics and remembered his old association with Forcade. His first assignment: an illustrated interview with Eldridge Cleaver, which Cleaver later wrote to thank him for (despite a few cheap shots, it was honest, which he appreciated).

Holmstrom stayed at *High Times* throughout the late 80s and all of the 90s, slowly rising up the ranks until he was publisher. In that role, was able to bring the magazine back to its most successful peak. But the work eventually got to be too stressful. In 2000, he left the magazine (except for the Pot 40 list on the back page which he still writes, a spin-off from the old *Punk* top 99 and *Stop* 40 lists). "I'd saved up a lot of money," he says. "and I decided to try to bring back *Punk*."

The results were mixed; the response, worse. Some accused him of a cynical attempt to cash in on the newfound popularity of punk rock; others, of trying to relive his lost youth. Both charges contained a bit of truth. Like most reunions, the relaunching of *Punk* was unwise and a little embarrassing, but not particularly cynical or ill motivated. Anyway, Holmstrom and the newly arisen *Punk* were soon subject to the same old school bad luck they'd always enjoyed. Terrorists blew up their office downtown. Distributors ripped them off. And a publisher could not be found.

"I tried to do it out of my apartment," he says, "but it just about killed me. I live on a fourth floor walk-up, so when you have to walk up and down the stairs carrying boxes of magazines, it's just too much, especially at my age. And the lines at the post office, and the four-block walk to get there. Anybody can put out a little fanzine out of their apartment, but if you're gonna do 10,000 copies, you need to spend money on an office." (I politely disagree, but happen to be blessed with a second floor walk-up only two blocks from the post office—though not with the absurdly cheap rent of an apartment moved into in 1977 with a check from the Ramones as down payment. Sigh.)

And what's Holmstrom up to now? Not what you might've guessed. He's pleased as Punch about a licensing deal just signed with a clothing company in Japan.

"They've brought out this crazy line of clothing," he says, gushing a bit. "It's very high quality stuff, like *Punk* in glitter lettering on a very expensive women's top. Little girl pants with the anti-disco editorial from *Punk* #1 and "John Holmstrom" printed on the inside. They've got coats and hoodies with the *Punk* logo on it. I'm a big brand in Japan right now! They even like some of my characters from *Domeland*. They want to make toys and action figures out of all this stuff. It's kicked my creativity in a whole new direction. I'm preparing to bring out this stuff in America, and I think it's going to sell really well."

We shall see.

With a gleam in his eye, he explains: "It's like a reward for all the crap I've put up with over the years."

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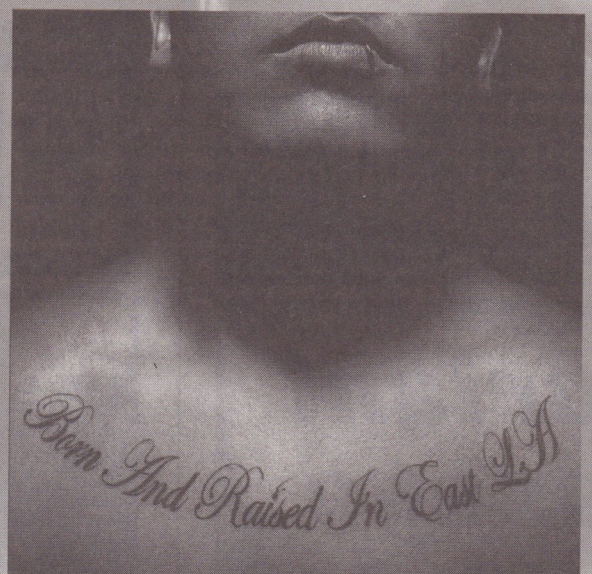

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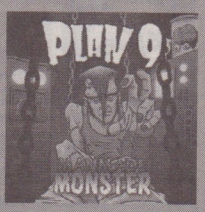

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YOU CAN'T KILL MY FLYERS:

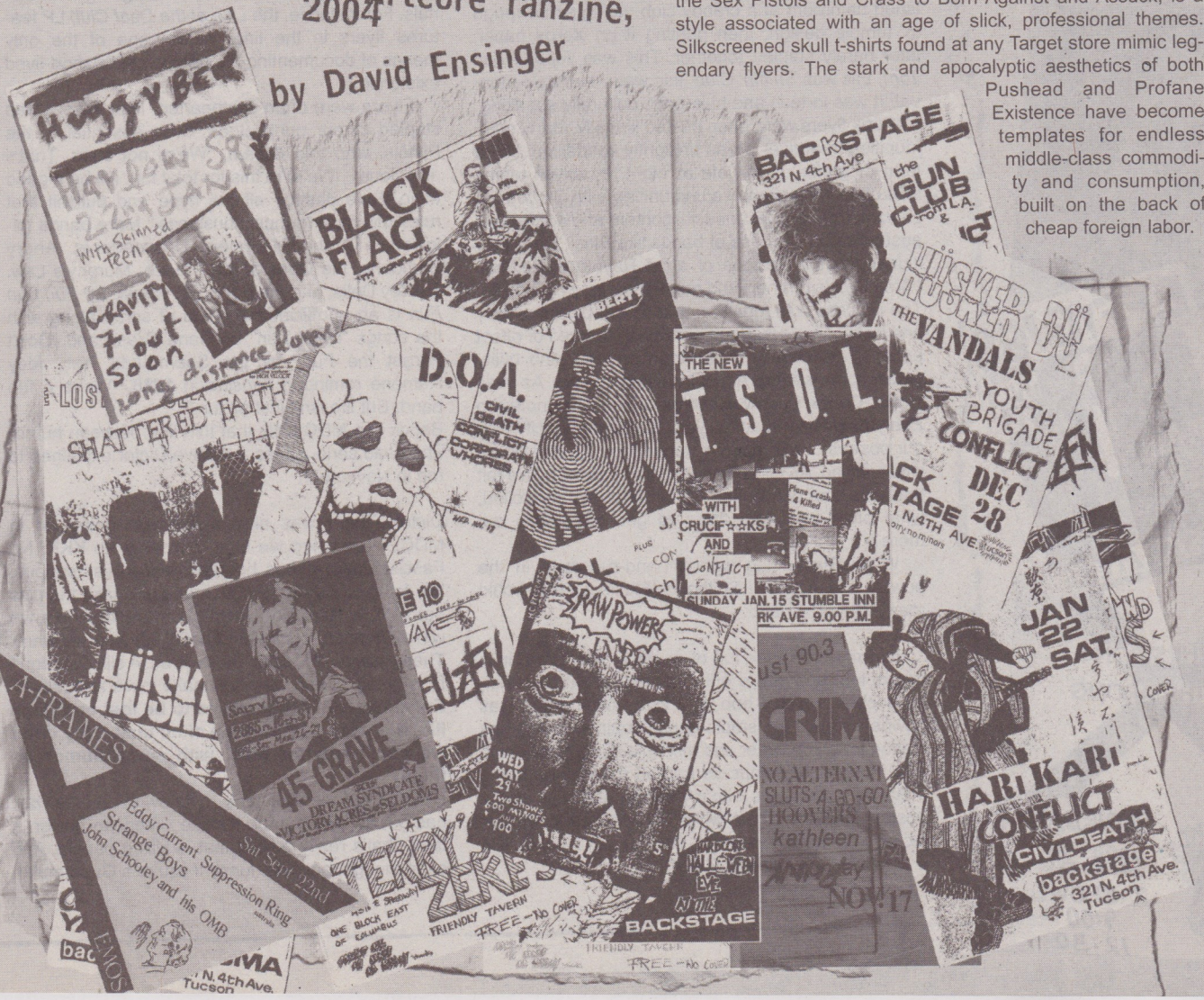
Punk rock street art endures the death of PRINT CULTURE

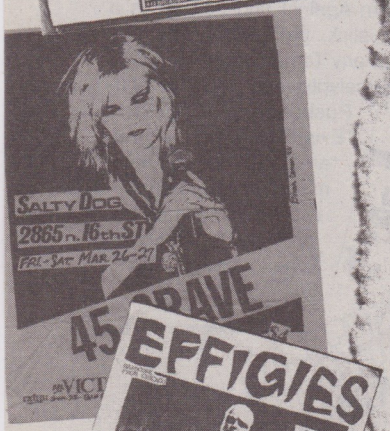
"The art of the past has apparently become a free-for-all for everybody. I like that word 'free-for-all.' It means democratic, also no values, and everything goes, and anybody can do it, and everybody's doing it."
—Ad Reinhardt, painter, 1958

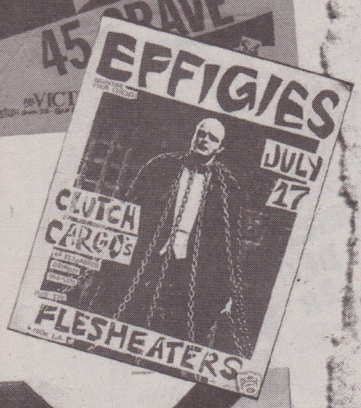
"Flyers are one embodiment of the democratization of art that Punk brought about."
—Welly, editor of Artcore fanzine, 2004

by David Ensinger

Punk flyers, the torn and tattered, cut and paste leftovers of punk history, are relics in this internet teeming, high-speed access world. Many "designers" no longer feel inclined to shred magazines, phonebooks, and catalogs, or even drag a pen or pencil across paper, let alone indulge in time-consuming press-on letters. The age of Adobe Illustrator has made even the most computer illiterate users feel welcome. The hum and whir of copy machines, along with the secret theft of paper, toner, and ink from work places across the world, is fading away. Flyers once rushed through late-night copy machine binges are now spread virally on MySpace while one washes the dishes. What was once a brutal and raw flyer style that mirrored the post-industrial age (think of cities like Cleveland and Manchester), forming the visual history of punk discord, from the Sex Pistols and Crass to Born Against and Assuck, is a style associated with an age of slick, professional themes. Silkscreened skull t-shirts found at any Target store mimic legendary flyers. The stark and apocalyptic aesthetics of both Pushead and Profane Existence have become templates for endless middle-class commodity and consumption, built on the back of cheap foreign labor.







The risk, spasm, and power of early punk art has been vacuumed up, processed, diluted, and sprung on the streets again. Meanwhile, the street flyers that drove such anti-fashion have been disappearing for the last decade. "It's been years since this kind of poster art has bedecked our fair city [Austin]," insists Chris Wing in his recently published *Big Book of Austin Punk-Era Posters and Images*. He writes, "Nowadays, those who engage in fly-by postering are hyping goods and services which have nothing to do with art or self-expression, but rather miracle diets and work-at-home schemes. You need a sharp eye to spot gig ads these days." In many places, telephone poles, once littered with layers of discolored flyers, are less and less tagged with flyers touting touring bands with unmentionable names, from the Dicks to Asshole Parade. Instead, corporate online social sites are the *virtual* street corners teeming with so-called friends, digital flyers, and bands selling themselves to strangers, replacing the rented halls and CBGB's of another era.

Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McClaren wanted to puncture such society of the spectacle: "Consumer goods, tourism, and mass media turns people into passive consumers. The Sex Pistols poured scorn on holidays in the sun and fast food products. They also encouraged the young to become producers of culture rather than consumers (from *The Album Cover Art of Punk)*." Pete Shelley echoed this to me on the Buzzcocks' 2003 jaunt through the states, albeit on a tour bus outside a rock club, telling me punks aimed to stir culture up from below. Sometimes that meant an everyday kid interviewing a band in a half-demolished bathroom at a crappy club, doing some rough 'n' tumble design, then printing it on Xerox paper, later barely stapled together. This was *Ripped and Torn*, this was *Sniffin' Glue*, this was…our style manual. It was lo-tech and hi-impact, culturally speaking.

Punk flyers were often posted illegally. Many communities treat flyer art as unsightly vandalism, like a form of graffiti, done late at night, by street teams infiltrating mainstream communities with instant art chock-full of political or social content *and* aggressive aesthetics. In the case of bands like Black Flag, they kidnapped the designs of artist Raymond Pettibon (Greg Ginn's brother) and made thousands of copies. The process was furtive, marked both by practicality and kicks. They plastered hordes of Xeroxed or offset press flyers on city walls, train bridges, and utility poles, some weathered, but visible for years. As bass player Chuck Dukowski writes on the liner notes to *Everything Went Black*, "We… plastered the city with our posters… with a literal vengeance." That attitude was justified. As Ginn reminded *Punk Planet*, "We felt that it was our only outlet. If the media was controlled, what other way was there to get information out there?"

While Black Flag went hit-and-run style in the bowels of L.A., Joey Shithead (Skulls, DOA), would roam Vancouver and:

"…jam my backpack full of posters, squeezing in a bag of four and staple gun, and take along my trusted bucket…I would hop on a bus...When there was nowhere to use the staple gun, I would stop at a gas station for some water and mix up a thick, gooey mixture of water and flour. I'd spread the goo on some metal light standards with my hands, and stick up the poster… After a short while my jeans and leather jacket were so covered with the shit that I looked like a drywaller. (*I, Shithead* 2003)"

In the same era, the *Final Solution* zine staff, based out of New Orleans, reported that the leader singer of the Hates was chased down by locals for flyering in Houston, while a member of the Re*cords was hounded by the FBI in Austin for printing flyers on the back of IRS forms in 1979. In early 1983, the Crucifucks made a poster promoting an MDC concert in Lansing filled with images of dead cops; in response, police shut down local shows and attempted to squelch the local punk community. A 1985 Seattle concert by the band the Refuzors was shut down solely due to an *obscene* poster. Even the Clash have flyer lore. Broke after a night of flyering London with gig handbills glued to surfaces with a mixture of flour and water, they ate from the same bucket to quell their hunger. Yet, such street lore disappears in the internet age as punks endure the death of print culture.

Flyers were used as mailers and letter stock—easily reproduced and packaged promotional tools. Mike Muir from Suicidal Tendencies used flyers as letterhead to fans, the label BYO would include a handful of flyers when shipping items to buyers across the world, with a handwritten thank you note. By the mid-1980s, Dirk Dirksen, infamous Mabuhay Gardens promoter in San Francisco and Dead Kennedys manager, established a flyer art mail-order service featuring both original copies and reprints on heavy stock paper. I ordered prints of Dead Kennedys and the Damned flyers. Magazines like *Maximum Rocknroll* and *Flipside* regularly featured flyer art in the design layout for articles, as would some record labels when designing LP materials. For instance, the *Live at the Deaf Club* LP features flyers in the liner notes—one of the only means of documenting the unique club's short-lived existence.

Flyers were often lighthearted. Raw humor was stapled to our punk ethos, even essential to the Pistols, who told *Creem*, "We're not stars. That's ridiculous… We're in this for total fun. It'll be a good thing if we destroy all the hype and bullshit that rules this fucking music business." More bands followed, like the Meatmen, Descendents, Angry Samoans, the Queers, the Freeze, Murphy's Law, the Toy Dolls, and the Big Boys, whose EP *Fun Fun Fun* is an unofficial manifesto of sorts, along with the songs "Have Fun" by Gang Green and "Don't Forget the Fun" by the Spermbirds. Yet, Joey Ramone reminded *Flipside* in 1988, "We're a fun band. But life isn't just all fun."

Bands like MDC walk that thin line between humor and dead seriousness. As Dave Dictor explained to me in November:

Dictor: There was always sarcasm going on in MDC, even when we sang "No War No KKK, No Fascist USA." It was heartfelt, and it was serious. We felt the need to turn it around and take the piss out of it, a little. So it didn't come across like we were the angry commies. That's just who we were. There was a silly misfits-ness to us. A silly "we don't fit in" thing … and we gotta make jokes about it…

Ensminger: But that seems to be lost on things like the band flyers with a skull tank. Why don't we see flyers for MDC with some humor on them?

Dictor: Even the skull tank, in its own perverse way, has got its own humor. It's like American power, a tank, that's really a skull that is killing people. And even though that's not funny if you're a Guatemalan

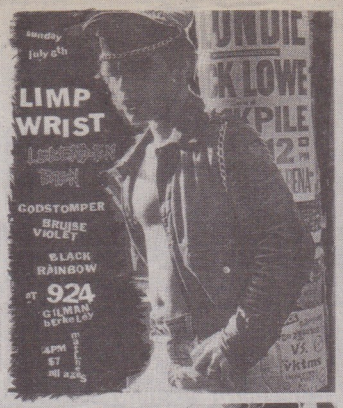
farmer getting killed by a right-wing death squad, the visualization of that is going for a sick, ironic, and cynical sense of humor. Less so is the Klan cop pointing a gun at you ... Then we also have skateboard Jesus, which takes the piss out of something … Jesus is skating for your sins.

Longtime lo-fi garage punk and painter Billy Childish suggests that punk humor stretches back to the Dada art movement. He told the editor of *Search and Destroy*, "Kurt Schwitters said, the artist creates, the critic bleats. He always had a great sense of humor, which he brought to his art, and he never took himself seriously—that's punk rock." The above testimonies seem to echo writer Wyndam Lewis' 1917 insight that, "Laughter is the Wild Body's song of triumph... Laughter is the sudden handshake of mystic violence and the anarchist… It is primitive, hard and unchangeable." Punk flyers were one way to capture that laughter.

In subgenres like queercore and homocore, Pansy Division, Black Fag, and Youth of Togay rebelled within the "fun" form, poaching old hardcore standards from Youth of Today and Black Flag. In the case of Black Fag's MySpace page, they replace the black stripes (an anarchy flag) associated with the original band with rainbow colors, then switch the word Black with Pink on the *Everything Went Black* LP cover, and the menacing open bladed garden shears with an eyelash curler. This humor seems consistent with older "out" gay punks like singer and outsider artist Randy "Biscuit" Turner from the Big Boys, who once included a naked cowboy on a Big Boys flyer, which nearly shut down Raul's, a legendary punk venue in Austin. Male genitals were still an apparent assault on everything proper, even within the supposedly liberal college town Austin.

Another aspect worth noting is punk flyers' sheer *ugliness* at times, including ghastly and macabre figures, drawn in *Dawn of the Dead* gore meets *Tales from the Crypt* comic styling. According to Jello Biafra in *Down and In: Life in the Underground*, punk "was an attempt to take Alice Cooper's knack for really graphic, ugly horror, and Iggy Pop's making it personal, in other words not illustrating the horror so much as becoming it, making the horror too close too home." Yet, art alone does not arouse much consciousness if it doesn't link concretely to critique and action—ways of investigating and realizing the political context. Pushead art might make most sense when related to the mechanized terror of modern war, the mass infatuation with violence in all forms of media, and the ways science has caused harm and abnormalities.

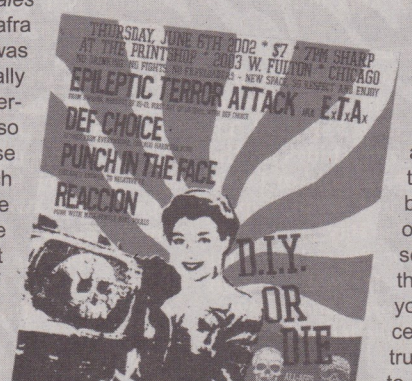
Though posters advertising Creedence Clearwater Revival and Jimi Hendrix were made during Vietnam napalm, the War on Poverty, and burning American cities, they resemble European painters like Toulouse Lautrec and Alphonse Mucha, whose designs set in motion everything from lamp posts to book covers in the late 1800s. One never saw the brutality of the era in most psychedelic posters' heavily stylized thick lines, flat areas of color, and fancy type. Punk flyer graphics were a leap forward from flower power to artful aggression, like a first grasp of the "future now"—the fall of Saigon, mass murder in Cambodia, horrendous strife in Africa, revolution and hostage taking in Iran, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Punk chose not to escape, fold inward, or ignore these events. When something sinister was in the radar, like death squads and vivisection, punk graphics were often the bullhorn.

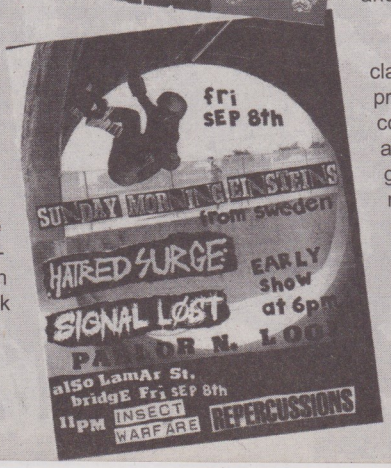


One difference now is that kids don't need to enter their own town, get deep in the streets, seize space, create DIY media on the skin of the city, and actually rub elbows with people. Mike Magrann, singer/guitarist for Channel 3, explained this that-was-then/this-is-now conundrum to me back in 2007:

"It's hard to explain the whole ritualistic process that used to go into show promotion—especially in these MySpace cut and copy days! Since there was no mass media just waiting to devour any new information ya fed it, we really had to go out and target that audience, usually in the flesh...The use of exacto knives, rubber cement, the trip to Kinko's—all a lost art I'm afraid! And then there was the distribution of the flyers, hitting the local record stores and hangouts, shuffling up the stacks of flyers by the door to make sure yours ended up on top! Of course, when you came back by the store a day later your flyers were now on the bottom of the stack, or worse, in the trash already! When it came to actual street action, the staple gun was the weapon of choice. To this day, if you look closely at any telephone pole lining Hollywood Blvd they resemble some mutant strain of cacti, sprouting rust colored needles up to the reach of an 18 year-old bassist! My least favorite method of distribution was manning the gauntlet outside someone else's gig. Oh, the humiliation of having some 15-year-old punkette take one of the offered flyers, take one look at it, inform you that your band still sucks, and then dropping it to the ground as if it were a diseased pigeon. It's no wonder bands today (us included) make digital flyers, post them online, and with a click of the mouse send out to 5,000 spam folders. But then, what are these things? Virtual works of art, a mixture of ones and zeroes? They don't really exist, do they? I'd challenge any young band to click print, and then go and hand the flyer to the next kid coming out for a smoke!"

As Jan Roehik, a *Trust* fanzine writer and gig promoter, reminded me in January, the new generation takes a hybrid approach:





"I still rely on the good old-fashioned flyers and posters I make myself and send to fifteen people around Frankfurt so that they hang the flyers in local bars and clubs. Maybe that's not useful at all, but it gives me as the "promoter" of the gig a good feeling that I gave my best in advertising the show. Plus the usual internet message boards, newsletters. You can't say 'Print is Dead,' or only lives online. The 'thirty and over' people see that there is less print promotion, therefore think all is online, but that's not true. I say, 'The younger the concert promoter, the more the concert promotion goes online.' And even that is not true. Everyone (if fifteen or forty-five years old) likes to take a print poster or flyer back home as a nice memory! Nobody will print out web-listings of gigs and hang them on their wall."

Digital flyers may seem risk-free and declawed to a degree, but our punk street art legacy proves that the tenacity and vividness of flyers copied endlessly will not easily disappear. To make a b/w copy machine flyer with nothing but tape, glue, and a pair of scissors may be a Dada-meets-punk cliché, but I'd rather look back in defiance and soak up history rather than depend on the whims of computer programming.

(davidae43@hotmail.com)

TERMINAL

TERMINAL BOREDOM: TRIPPIN' BALLZ IN THE '09

An Interview With "Filthy" Rich Kroneiss
by Mitch Cardwell

There are few folks in the world who do more for underground rock 'n' roll than Buffalo, NY, resident Rich Kroneiss. By day he's like most schmoes: thankless day job, minimal thrills, eater of deluxe sandwiches. But when he dons his press cap, he turns into a ferocious monster, devouring records and reporting on them with incredible insight and honesty. Yes, he's the editor-in-chief of one of the single best zines around today, Terminal-Boredom.com. Controversial, hysterical, biting, baiting, informative, and essential, Terminal Boredom *currently holds the distinction of being thee place for spot-on record reviews, in-depth interviews and features and, well, asshole hi-jinx from a cast of international record nerd assholes. In short, every published word is worthwhile. Rich and his supporting cast have been at it for a long time now, steering the ship amidst the chaos of internet tomfoolery and vinyl pre-order madness. It's comforting to know that behind all of it is a truly great guy with a top-notch head on his shoulders. Rich was kind enough to tell* Terminal Boredom*'s story to* MRR*, which I think is both fitting and long overdue. Read on for all things TERMBO...*

MRR: When and what first compelled you to start writing? Were music and records your initial focus, or was it something else?
TB: I've been writing my whole life. People would tell me I was good at it, so I believed them. I used to write fiction, sci-fi/fantasy fanboy stuff. I was always obsessed with music and I started writing about it in various places and discovered it was more fun than writing fiction. So I just kept going.

MRR: Why did you begin *Terminal Boredom*?
TB: *Terminal Boredom* began in February 2004 because Joe Domino stopped doing *Blank Generation*, which was the e-zine through which I met the core group that I started TB with. *Blank Gen* got me interested in publishing things on the web and convinced me that the internet was capable of being a platform for good writing and ideas, not just some disposable thing. So, this handsome dude from the Bay Area suggested the name *Terminal Boredom*, I bought the website and some books on html, and TB was born. It really began because I wanted to keep writing about records and knew a bunch of other people who did too, and we needed a place to do it.

MRR: What do you see as the focus of *Terminal Boredom*?
TB: I think I put "Marginal Music" as the subtitle of the blog. That seems to fit well enough—the stuff that's under the surface. At the beginning I suppose the focus was what was loosely defined as "garage punk" at the time, but I think that tag has lost a lot of definition now. The scope of what we cover is fairly wide at this point. Hardcore, garage, punk, it's all sort of bleeding together. I guess we even cover some indie rock now. But the underlying premise is still smaller independent stuff with a punk/DIY spirit, both old and new, in particular limited run vinyl releases.

MRR: So people can grab on the specifics of this "Marginal Music," can you name some of your current favorites right now?
TB: Some of my favorite records of 2008 were made by The Dutchess and the Duke, Homostupids, Jacuzzi Boys, Cheap Time, Ooga Boogas, Pink Noise, Plates, Black Time, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Intelligence... Like I said, the scope of the "Marginal Music" we cover is rather wide, and a lot of these bands are getting tough to describe using the genre tags we're accustomed to. It's tough to define. Is Cheap Time a power pop band? Garage? Glam-punk? Is Homostupids a hardcore band? Garage-punk? Who knows? I just know they're good.

MRR: A lot of this "marginal" stuff has sort of bled through and is currently getting a lot of focus in *big* media. How does it feel to know that sites with huge financial backing like Pitchfork are combing Terminal Boredom to try and figure out what to sell next?
TB: Well, good for the bands. It's great when bands and labels you know and like and have supported for a long time get some real attention and a chance to make some money off their music. If we help some bands do that, great. I'm not one of those people who gets mad when a band they like gets popular. As far as Pitchfork and other big media outlets, it is what it is. I don't pay a lot of attention to it. The writing isn't good, the articles seem to be poorly researched and you just have to question the integrity of the opinions of something like that, where the bands and records seem to be looked at more like commodities and all of the pages are trying to direct you to some iTunes store or sell you some shit. They're trying to generate revenue and ad sales. *Terminal Boredom* is put together by a bunch of people doing it for free in their spare time. We're not obligated to advertisers or a need to make money. We're just talking about music that we love purely for the fun of it, so we have nothing to lose by being honest. Which I think is *Terminal Boredom*'s greatest attribute and hopefully one of the big reasons people visit the site.

MRR: What rules or editorial principles do you apply to *Terminal Boredom*? Do they bear any resemblance to the parameters of other zines?
TB: There are some loose guidelines. I won't run ads. We won't review anything that isn't a tangible release (we get a lot of people asking us to review their MySpace or to download their "Digital EP" or whatever...no thanks). No ass-kissing. You're not allowed to review anything you released or

BOREDOM

played on yourself. Giving honest opinions is really the only rule I try and get everyone to adhere to.

MRR: Aside from yourself, can you comment on some of the other contributors to the zine?
TB: Well, the staff is always fluctuating and we accept one-off contributions from a lot of friends. The main reviewing staff right now is myself, our young ace Brandon "Get Mugged" Gaffney (who is also in the great hardcore band Brown Sugar), Rob Vertigo (ex-Tractor Sex Fatality, current Amoeba Records), Acapulco Rodriguez (of the Chinese Restaurants), the incredible Dave Hyde, Young Steve (of Boys Club fame), the dashing Erick Elrick (frontman of Golden Error) and my close friend Lance Boyle. Mike Sniper and Collin M. are my garage/psych/power pop reissue go-to guys. Justin Collectorscum contributes a KBD-themed column a few times a year. Dave Hyde also does "Cheap Rewards," sort of a KBD-of-the-90s styled thing. Matt Coppens does a column, which is basically ranting about no-holds barred hardcore and rock 'n' roll. Richard Fucking Adventure heads up the department of Total Fucking Rocking. Other past and present contributors include Lars Finberg, Scott Soriano, Kemp Boyd, DX, Ryan Wells, Anonymous Goy, Icki, Phil Honolulu, Rich Dropkick, Jesse Knowcrap, Sarah Janet, and tons of others. A lot of the original staffers have sort of retired, including Todd Trickknee, Jeff G., Eric Lastname, and that Mitch Cardwell fella. I just wanted to try and mention everyone I could think of, as I never feel that I thank them enough.

MRR: Do you feel the content of *Terminal Boredom* is strengthened or weakened by it being an internet-only publication? Is there any motivation at all to move into print?
TB: We try to play to the strengths of being online. It's a different sort of publishing. You can do a lot of things you obviously can't do in print. Take Justin's "Too Much Junk" column that he does about un-comped *Killed by Death* bands/tracks as an example. It would be great to read in print for sure. But online you can not only just read it, but hear the songs, click links to other records/discographies/images, whatever. It's a great way to present information in various ways and get people into the music and bands, which is really what the whole purpose is. I love print zines, I love internet zines, I just think they're two different things. There isn't really any motivation for me to do *Terminal Boredom* in print, unless I win the lottery or something. I will do some sort of TB Compendium someday when I'm sick of doing the site any longer and ready to close up shop. The internet is a good tool for on-demand publishing, but not so great for posterity. So I'll have to compile everything in print so people can read it on the toilet twenty years from now.

MRR: The culture your zine has supported has, in turn, spawned an interesting subculture itself. Are you yourself a believer in whatever "TERMBO" means? It's an eBay tag, a punk genre, a putdown...all of those things.
TB: Honestly, I'm not so sure what TERMBO means either. Being in the midst of it, perhaps I'm not aware of what others identify it as. There are a lot of people's opinions and attitudes and work that created this thing. I certainly didn't do it all myself. I'm not sure I would even agree with or like a lot of what people would define TERMBO as now. I'm thrilled it has become as recognized as it has and that people are interested enough to come to the site. But after things get so big it becomes less of one person's ideals and more of a group ideal, which is where it's at now. And I think the group is doing OK. I might have to tighten things up this year though. I think we've become a little too polite as of late. Part of turning people on to good music is exposing bad music as well, and I think we're starting to let some things slide that we shouldn't be.

MRR: The message board affiliated with the site—what's your opinion? Does it serve the purpose you intended or is there a sense of backfire?
TB: Well, internet forums are what they are. It's like a big party where everyone is invited. People you know and don't know, people you might like, people you might not like. Honestly, the sole reason for starting the forum was to sell and buy records and talk about them. Which is still what goes on there for the most part, just with a whole lot of talking. It is what it is. I guess the only thing that bugs me is that perhaps the message board has eclipsed the actual site. Which is partly my fault because I don't update the site as much as I should. But the board is essentially just another extension of the zine. It's like the personal ads in the back of a magazine, but in real time.

MRR: What are you most proud of with *Terminal Boredom*?
TB: I'm proud to have helped bands and labels that I like and believe in to sell some records and get their stuff heard. I'm happy that a lot of people with common interests have found a place to share ideas and talk shit about records they like through *Terminal Boredom*. It's all about scene unity. I'm amazed the whole thing has become semi-popular. It's pretty cool being a part of it.

MRR: Future plans?
TB: I have to renew the website in late February. We'll see if I have another year in me. I think I do.

You'd be wise to visit Terminal Boredom *on a regular basis...trust me. You can do so by pointing your browser to www.terminal-boredom.com. Rich can be contacted directly at termibore@aol.com. To send him and his staffers care packages, cold hard cash, and more vinyl fuel for the fire, TERMBO HQ is 301 Tremaine Ave, Kenmore, NY 14217 USA.*

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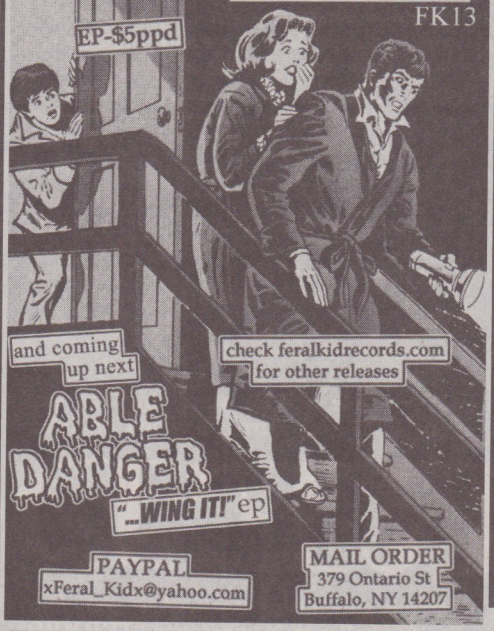

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Jill Hubley to MAXIMUM:

"...currently working on a new zine called ANGER DANCE*, but I'll do this one-pager under

TRASH FACTION

№ 8 (?)

Production of this zine was aided by the following: old Emigre font catalogs, Samuel Smith's Imperial Stout, both an exacto knife and a razor blade (because of a brief, dangerous spell where I lost the exacto in the couch)

CALL IT WHAT IT IS:

HAIRDRYER MUSIC

I read an interview with Michael Stipe back when I was in love with him (grade 6) where he said every time he dried his hair he thought he heard the phone ringing. That paranoid circumstance struck a chord with me then, and it has only grown more acute over the last fifteen years. I am forever switching off my blowdryer to check if someone is knocking on the door, or if the fire alarm is going off, or if there is some melee happening outside the window. And it doesn't stop with the hairdryer. With all music that falls into this atonal category—fuzzy, noisy, indefinable, beatless and blown out—I find myself hearing things that aren't there. One of the great things about clanging thunder dirt rock is that it's not predictable or clean, so the hisses and peals open up possibilities for misinterpretation and a launch ramp for paranoid delusion. With that in mind, here are my top 2 (for the moment) hairdryer music records. I was going to do a top 5, but... no room! Space has been sacrified for design.

A note: I am close to totally deaf due to my listening practices (read: loud, with close proximity to the source), which might help explain something.

1. Paris 1942- "The Room"

For the past month or so, I have mostly only been listening to *Pet Sounds* and Moe Tucker projects. Paris 1942 formed in the early 80s when Moe was living in Arizona and got together with Sun City Girls. "The Room" feels like the whole band took painkillers and then tried to get the song out at a normal pace, but couldn't make their bodies work the way they wanted. It all comes out slurred. The general consistency is something close to what would happen if you tried to squeeze a tube of toothpaste through a sieve. The drumming is typical Tucker—simple, but distinct, and it along with the vocals occupy the front of the song, letting the guitars swim around themselves in the back, massaging falsehoods into my brain.

2. Freaks Amour- everything on *Regressive Music for Mind and Body* LP

Freaks Amour make improvisational noise pop, so it is not astonishing that their tunes confuse my brain and conjure up non-existent sounds of the everyday. Still, I can't listen to this record and feel that I have any sort of cohesive grasp of my sonic environment. *Is it the record, or a bus outside? Is there construction going on in my building? Are my neighbors breaking up again?* Who knows. Playing this music is basically guaranteeing myself that I'll have no idea what's going on, and that's not a bad thing at all. I also recommend checking out the band's website. It looks like it was designed in 1994.

Post Script: I have learned that if I listen to either of these records at top volume on headphones (the earbud kind) while using my hairdryer, the ghost sounds all disappear. The chaos of the volume + heat sends my mind into hibernation.

Scotland's Alright (if you like bagpipes)

1. The Flowers- "Life (After Dark)"

I first heard The Flowers on the Earcom 1 compilation on the Fast Product label, and soon afterwards picked up one of their singles put out by pop:aural. I attempted to get the second one as well, but when the package arrived in the mail, it was the wrong record. I suppose that's what I get for trying to communicate with a Glaswegian. As an Englishman I once met said, they all speak in "clicks and whistles." Regardless, I have heard the other songs through the wonders of the internet, and I think their best song is one off the comp, "Life (After Dark)." It has a herky jerky urgency to it that makes me feel like I've just had a case of Irn-Bru[1], and contains these choice lyrics: "He fumbled through my bra straps while I prayed for whispered nothings." Ha.

Side note: I've read that Bob Last started Fast Product not strictly as a music label, but as an overarching label that could be applied to any project he created, which is an idea I'm into.

[1]I have a relative who took an entire suitcase full of Irn-Bru on his honeymoon to Hawaii, lest he go into withdrawal.

2. Kilt by Death!

* possibly out this year. If you'd like to know more, get in touch.

CONTACT

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111 5th Avenue, Apartment 5
Brooklyn, NY 11217
jill.hubley@gmail.com

I got the Ratas del Vaticano LP in the mail yesterday. Ridiculous artwork, good record.

TH'END

Most back-issues are gone. Write for more information.
#1-#17: DISTORT - OOP
#18 Straightjacket Nation.
#19 Lebenden Toten.
#20 Flying Tricechos

DISTORT: Music fanatics became music "fans". 'Hardcore', 'punk' and 'rocknroll' degraded into meaninglessness due to an over dilution of their gene pool with safe, generic garbage from mediocre minds with a passive consumer base to exploit. Now the word 'cult' does well to delineate fanatics from fans, as the word 'DIY' used to. This is cult.

CONTACT: DX / PO BOX 239 / North Carlton / VIC / 3054 / AUSTRALIA.
e: distorttheworld@gmail.com

ETERNALLY DEDICATED TO: Flag and Sabbath.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

This issue of MRR is the print media special. The reduction in quality of print media in 2009 is accurately symbolized by the presence of the mp3 as the primary music relationship of most people – music has become infinitely more easy to consume, and print media, which for better or for worse often attempts to complicate this transaction, has been pushed aside.

But writing about the subject invariably evokes the exhausted image of cantankerous wimp complaining about the pre-interweb days of purity, and I'm not good enough a writer to avoid this… while I've definitely adjusted to it, I still find it infinitely frustrating that good fanzine writing is either ignored or non-existent in 2009. Fortunately MRR has really stepped up to the plate in the last couple years.

I'm going to assume the majority of Distort / MRR readers aren't afraid of complicated relationships with their tunes, so I'm just going to end the introduction there. Here's hoping 2009 provides a little more interesting fanzine writ than the dead and dry 2008, and some of the blog writers and net forum stalkers can apply themselves to print.

In the spirit of this issue, the ALL FOREIGN JUNK jam is entirely print media of the non-US / Jap / Swede variety. Though, to be fair, even if I did attempt to collate ALL modern zines writing about punk music, the US has a scarce handful worth writing about. Here's a few from foreign lands that have been active in the last couple months.

UNBELIEVABLY BAD is an Australian fanzine up to it's 8th issue. Each issue is thick with interviews, feature articles and reviews, and they balance pretty well between useful / interesting and, uh, the other. The music content is primarily Australian punk bands, from the early 80's scum dribblers like DEPRESSION to 90's grunge era shit like SPLATTERHEAD and modern thrash like CUT SICK and EXTORTION. Aside from musical content, it fleshes out a little bullshit on horror film maker H.G. Lewis and America's greatest funnyman Neil Hamburger. As far as Australian fanzines go, this is probably the most consistently published, widely distributed and well executed.

From the UK comes NICHE HOMO. The first issue is a feast of drug addled artwork and *interesting* interviews. The art of interviewing bands is highly underrated, as people (myself included) rely on the convenience of the internet to produce easy Q&A's with band members, producing great press sheets, not great interviews. The range of interesting questions is reduced as there is no space for confrontation, conflict or rapport between the characters involved. Putting someone on the spot as they attempt to explain their albums artwork or choice of lyric imagery can often provide for an involving read, but when an interviewee has a chance to conceptualise a considered and reasoned answer, the result is often conditioned, useless and boring.

NICHE HOMO joins with America's Z GUN in their fresh approach to band interviews AND their coverage of a similar music genre (most of this is music that would have probably been considered "indie" in the mid 80's), and for those whose interest tips into these areas (features on the genius of PINK REASON, the drug habits/ STD's of indie media darlings TIMES NEW VIKING, the inept INTEGRITY appreciation and intellectualized approach of UK hardcore band MOB RULES, plus more more more) you'd probably get a lot of out of this fanzine. New issue soon, great to hear.

Australian creep hardcore fanzine GROIN GRAVY released it's first perverted issue recently. It's a very seedy and disturbed take on the corruptive influences of scumbag 80's hardcore bands like LOCKJAW, FU's, FEAR and NIHILISTICS. From the editor of the despised / reviled SOAP BOX, and recommended to nobody, lest your interests touch these areas. The CHRISTIAN DEATH photo he picked up for the back cover is incredible.

A couple issues back I recommended checking out a Brazilian fanzine called CAVE. It's shortly publishing a new issue, so I'd repeat that recommendation. This pervert does a great job of capturing depraved bedroom fanzine publishing.

Merde! French fanzine RATCHARGE has managed to spit out more issues in the last couple months than any hardcore / punk fanzine I know of anywhere in the world. Covering a fuckload of territory, each issue is a feast of cut n pasted stark imagery, all writing in French, bands mostly noisecore / dbeat related. If you speak this strange language, track this down. If you don't but don't mind, look at the pictures, or wait until mid year when he promises to release a translated issue of the better features in the English language. And, from the interview with Portland US fanzine, WARNING, comes this poignant, timely quotation, perfect for this issue of MRR; and translated from the French:

"In this day and age what makes you want to put time, money and effort into a printed punk zine? This makes about 10 years of doing zines consistently for me. So "this day and age" makes no difference. It's something that's enjoyable to do and I like communicating with bands and creating the type of zine I would like to see. I would also hope that there is some information that is passed through Warning to those reading it. If by specifying "printed" you are making the distinction between that and a web zine, then it's just a matter of me not being involved with the internet much. I think that information imparted through the internet is often lost, not into cyberspace but to the person reading it. It's almost as if there is too much information and people end up skimming through things rather than actually paying attention or absorbing ideas. Maybe that's just me. I also like the actually physicallity of printed zines, books, records as opposed to MP3 or whatever. The presentation of ideas is also important to me and I see a lot of web based zines as very bland and lifeless. I would also hope that there is some information that is passed through Warning to those reading it."

If you play music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you DON'T live in the US, Japan or Sweden, get in touch. My address is DANIEL STEWART: PO BOX 239 NORTH CARLTON VICTORIA 3054 AUSTRALIA. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld@gmail.com. All hail South East Asian punk!

how much art can you take?
INVASION set list Ny City
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GUERRA
WOFMD
DESTRUCTION
BASTARDOS
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AHORA
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VIDA ENRUINAS
Fanx Simon & Alanna for snagging it.
LA CAZA is hands down the best HC PUNK record in years
INVASION are now called DESTINO FINAL
LISTEN TO KRIEGSHOG FIRMEZA 10 XYX AND MEANWHILE
LOOK OUT for my upcoming zine SPELLING SCHOOL out this spring in the meantime send me stuff RANDY RANSONE 1302 Hayes S.F. 94117
BLAM BLAM BLOG! with blogs I feel like I'm missing something like a hidden page or link
Blogs just feel so cheap and and inhumman.
I can't drag the computer and read a blog on the Toilet and leave it there or on the bus so Girlfriends please print RIOT GIRL SLUMBER PARTY! issue whatever and mail it to me.
STAY PUNK & DESTRUNE
THE ILLEGAL GUARDIANS.
MECHT MENSCH/TAR
Czech punk rock sample

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM

a HC/PUNK one-page ATTACK!

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: BOVINE RECORDS

Usually, the 'Gone But Not Forgotten' section is about a band that I think rules & more people should know about. This time it's about the glorious label, Bovine Records. Thankfully, Sean, owner & "head cheese" of Bovine, published a newsletter called, "Udderground," with the goings on of the label, as well as, included ads with most of his releases, so a lot of the basic info about Bovine is easy to find. Much to my dismay, I wasn't able to get in contact with Sean & ask him about the behind the scenes details like, which records were a pain in the ass, what projects didn't come out, favorite release, etc.....

But here's the scoop: Bovine Records started in the snowy wastelands of Madison, WI in the early 90's, releasing noisey, genuinely ugly & weird records. Around '94, things started taking a more violent turn musically & Bovine released records by the likes of SPAZZ, ENEMY SOIL, APT. 213, his own band, THUG & more. Regardless of what type of music Bovine released, it was always the best of it's genre, always ugly. Yes, Sean knew his shit! He saw the beauty of Quite a few "legendary" bands & maybe even helped them reach that status by releasing debut/early recordings by FLOOR, EYEHATEGOD, BORIS & even rockers, TURBO NEGRO.

All Bovine releases had a quality & consistancy that few other labels matched. The records always sounded good, the covers always looked good & had that classic Bovine bold font & ripped border aesthetic to them.

As far as I can tell, Bovine ended in 1998 with it's 44th release, a THUG/GREENMACHINE split 7". Other releases were planned, such as a Loud & Ugly Vol. 3 4x7" boxset, a SUPPRESSION discog., & a WADGE/DAHMER split. I heard from someone who knew Sean that he was getting burnt out on the label & when Rhetoric Distribution folded, still owing him a lot of money, he decided to call & it quits. It's rumored that he now lives in a cabin in rural WI.

Bovine, along with other great labels like Satan's Pimp, Slap-A-Ham & others defined quality labels releasing quality music in the 90's & made that period one of my favorites in DIY HC/punk.

"MY FIRST RECORD" STORIES

Joe Lachut: "Mixtape"

Each issue of S.I.T.F. has at least 2 "My First Record" Stories contributed by people from all over the place. With this, I hope to remind people of the first record (or whatever) that opened their eyes to the beautiful world of D.I.Y. HC/punk & showed them that there is more to music than autographs & overpriced concert tickets & CD's. Now, I'm kind of breaking my own rule by talking about a tape filled with bands that really have nothing to do with punk or hardcore, but I wrote about my first record way back in issue #1, so rather than reprint that, I decided to write about another piece of music that opened my eyes.

When I was about 9, my Uncle, who was a weirdo, starving artist-type songwriter, dropped by on one of his once-a-year-or-so visits. He always brought me some off-the-wall gift...which usually had something to do with music. This time it was a mixtape that he made especially for me.

cont. up there---

This was a first for me. I had taped songs off the radio & such, but these were all songs put in order & picked just for me. It was an eclectic mix of bands that were on the weirder side of pop music. Nothing too fucked up or crazy, but it definetely made my young brain start thinking.

The tape starts off with the wailing of the opening riff in "Piece of My Heart" by JANIS JOPLIN. Followed by, "I Wanna Be Sedated" by THE RAMONES. Those 2 were about the only songs I knew. After that, the tape gets more bizarre with the likes of LOU REED GRACE JONES, NINA HAGEN, THE B-52's, PRINCE & a MADONNA song called, "Act of Contrition," which sounds like a MADONNA-styled, satanic nightmare. The B-side is a lot mellower & has a handful of tracks by SINEAD O'CONNOR, MELANIE & others. (I think he was running out of ideas) All of that & a fucking killer song by CYNDI LAUPER called, "I'll Kiss You."

I listened to this tape like crazy when I first got it, totally enamored with the sound of the needle dropping between songs & the crackle of the records that the songs came from. And through the years, I've pulled out this tape to see if there's anything that a 9 year old, aspiring metalhead couldn't appreciate at the time...And honestly, there are quite a few "misses" on this tape (& that's putting it nicely), but I think my Uncle picked these songs to plant some subversive ideas in my head. He picked songs that had pop/rock sensibilities, but also pushed things just a little further, so when I was older I might recognize, relate & not just dismiss bizarre ideas/music & not be satisfied with boring, top 40 garbage meant for mongoloid consumers. And I think he was pretty successful.

Even though he passed away only a few years after giving me that tape, I'm sure he'd be happy to see that I'm still avoiding the pull of mainstream America & choking back vomit everytime I hear the drivel that passes as popular music today. I'm going to go make my 2 young cousins a killer mix laced with all sorts of ideas. Up the punks & up the disenfranchised.

COLUMNS: CRUST as SUCK!

NEW CRUST SUCKS! Straight up! I was weened into HC/punk by anarcho-punk & crust of the mid-to-late 90's. And although there will always be a place for it in my heart, I'm pretty much disgusted by it now.

Remember when crust bands had something to say? They packed their records with lyrics, explanations, info on stopping animal abuse or helping political prisoners. Remember when crust bands didn't only sing vaguely about war atrocities & bleak endings to this desolate world? Fuck, do you remember crust before Google Images? Crust before Ebay? Now all you have to do is Google "nuclear war," or "starving children," find a fucked-up picture, make it all black & white, then throw some meaningless phrase under it (double punk points if you write it in broken english) & you've got your album cover or shirt.

When did crust become a party? When did crust become tight pants & record collections? And where's the anger? That's why post-Y2K crust sucks. Everyone's having so much fun at the bar with their Pabst & their fancy cellphones & their fucking Myspace profiles. Give me a break.

I want crusties that have skills, (& I don't mean social networking skills), that are trying to stop the end of the world, but still preparing for it in case they fail.

Think I'm way off base? Prove me wrong. I'd love to see some thoughtful, political, anarchist crust! This writing was inspired by the ATROCIOUS MADNESS "Visions of Hell" 7". A great, classic crust record. Songs/explanations that actually mean something & no pixelated/photoshoped garbage art! Seek it out (for real, not on the internet).

S.I.T.F. is published about twice a year. It's full of DIY HC/punk enthusiasm! Issue #6 is mostly about Florida and is available for $1 (US/Mexico/Can) $2.50 (Elsewhere) (prisoners please try to include stamps!) Issue #7 will be out in May. I have shirts too! Two-sided, yellow, they rule! $9ppd.(US)/$11ppd.(elsewhere) sizes: s - xl.

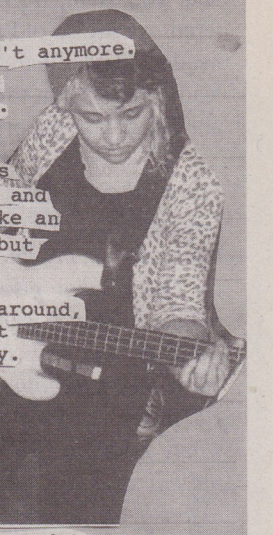
Joe Lachut/SITF Zine / PO BOX 457 / Ft. Myers, FLA 33902-0457 / wtfhttapes.com

punx iz ladiez

: interviews with women in punk

WHAT WOULD YOUR IDEAL PUNK SCENE LOOK LIKE?

SANDIRA



lately I've been coming to terms with the fact that what I used to see in punk, I really don't anymore. maybe it's just that I've become more aware, but it's readily apparent to me at a show where I may be 1 or 6 ladies and sometimes the only person of color that something needs to change. Although there is an awesome collective here full of radical ladies, I want more! I want more radical ladies collaborating on projects and I want more female bands to play with. I don't want to have to choose between a dude band with an assaulter in it or a band or dudes that calls me babe or bitch in the same breath. I want a community with more people of color and white people that acknowledge inherent privileges they have. I DO NOT want to be treated like an ambassador for people of color in punk or radical women in punk, I love to share knowledge, but I am not the care taker of someone's awareness.I want a safe space, where I don't have to deal with the same gender normative behavior I deal with on the street at a house show. I want punk dudes that don't pay lip service to feminism and radical ideals when women are around, but are okay with people calling women cunts. I want to create a group of radical ladies just because I WANT to, not because I NEED to in order to feel whole and survive in this community.

ANANDI

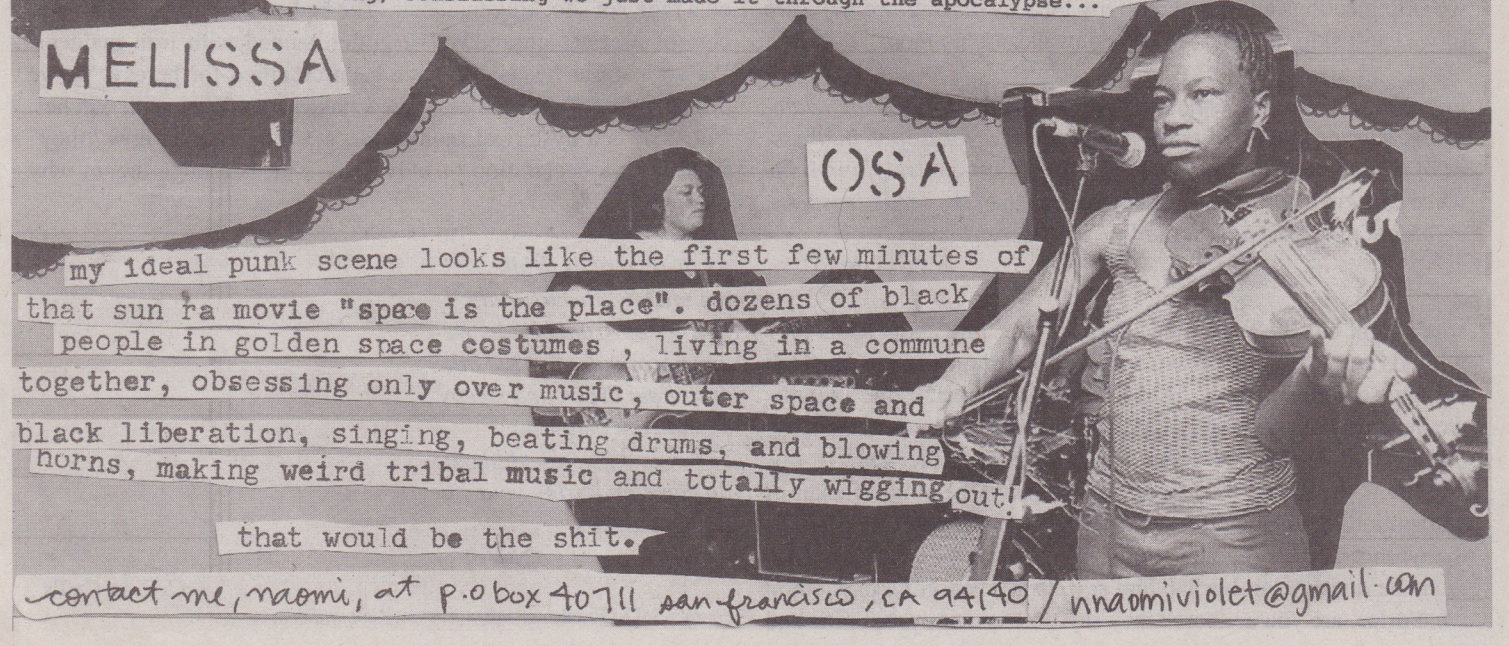
In my perfect punk scene feminism (real, actual understanding by everyone of how serious the issue is and what it's been like, all these years, for women in the scene) and queerness (the above) and real racial equality (the same) would be so integrated into the fabric of our lives that we wouldnt even think about it, not in the way we don't think about it now, but the way we take it for granted that punk is real music that can be taken seriously, something that was inconcievable at one time. with the door open in this way to truely accepting the contributions of women, queers, and people of color rather than just letting us be a part of this structure that's been created for straight white boys, but actualy accepting chages to that structure, well, I think the rest could follow.

Real politics not just consumerism (what we wont buy), but truely building something , real community (mutualy aid that's not a popularity contest, but assumes that everyone deserves the help that anyone does) and an openness that is hard for us now. We're defensive, we close ranks, and it's understandable. but sometimes we shut out people we shouldnt and that has to change for things to improve.

People of every color would always feel welcome in this post-apocalyptic "scene". There would be as many queers and women as het white men, and no one would ever have to fear for their safety or their lives or their sanity when they walked into a "scene" controlled space. Without that fear, folks would be less guarded and would therefore able to try new things, meet new people, succumb to new ideas, play new songs. People would understand that in order to sustain this new-fangled "scene", it is crucial, vital, to stand in solidarity with each other; this of course means that people would be dedicated to resolving conflicts between one another instead of letting their personal conflicts get in the way of collaborating with each other. Finally, we would all be committed to the abolition of authoritarianism and supremacy. To this end, the scene would never get hung up on beauty, fashion, the best bands ever, leaders, followers, worshipers, demigods, heroes, heroines, fans, fanatics, idols, dogmas, gods or fucking masters. And maybe we'd have weapons training, considering we just made it through the apocalypse...

MELISSA

OSA



my ideal punk scene looks like the first few minutes of that sun ra movie "space is the place". dozens of black people in golden space costumes , living in a commune together, obsessing only over music, outer space and black liberation, singing, beating drums, and blowing horns, making weird tribal music and totally wigging out!

that would be the shit.

contact me, naomi, at p.o box 40711 san francisco, ca 94140 / nnaomiviolet@gmail.com

mothers and fuckers, in this fourth public execution of SSP, we have nothing to hide. our secrets lie on the surface. their secrets lie, that's all. we don't front. backstabbers decorate our dry walls and land at our bare feet. we're dirty like that. like the red mounds of Sedona or the green valleys of Guanajuato, dirty like the voice of Son House or Las Hermanas Mendoza Sangurima. like the calloused hands of Victor Jara or Memphis Minnie, dirty like the color of Paty's ears or Brenda's hands. like when the muddy waters flood the empty lots of CT. we're that dirty. are you dirty? not like a senator or a boss, but like a living, breathing mammal? I didn't hear you. man, we go back. way back, to a time when you mattered. we are so old-school, we remember when schools were not needed. they still aren't. just follow the four directions and they all lead here. we don't fear the elements, we are the elements. it's just another day at the office for us.

I think about it every time I'm sparring. I think about it every time I'm running...I'm seeing everything. I'm going in there. I'm coming back with my shield on. That's it. That's what gives me peace of mind. That's what makes me smile on the way in, because I know that I'm going somewhere. I'll tell you I never had a fight where I couldn't look at myself in the mirror. I always know I tried to finish, or I fought with courage. I'm a different fighter in that now technically I have more to lose, I feel like I have less to lose. Maybe I'm not making sense. I'm in a good spot right now. I'm looking forward to another day in the office.

(matt "the terra" serra)

we trip the light fantastic and we skip the night fantasticker. today and forever, we skip we skip. our hearts skip, even our records skip, and hiss and pop. just like us. we'll skip town if we have to, we skip chapters, we skip breakfast, we skip class, we skip james, we skip meetings and we skip to my lou, my darling. we will skip til we can't skip no more! til the sidewalks are no more.

the voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation. the voice of the sea speaks to the soul. the touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

(kate chopin)

kate's right but she's also dead. look, all this talk about souls only reminds me of james brown's shoes. like the sea, we deep but we ain't complicated. we read a lot of shit, i mean that literally. we have to wipe our eyes often. we just like to be stimulated, every way which way and loose. like my grandmother used to say, "failure is the mother of invention. for many, the motherfucker of convention. of course, you're all jacked up, mijo. you're going at the wrong speed. slow your shit!" my gramma was cool like that. then she'd sit me on her lap and say, "sure, you gotta pay, but at what price, are you a whore? they say time is money, but time and money are not real and neither are their prophets/profits. you are not for sale, mi nieto, you are priceless." she was the real deal. she wasn't a reader of books, but of situations. and of faces. she was a quick study. there are a few of these seers out there. even a dead, literary prick like billy faulkner could shit some light on your sorry situation. it ain't that complicated.

interviewer: *some people say they can't understand your writing, even after they read it two or three times. what approach would you suggest for them?*
faulkner (drunk): *read it four times.*
interviewer: *so you never feel the need to discuss your writing with anyone?*
faulkner (drunker): *no, I am too busy writing it. it has got to please me and if it does I don't need to talk about it. if it doesn't please me, talking about it won't improve it, since the only thing to improve is to work on it some more. I am not a literary man but only a writer. I don't get pleasure from talking shop.*

we like brave new worlds and fearless iranians from hell. we'll endure 7 minutes of nausea for 7 seconds of sick pleasure and vice versa, we'll enjoy/suffer countless venomous witching hours and one hundred years of solitude to bid a farewell to arms. we'll scream bloody gore to reject death on an installment plan. we've discharged spitting teeth in a state of alert, state of confusion and in a state of fear. we'll apply japanese lip cream to read you morbid tales of genji. do they owe us a living? of course they do, course they do! it would be crass to pretend the true sounds of liberty toll just for the chosen few. wait, that's us. we've been there and we are here, right now. every one of us is welcome. we need not be undermined or overheard, understand? me neither.

The good noose is we hung around long enough to shoot the shit on a range of shocking incidents. The bad noose is we are dismembers of a select group. We've gotten stoned with iron maidens. We've lost our heads and have been crucified for heresy. We've drawn quarters with artists, shared stake sandwiches with witches. But, *SSP* is a hysterical monument, not a treatise on how "they" treat us or a declaration of indy pens. Life is a huge dream why work so hard?

As the two of us drink
together, while mountain
flowers blossom beside, we
down one cup after the other
until I am drunk and sleepy
so that you better go!
Tomorrow if you feel like it
do come and bring your lute
along with you!

(Li Po)

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End up in a bubble. DEEP SUBURBIA Fanzine

A couple weeks ago I was on a visit to the Northwest where I kind of got stuck in Portland (a town I've never really fancied) (no offense, all you way into Portland people). I was hanging around going to shows and such and I have never heard so many punks talk about marriage in such a positive "awww, I want that" kind of way. It was freaking me out. It reminded me of talking to this guy once and he was talking about how maybe now it IS rebellious to get married and settle down and birth things and how maybe he should call his ex-girlfriend and on and on. The point I'm getting at is that subcultures have this tendency to get stuck in a bubble and fold in on itself and somehow forget what it's about. It's like getting comfortable and surrounding yr.self with yr. "people" and forgetting that mainstream culture is still stupid and that the world is still fucked. I believe in the intersections of the personal and political but you have to be careful to not just be like "well, I'm a radical, so everything I do and participate in is inherently radical" there is infinitely always more things to do and learn.
And I'm not saying Portland is the only microcosm that is stuck in itself, there's other towns full of liberal/radical twenty-something vegans and such and of course things like college campuses and stuff, or even just little groups of yr. friends, people just acting/believing like homophobia/classism/racism/sexism/whatever else doesn't exist because "I'm not like that and neither are my friends". I've touched on this so many times, but it's like somehow I feel like this thing happens where if you shop at the co-op or if you listen to the right records or set up all ages shows or whatever else liberal/punk activity it is that you do you somehow get this free pass to like "I'm totally groovy" time even though you still try to fondle girls when yr. in the pit and then claim yr. just trying to keep yr. balance (it happens all the fucking time) or tell a racist joke but yr. just being ironic, right?
We're not always right, ok?
But back to the weird marriage/babies/domesticity thing, Tara Perkins said it best "you can have babies radically but it's not radical to have babies"
I never want to birth anything. I decided a long time ago that if at some point I developed an undying motherly urge that I couldn't fight off then maybe, maybe I would adopt. At this point on the planet breeding is just kind of shitty and selfish, seeing as there are gazillions of kids who have no family already. I'm not anti-family, I think family and community are infinitely important things that should be embraced and developed and viewed as something essential, but as far as actual procreation? For the most part when people I know birth their own children all I can think is "have you forgotten who you are?" I do think it's a good idea to adopt or have foster children, I do think it's possible to raise radical, liberal minded children, I just don't understand why you would bring more kids into this world when there are already so many.
And as far as marriage goes I find it really lame and tacky that straight people who are all about social justice and equality go and get married when all the gays don't even have that right in most of the world. Just because you have an open marriage or you played a stooges record at the reception or all the food was vegan doesn't really stop the fact that you are participating in upholding legal lameness. I mean, my parents have eternally made it very clear that the main reason they got married was to have kids, and there's all this legal stuff involved w\ child rearing (sickness, death, taxes, whatever) that's easier if yr. married rather than not, they're still together and happy after thirty whatever years, they just see marriage as a legal mechanism rather than some expression of love or bonding under god or whatever else. And my mom still gets bullshit all the time because she didn't take my dads name, but that's another thing entirely. There is no need to get married really, save green card marriages or unless you really do plan to procreate or adopt. Other than that, it's this weird symbolic thing. And I want the gays to be able to get married in the sense that it's unconstitutional for them not to be able to, but in reality I think marriage should be abolished. It should just be converted into a purely legal mechanism, and the word "marriage" should be emancipated of any legal meaning and just given back to the religious right so they can keep their holy, sanctimonious, meaningless "special" thing. You know, separate church and state.
Basically, it's easy to feel safe and get comfortable and get stagnant and forget what you're up against, it's easy to so deeply become part of yr. little microcosm and forget that there still are things to get pissed about. If you live in a little utopia where everyone is on your side it's easy to not call people on their bullshit, it's easy for your rebel phase to reverse into mainstream assimilation.
Just saying.

marissa@punkymagic.com

The first zines that I picked up—at least, the first that I specifically identified as *zines* and not magazines—were **Dirge** #3 and **Cliché and Disgusting** #1. Both were done by local kids slightly older than me, and I'd never before or since seen other issues of either. They both had cut and paste layouts that made up in attitude what they lacked in content. The themes—"fuck the poseurs", "fuck the jocks", "fuck MRR*"—all seem like ancient concerns, but it's a snapshot of small-town teenage punk life in 1994.

I couldn't really identify*, but the revelation that anyone could grab an X-Acto blade, a stack of old magazines, a typewriter, and some glue, sneak off to their school's photocopier, and publish their writing marked the genesis of a new hobby. Armed with MRR's "Between the Lions," and a stack of $1 bills, I would dutifully send away for any publication that sounded interesting. At record stores, I'd rummage through milk crates tucked away beneath record racks (most people don't care much for old zines full of out of date info, but for me these were goldmines). Every so often I'm motivated to break out the rubber cement and see what I come up with but rarely am I pleased. Deep down I know that I'll never quite be able to match the awesomeness of the zines that have inspired me in the first place. So this time around, I'm just going to wax poetic about a few that I feel are evidence of the medium at its best.

*Dirge asks the tough question, "Do you ever wonder why MRR says to send two copys [sic] of your bands release?" and later confesses "I think the more I do this zine the more it turns out to be like Maximum Rock N Roll and that is scary."

*A 120 Minutes watching, Nirvana listener I may very well have been part of the problem.

DESTROY WHAT BORES YOU

ISSUE no. MRR

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I'M LOOKING FOR OLD ISSUES OF: SLASH, SLUSH, FLIPSIDE—ESPECIALLY THE 1979 CALENDAR, IDLE TIME, SLUGGO #1, HYMNAL, WILD OATS, XIPHOID PROCESS, SILK TEEN CONFLICT, BRAIN TRANSPLANT, ETC.

TEXAS

For my money, some of the best music ever recorded came out of the Lone Star State in the period immediately following the Sex Pistols US tour*, and right behind the bands was a mountain of equally brilliant flyer art and fanzines.

*Texas and New Orleans were littered with great bands formed in '78 surely influenced by seeing the Pistols. so it's curious that Georgia and Tennessee can't make the same claim.

Sluggo Likely the product of divine intervention, **Sluggo** is—in terms of content, layout, originality, and overall cool factor—as good as it gets. The editor surely had a hook-up at a print shop, a gift that he fully embraced with his multi-color printing, Slugmates pull-out centerfolds (i.e. a half naked Ty Gavin of The Next), and, in the later issues, spiral binding. The zine had a run of 6 glorious issues (plus 1981's **Jokes For Jerks** calendar*) documenting the local and national punk scenes with spot-on reviews, humor, and insight. The author ended up in San Francisco and the last issue wasn't as music driven as the first, but in any era, **Sluggo** is a masterpiece.

*I love punk and zine related calendars. The one I really, really want is the 1979 Flipside calendar (my birth year). Anyone got? I started planning a DWBY calendar in 2002 but that hasn't happened yet.

Idle Time Full of quick write-ups and reviews and decorated with his great photography and typewriter text where letters sometimes flow all over the page in a crooked, jagged mosaic of letters, this is teenage punk enthusiasm at its best. Some issues are archived at www.wedigdixon.com.

Xiphoid Process Issues are short and sweet, full of great layouts and clip art. The zine was done by Control Rat X, designer of some of my favorite flyers, including those for Bodily Funktions (a band that existed only on his flyers).

NERDS

I am not one of those who consider the mid-late 80s as musical dead years, and I certainly don't find zines of the era without meri **Conflict + Offense Newsletter** were two of the best. Crammed with text and assembled by folks who know how to write, these are smart, funny, sarcastic, and came out often enough that they were full of up to date info on releases, gossip, and whatever else you needed to know. Their open letters section and equally sardonic audience led to constant great riffing on the authors and back and forth banter.

Then there's **Forced Exposure**—no charming layouts but written by the smartest folks in the scene. This is where you come to get schooled, have your eyes opened to the greatest music you've never heard. Who else was writing about Vertical Slit in 1988? Has anyone since? Thousands of reviews written by guys who've heard it all and have great taste—if FE said it was good then it's worth checking out.

TRASH

Superdope Immersed in a great and overlooked local scene—with now legendary bands like the Icky Boyfriends and Monoshock—and schooled by FE, Jay Hinman had great taste and great timing. **Superdope** not only documents some classic music in real time, but he's writing about (and turning his readers onto) bands like Spike in Vain, Red Transistor, Solger, and the Electric Eels. Jay's still at it in '09 in cyberspace; check him out at detailedtwang.blogspot.com.

Pure Filth Flip to the reviews section of MRR and read a few penned by (SW). Now imagine a zine full of that—before he'd mellowed with age—about bands like Supercharger and the Mummies as they were first starting up. Obviously, every issue is a classic.

Sooprize Package I've only ever seen one issue, but it's a good'n. The coverage overlaps a lot with **Pure Filth**, only written in England and with more of an international scope of bands. The writing is funny, in-the-know, and full of attitude; the issue that I have has well done interviews with Supercharger, The Statics, and a "Make Your Own Rarity" step by step on how to turn your copy of the Mummies "Play Their Own Records" into a one of a kind test press by making your own "Test Press" labels.

Oh, but there is so much more and I am out of space without even mentioning anything from recent years or from non-US countries (**Sooprize Package** notwithstanding) or from the prolific first years of the worldwide hardcore scene or so many others. I am looking over my zine library wanting to mention **Scam** or **Slash** or **Blatch** or so many others. It's amazing to think of how varied and how brilliantly people can document their scenes and ideas when they take it upon themselves.

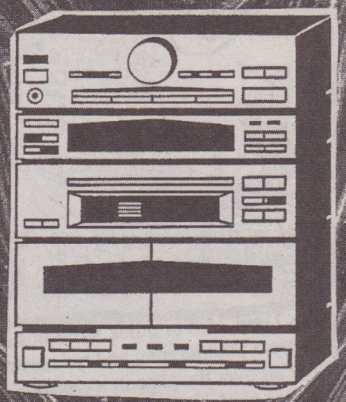
GO START YOUR OWN ZINE!

THIS ISSUE'S PLAYLIST: TOMMY JAY'S "TALL TALES OF TRAUMA" LP, CRAP DETECTORS "VICTIMS OF THE MEDIA" LP, DEAD MOON "UNKNOWN PASSAGE" LP, HALF JAP "CHARMED LIFE" LP, MIKE REID + QUINTET "ETYPORIATIS" LP, BRAT "ATTITUDES" 10"

MIX TAPERS DO IT BETTER

there are a few things you should know that (i believe) makes a great tape:

PREPARATION:
You cant just walk into a room and just decide to make a tape! You gotta be prepared! You need to be organized. Clean up the area around the stereo. You should have all your electronics involved in one general area, so you dont have to keep running to the other side of the room. While you're at it, get a really good pen. The kind that wont smudge, but wont force you to press down too hard for any ink to come out.



TRANSITIONS:
This is crucial. I will give myself a hard time everytime i hear a tape i made with a bad transition. Some bands are just IMPOSSIBLE to get a good clean transition from. I think SCHOLASTIC DETH is the worst band to make aclean transition from (the feedback gets me everytime!). Transitions can totally ruin the flow of a tape. Listen to the end of the song beforehand if you arent familiar with how the song ends. If the "dead air" between songs is really short, and you know you stopped it at the right part, DO NOT rewind it to listen to it! It will sound so awesome when you have the next song on and the two songs just flow into each othersmoothly.

MIXTAPE ART:
Before reading the book "MIXTAPE: The art of cassette culture" (by various writers) i never really thought of designing cool cases for my tapes. It's a nice way to put more love into it to show someone that you really did spend a lot of time thinking about them and the tape. What i like to do is take construction paper & cut it into theshape of the tape sleeve thing. Maybe add a funny picture from a magazine or a quote off a line in one of the songs on the tape.

It makes my day to find a mixtape in my mailbox! Dont be shy about sending one! Issues 1,2,&3 are $1 each. Screenprinted M.T.D.I.B. shirts are $7 ppd.

Karen H.
P.O. Box 6912
Grand rapids, Mi
49516

mixtapersdoitbetter@riseup.net

FAG SCHOOL 3+½:

A MEMO TO ALL FAG SCHOOL-ERS:

Sex is OVER. Last night, after a year of watching "Intervention" - to prove I could still feel something (ANYTHING) I let my roommate show me that "Mr Hands" dude gets fucked by a horse and dies movie. What a bummer! I couldn't wrap my head around it so I called the most sex positive fag I know. That was a mistake. The main problem with most sex positive fags is that as long as a hard dick is in the equation ANYTHING is justified. "What if the horse didn't mind?" he says. BULLSHIT. Everyone knows that horse-fuckers, by virtue, are TWEAKERS. (I guess) Those monsters! They probably gave the horse speed too! I tried to see it from the horses side. There had to be some point where that horse looked up and thought "Oh shit. I'm in a barn in the middle of Bum-fuck Washington, I'm on speed, and I'm barebacking w/ STRANGERS!" He was probably soooo sad! This is where I draw the line. I'm officially sex-negative. It's not so much that I think human/horse sex is wrong (or actully I do find it WRONG) it's that ALL sex is wrong. STOP IT. I thought about my six butthole infections (so far) my abandonment issues and the horse thing and knew that there was no other way. Sex is the new "gross" and Not putting out is the new "putting it in". Next time tell your boyfriend/fuck-buddy/cousin-by-marriage that you have a FUCKING HEADACHE. XO XO Brontez

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HEAVEN And The Holy City The New Jerusalem

He's fucking you int he ass for th third time this week, and you can tell that this time it's really gonne ☒ be a bleeder. He grunts and thrusts in the usual male manner, with lots of heavy nose breathing, and he's got his thick sausage fingers around your waist, one hand reaching vainly for your breasts. He thrusts and he thrusts for ☒what seems like twe eternities, and you breath a quick breath of r☒lief when he gives a great groan and shoots his seed onto your esophagus. He pulls out, lies down, smiles. You thankg od he's rich and fat and old and you excuse yourself to the bathroom. ¥☒☒x☒☒☒eYou plop down on the toilet seat, light a cigarette, and shit red. Cum and blood and green shit pour out of your asshole, and it hurts, but all thins considered, it could hurt a lot more. But it still hurts more than just shitting, so you have to distract yourself, and that's wheny ou find yousrself picking up the old issue of Shit Punk #5 you have hidden behind the Ajax underneath the sink. He never cleans so he won't find it, the maids can't read, and it's yours besides, so you read it again and again, back to front, cover to cover, rememberi when you were young and stole and smoked and cursed a fucked ¥ who you wanted and did dope and it was great, but things change and people change and you just don't have time for any of that anymore, all that noise and garbage, but you'd do it all again if you could, and anyways when it's 8 P.M. on a Thursay a Thursday in New Hampshire and you're shitting out an old rich Kikes cum, it's ☒ a decent escape.

¡OH!...

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I DO, SIR. I DON'T LIKE NORWEGIANS.

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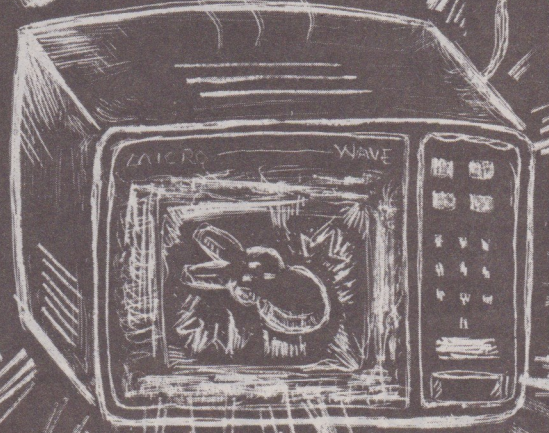

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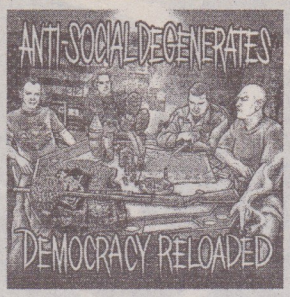

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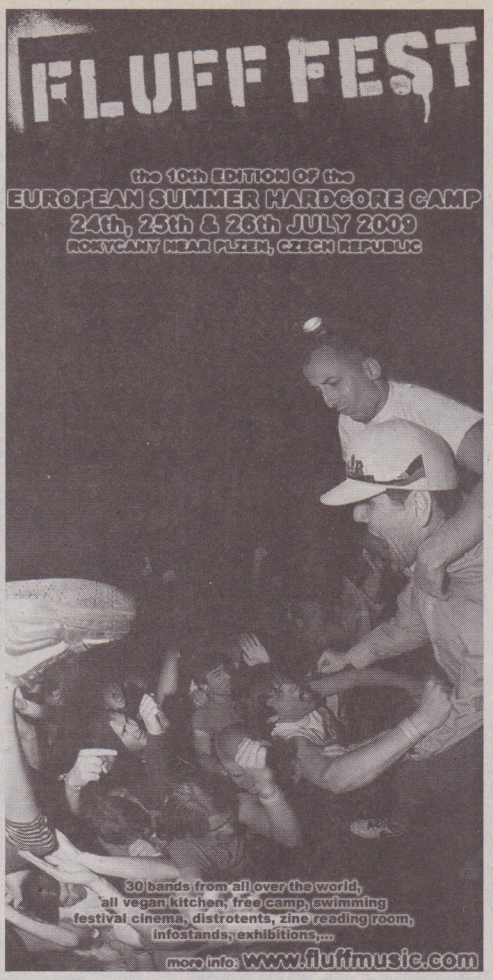

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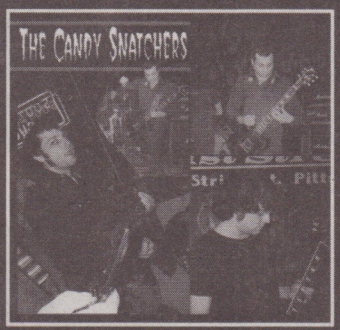

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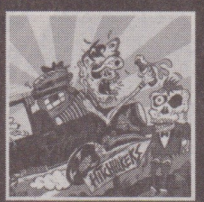

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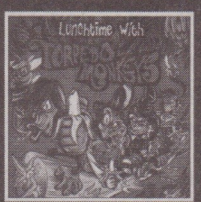

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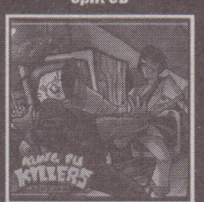

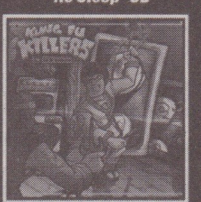

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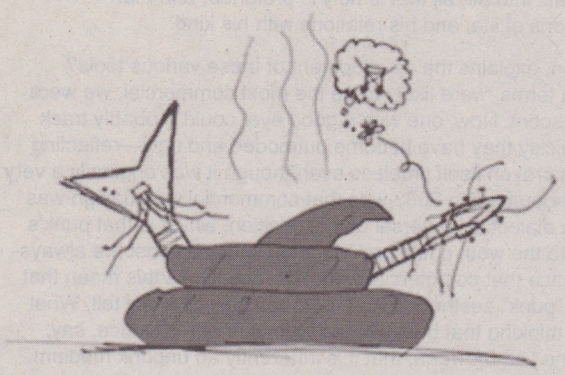


The Political Economy of Bad Music

Here is an interview with Stuart Schrader, about his online magazine *Shit-Fi* (www.shit-fi.com). Stuart wrote the fanzine *Disturbing the Peace* in the 90s and *Game of the Arseholes* in the 90s and 00s. He also was one of the organizers of the Fanzine Underground Committee on Knowledge (F.U.C.K.) and contributes to *Maximum Rocknroll*. Thanks to Alex Simon for help.

MRR: In *MRR #240*, in May 2003, you and four friends who also were writing zines at the time discussed the state of music zines in a roundtable. One of the points of discussion was the difference between print zines and "webzines," and all the discussants, including you, came down on the side of print. Now, your "webzine" has replaced the print zine you were publishing in 2003. What happened?

SS: Overall, I still agree with much of what I (and the others) described as the state of punk music zines in 2003. But within a short period of time, a great deal has changed. The first point I would like to emphasize is that I don't think the paper-versus-online question must be resolved into an either/or situation. It may be that the numbers of paper zines have declined and those of online zines have skyrocketed, but there is no direct link between these two statistics simply because most of the online zine writers, or bloggers, were not previously paper zine writers. So the framing question of the 2003 music-zine roundtable—"What happened to music zines?"—is answered clearly by saying that music zines may have declined in number from the 80s to the early 00s, but now the number of people writing about punk music has vastly increased in the online world. Because online zines and paper zines accomplish different things, we need to think about them separately and not as in "competition" per se. I know many people do see the two as competing, but that's the cruel perpetual hangover of capitalist/market ideology speaking and does not reflect some inherent concrete conditions. The two can coexist, hypothetically, either as one unitary project (a zine with a website) or as two separate projects by separate authors (a blog and a zine covering the same subject). One thing I have noticed is that people who wrote music zines in the 80s and quit are re-emerging online—and doing some of the better blogs out there. Also, I think, some bloggers have subsequently decided to put out zines for the first time as a result of their experience blogging, such as *Distort Hackney*.

I had originally intended *Shit-Fi* to be a paper publication complemented by a website, but it has not developed that way. In fact, now, although I do dream of compiling its articles into a book some day, the specificities of the online medium would preclude converting what I have already written into a paper publication without something actually quite tangible being lost. By this, of course, I am referring to the ease of sharing music online, which goes to the heart of why *Shit-Fi* exists in the form it does and what we discussants in that roundtable collectively failed to diagnose or predict in 2003. Back then, online music-sharing was still in its relative infancy, and it was dependent on file-sharing networks like Napster and Soulseek. Spurred by legal constraints, this form evolved into something so mind-blowingly basic that I can't quite understand why it didn't precede those services: websites like Yousendit and Rapidshare. These sites suddenly made it extremely easy to download full albums without the uploader using a lot of personal bandwidth or the downloader needing specialized software. Now, *Shit-Fi* does not use these services, but I do feel as though their emergence caused an enormous light-bulb to shine brightly atop spiky heads around the globe circa 2006. Suddenly, one could quite easily write about a certain record *and* give readers access to it for free. Today, *not* being able to find something online, even the most obscure rehearsal tapes, seems extraordinary. So the game fundamentally changed, and I am sure that many people today find paper zines lacking exactly because they rely on the writer's craft to evoke the music, which is actually quite difficult. The flipside, of course, is that there are legions of terrible blogs out there that do not contribute anything new to the conversation about music and share music the blogger himself or herself downloaded from another blog. To think that this sort of unoriginal garbage could replace the vibrant zine culture punk created and still maintains is farcical.

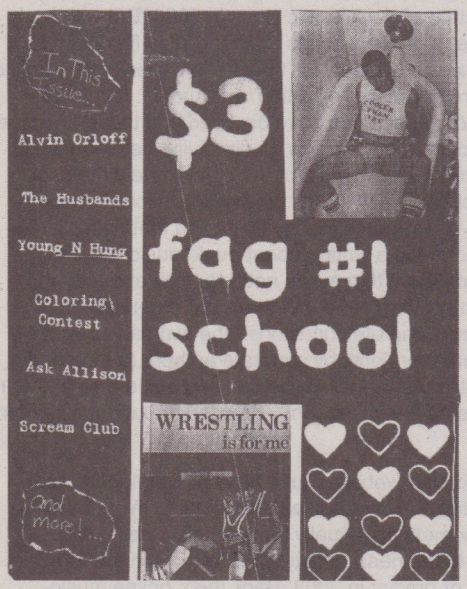
MRR: Why do you think you did not see this shift on the horizon?

SS: Because I wasn't thinking about "The Manifesto of the Communist Party." Quite clearly, the evolution of the web in a very short period of time proves Marx and Engels accurate. They famously wrote (and this is one of the finest paragraphs of writing in the history of humanity—and reflects their admiration for the achievements of the bourgeoisie):

> The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society . . . Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting

> uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real conditions of life, and his relations with his kind.

What, if not the constant revolutionizing of the instruments of production, explains the development of these various tools? When, in 2003, we argued that the finest websites of the day, in design terms, were likely to be the most commercial, we were not attuned to the rapidity with which these sites would become obsolescent. Now, one with a good eye could probably track the vogue design elements of 2003, 2004, 2005, etc., and note how quickly they have become outmoded and ugly—reflecting "everlasting uncertainty and agitation." Punk's aesthetic, writ large, has proven itself timeless even though it was originally a very specific, historically situated aesthetic reaction. So I think that what I understood in 2003 was that commercial web design was mostly something punk should have been rebelling against, but not the dialectical reversal of this position, which is that punk's aesthetic, translated to the web, could provide a continuity against the always-imminent obsolescence that commercial websites face. Does this mean that I think *Shit-Fi* has a "punk" aesthetic? Well, perhaps only time will tell. What we need to avoid is thinking that because the web cannot reproduce, say, the aesthetic of a zine like *Sic Teen*, that it is inherently an unpunk medium. Apples and oranges. Cider and glue.



MRR: Moments ago, you invoked the "vibrant zine culture punk created and still maintains." Didn't zine culture precede punk, and is it possible that it has outlasted its usefulness?

SS: It is certainly true that zine culture predated punk, but I would argue that the latent radical politics of affording the margins of the culture to speak and communicate with each other was made overt by punk. Punk, or perhaps more specifically, hardcore, emerged at a historical moment when the mainstream culture industry was consolidating with great rapidity on both micro and macro scales, and outsider voices, which had emerged in the 60s in many cases, were being silenced through cooptation/recuperation. One could write a thick tome on the details of this process, but punk, I think, can be seen as having drawn a line in the sand and saying, we're going to attempt to create something that cannot be recuperated. Did it succeed? Well, this struggle is still ongoing. In some respects, it did, and in others, it failed miserably.

I was just reading the incredible book *An Interrupted History of Punk and Underground Resources in Turkey 1978-1999*, which discusses the beginning of zine culture in Turkey. It actually came quite late, though still before any Turkish punk records were released. The functions zines served there initially were quite different from the purposes either *Sniffin' Glue* or, for that matter, *Game of the Arseholes*, served. The point is that it's a bad idea to paint with a broad brush when discussing the contingencies and tactics of something as diverse as zine culture. We cannot generalize and say that today punk zines have outlived their usefulness, even though their recuperation by the mainstream to which they were originally opposed may be nearly complete. Perhaps once every obscure hardcore record has been posted online and downloaded, punk blogs will have outlived *their* usefulness—but that's unlikely. Will a queer zine like *Fag School* ever be recuperable? Never say never, but I doubt it. And, still, ever more marginal voices will always emerge. It is necessary to ask what we want to achieve and whether our tools are helping us achieve that goal—a very old philosophical idea of pragmatism! But the radical step is also to try to think very clearly—"to face with sober senses"—what the unintended consequences of our actions may be once we know that the conditions under which we live and create music and zines themselves are dynamic, as are the forces arrayed against us.

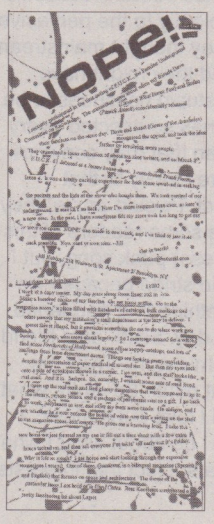
The fanzine culture that coalesced in the 1970s with *Bomp* and the Gizmos folks et al was instrumental in creating punk as we now know it (though not exactly "intentionally"), but once punk existed, the fanzine movement served a different purpose. The purposes must change. Furthermore, I think that even so-called "apolitical" punks who just wanna pogo with beer in hand need to realize that the perpetuation of the music they love cannot occur without some sort of communication network, but the

network blogs and message-boards afford has specificities that lead to certain types of musical production and circulation occurring. One is tempted to theorize that the "thrash revival" of the early 00s was as contingent on the media of idea-exchange (ie, backward-looking music zines) of that moment as the "weird punk" moment of recent years is on the availability of myriad obscurities with the blog explosion. As punks we need to be highly aware that no one is in control of our destiny but ourselves, but we are also responding to conditions that exist outside of ourselves.

MRR: So what are the specificities of *Shit-Fi* as you see them? Why do this site and what are your goals?

SS: *Shit-Fi* has pretty much the opposite approach to *Game of the Arseholes*, which was intended to be quick and dirty, whereas S-F is intended to be as in-depth and thought-out as possible. (There are other differences, of course, in subject matter.) My goal, though it is often impossible, is for the articles on the site to the definitive articles on a given subject. The web allows one to publish extremely long articles at no extra cost, unlike with paper—though even I, as the writer of long articles, hate reading long pieces on-screen (big conundrum!). Beyond that, as I said earlier, with the web, it is easy to make extremely rare and obscure music available to readers with downloads. But mainly what separates S-F from many other websites that make obscure music available is the writing that accompanies the music. Therefore, I want to offer the music as a complement to the writing (not the other way around). On the other hand, many people listen to and think about music in weird ways that are highly conditioned by unreflective presuppositions (that's one definition of ideology, I guess). As a result, even with the music easily available, listeners are not necessarily going to grasp what makes the music worthwhile. So I believe it is important to combine the availability of music with critical thinking; there is a two-way relationship between the availability and the critical writing in which each supports the other.

And I think that many of us, even the most ardent LBS&A types, have internalized profoundly anti-punk ideological propositions. It's almost impossible not to do so because everywhere one looks, there is a story about punk being told that has absolutely zero historical accuracy and that heaps all manner of projections about the story-teller (rather than about punk) upon this history. Here's a quote from something I wrote in S-F: "The Shit-Fi project is premised upon the notion that traditional punk historiography is fundamentally not punk. It focuses on the stars, reproducing the dichotomy between artists and fans against which punk militated. Most likely, anyone reading this has already faced real conditions (with or without sober senses) and defenestrated *Lipstick Traces*, along with a hundred other more-or-less inferior but less philosophic attempts to tell punk's history. . . Historiography conditions the way we listen to music, even if unconsciously. Context is everything. In the end, most will say that music is music and it has objective qualities that render our judgments of its value timeless. Of course I don't believe that to be the case." Now that the web has given us access to punk's archives, so to speak, there is no reason to believe the false stories we have been told and have been telling ourselves. We can go to the primary sources with ease. To head off any criticisms that may be laid at my feet, S-F does not—I repeat, does *not*—ascribe political views to the participants in punk; instead, it interprets the aesthetic choices and unintended consequences of the actions of the participants through a historical-materialist lens.



The point is that I hope S-F shows people that there are ways to listen to music that, however based in consumption they may be, are ultimately thought processes. The paradox of thinking hard about really shitty music that was produced with total reckless abandon is exactly the point of S-F. If one can think hard about one-off DIY crap, one can think hard about anything. Moshing hard is a separate issue.

MRR: You talked about the aesthetics of web design as something about which your views have changed. Can you elaborate in terms of *Shit-Fi*?

SS: With this site, I am conscious of the layout, and I believe that beyond the writing itself what sets the site apart from other punk/music websites/blogs is its attention to visual aesthetics. When I created fanzines, I had zero ability to produce good-looking layouts. They were totally utilitarian. The key ingredient for S-F is my pal Jill, who produced some of the coolest (and best-looking) zines of the early 00s, such as *Nope*, *Chicken Bone Circuit*, and *Trash Faction*. She is a professional web designer and has a great design sensibility, and she does all the design and layout of S-F. We work together to

decide how the site should look, but she does all the technical work. So I must give her great credit for enabling S-F to be the unique site it is.

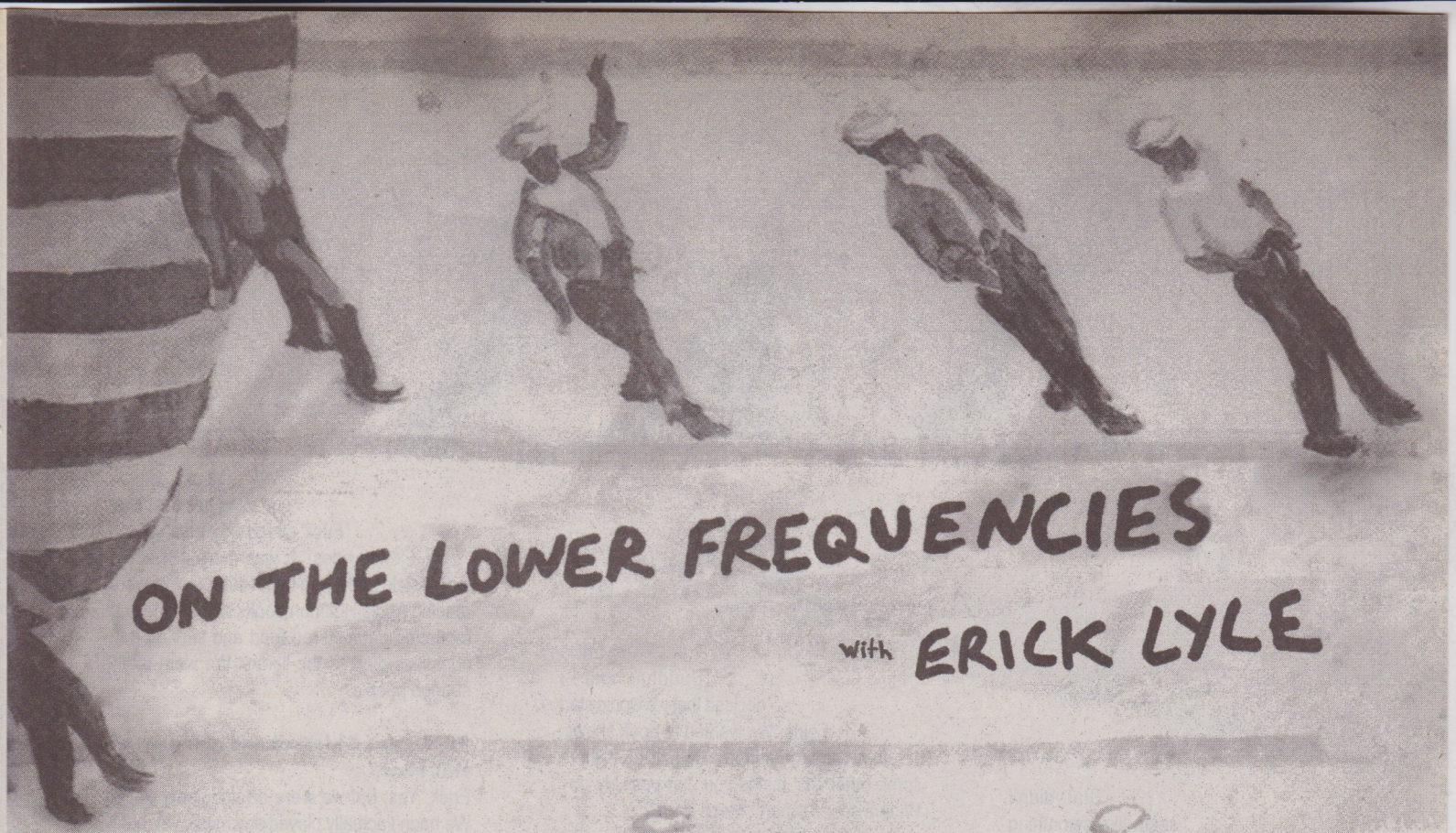
MRR: Many people have been lamenting the future demise of the record industry, with mp3s taking the place of records and CDs. I personally couldn't care less if big record companies die. As for smaller ones I've got mixed feelings but for the most part I feel like the bottom line is that music being free can't be a bad thing. People will always make music, punks will always create punk rock. Your thoughts on the situation?

SS: I agree. *Punk belongs to the punks, not the businessmen. They need us. We don't need them. Punk will never be dead as long as some of us refuse to be led.* True then. True now.

In some ways, it's irrelevant whether mp3s replace vinyl and CDs because so much music today lacks the uniqueness that is lost when it is converted to digital formats. In addition, little music produced today has ideas behind it that warrant lavish packaging a la Crass or Flux of Pink Indians, so the dematerialization of music does not entail much loss. It is easy to be dogmatic and say that punk was originally meant for vinyl so it should stay on vinyl, but maybe we need to rethink our values as the conditions change. I know that I fetishize vinyl, and I try to justify it (as you can see reading S-F) by pointing to its value sound-wise. But at this point I also feel like my record collection, as much as I love it, is an albatross around my neck and my addiction to buying records is detrimental to my well-being. Then again, I can't really envision changing my habits. Ha ha. Remember that the commodity, as defined by Marx, entails material and immaterial aspects, and this is one of the great paradoxes that theorists and artists have been trying to reconcile ever since. So although record companies are having difficulty figuring out how to make mp3s profitable because everyone *steals*, the social relationship of the commodity is not automatically extinguished by it becoming only digital. On the other hand, the producer of the zine is not the owner of the means of production (ie, capital) and neither is the producer of the blog—so don't jump to the conclusion that moving to the mediation of the web necessarily entails ratcheting up alienation the writer feels or something like that. However, I would be interested in a really astute analysis of the how and why sites like blogspot, owned by Google, use bloggers, punk or otherwise, as laborers to produce profit through the extraction of surplus value from these laborers under the veil of DIY.

MRR: Don't you feel strange about giving so much importance and writing so in-depth and seriously about a bunch of often stupid punk bands? Isn't it a contradiction to write academically about bands playing two-chords music with 4 words lyrics?

SS: In short, no! First, I don't see any problem with "contradiction": are we punx or mice? Seriously, contradiction is essential, and I'm always aware of it. Perhaps it does not come across to nonnative English speakers, but there is a level of irony in everything I write; it's just part of my personality. Second, I never will say something like "Band X did Y because of Z" unless I know it to be fact (again, except when I am being ironic). I am extremely cautious about differentiating between giving historical context and putting words in people's mouths. I think that readers sometimes mix up these two ideas, and some music "critics" fail to make this distinction in their own writing. Anyway, third, is it a "contradiction" to write a short song with simple lyrics about as complex an idea as war, or love? Few would argue that professional pop music critics should not analyze love songs, or that pop music should not consist of love songs, but somehow punks subscribe to this anti-intellectualism. Obviously, no one expects an in-depth explanation of war from a punk song, either. What we expect is a simple, emotionally charged expression about war. But describing this expression is not always so simple, and that is what I try to do. Also, a lot of what I write revolves around very basic accounting of what version of a song appeared where and which sounds better, etc. That effort may become complex (check my Diatribe review, for example), but it's not "intellectual" or "academic." Fourth, look at something like Marcel Duchamp's "Fountain": this is the most simple piece of art ever, but dozens of books have been written about it. Just because the artistic expression appears simple or even stupid initially doesn't mean that there is not a lot to say about it. Fifth, you need to historicize before you ask this question. The two-minute, three-chord punk song has become a trope that has possibly outlasted its historical utility as a piece of rebellion, but in 1977 to play inept, simplistic, stupid music was to react violently to the pervasive music of the day. Punks did not play that way because they were stupid. They played that way because they thought mainstream rock was stupid (they were right!), self-indulgent, and soporific. They wanted to reinvigorate pop music, and they might have succeeded for one shining instant before the mechanisms of recuperation began their work. Today, being stupid continues to be the mainstream's primary mode in music, but I must say that anti-intellectualism is rabid in general, and it has so infected every aspect of American culture that even punks have signed on. They don't even know why they do it other than that they convince themselves that they do so because punk was once anti-intellectual. Turning punk into religion, they adhere strictly to that dogma. The irony, of course, is that punks also think that they are being rebellious in doing so, when, in fact, I would argue, they are ensuring the maintenance of the status quo (in various realms both within and outside music). I'm sure some readers of this will scoff at this accusation, but, hey, ideology's a bitch, right? Sure I love the two-minute, three-chord (or less) punk song, but I also have listened to enough punk to know that this is a stereotype used to demean punk. We can take it in stride because we have a sense of humor, right? Well, until we start believing this stereotype and it starts to ruin punk—something that happened almost immediately (read any history of early Los Angeles punk for proof) and continues to happen to this day. Sixth, as a friend of mine once said, if you think that what I'm writing is "academic," you obviously haven't read much academic work. Trust me, although there may be similarities, what I write in my academic life is quite different from what I write about punk. Seventh, what's most important to me is that my writing gives me pleasure. I love to write more than any other activity, and I love punk music. I cannot help thinking the way I think. It's not my problem if people don't believe I should be writing the way I do about what I what I love—it's their problem. Really, if you don't enjoy reading good writing (assuming my writing is good) on a subject that interests you, I feel sorry for you.



ON THE LOWER FREQUENCIES

with ERICK LYLE

MRR: Do you remember the first time you saw something that was like a zine or a pamphlet, a noncommercial, underground piece of writing? What did it look like to you at the time?

Erick: I thought from a pretty young age that I would become a writer. I enjoyed writing in school even really early on. Like when I was seven or eight, I was always writing stories, but there was a period in my early teens when I was running away from home a lot, having a lot of trouble with parents, and randomly living on the streets here and there. I started to fail out of school, which hadn't been a problem before, and I started to think that I'd fucked up my life in some way where I wasn't going to be able to become a writer anymore—because I wasn't going to finish school, and, that I would need to go to college to "become a writer." But then somehow I happened upon a Hunter S. Thompson book that I cheerfully shoplifted from the mall, and I was reading this lunatic tale of crime and drugs and stuff, and realized, "Oh, OK, I actually already am a writer. This is awesome."

That was before I was a punk rocker. It wasn't until a couple of years later that I was into punk rock and seeing zines. There weren't a lot of zines coming out of South Florida, but finding a *Maximum Rocknroll* actually was a pretty big deal, and we found it in a chain store, so that's something to consider—that sometimes in a small town you gotta find the punk rock in a chain store. This was probably 1988, and me and my best friend Buddha thought that we were among the last remaining punks on earth because there were no other punks in South Florida, and all the bands that we liked, like Black Flag, the Descendents, Hüsker Dü, the Minutemen, they had just broken up right before we got into punk.

We had seen the Circle Jerks, and 7 Seconds, but somehow something was missing, so when we found this *Maximum Rocknroll,* we were like, "Holy shit, this magazine is full of demo tapes; there's a whole world out there," so that was a pretty big deal. But the first zine I saw that really influenced me was a couple years later, probably in 1990, when I left my parents' house for good and ended up at the Ft. Lauderdale Punk House. My roommate Chuck Loose was making a zine called *Get Loose*, and it was all about scamming, dumpster diving, bumming around town, graffiti, and stuff, and I was like, "Hmm, OK, this is cool. I can do this."

MRR: When you were a kid did you have books in the house? Did your parents encourage reading, or was it something that came to you more in school?

Erick: My parents did encourage reading. They read to me out of the encyclopedia every night before I went to bed. They read to me about the presidents, I remember, pre-kindergarten. I don't know what was up with that, but I do remember getting to school and in first grade and we all had to read in front of the class. I knew so much more about reading than everybody else in the class that I was completely embarrassed, and I pretended not to know how to read as well for a while because I could tell early on that if you knew things, you were gonna be ostracized, and I probably even knew what that word meant then, so it was a bad scene. At the end of the year I won some "Most Improved Reader" award because I'd been lying the whole time.

But when I saw *Get Loose*, I was like, "Oh, we can just publish right now! Ourselves!"

Interview by Arwen Curry

That didn't seem like something possible with *Maximum Rocknroll*—that was some magazine that took place in California that we got in a chain store. Up until that point I was still writing pretty avidly about my experiences, but didn't know how to get stuff out. I did have this weird gig at a college newspaper. When I first got kicked out of my folks' house for good and I was living on the beach in my hometown, all the kids on the Florida Atlantic University newspaper had quit because of some disagreement with the administration and then, off-campus, they had started an independent version of the school paper that they were publishing. They were hiring people who weren't students. I went in there and got a gig as the music columnist *and* political columnist, even though I hadn't even graduated from high school and I was seventeen, homeless, and living on the sand. I got paid some crazy amount, like eight dollars a story, but it was money, and that was encouragement.

I wrote three columns about the Gulf, and when I went to write the fourth one, the editor was like, "Hey, man, you can't really write about the war again this week, it's a real bummer," and I lost my column. I had thought that I was about to be part of the mass student uprising that would rival the Vietnam era, but I could see that it was sadly a different generation that I'd been born into.

MRR: When you first decided to do an issue of your own zine, how did you go about it? How did you pay for it?

Erick: Buddha and I decided that we would start a zine. We wanted to book shows, do a band, do a label, do a zine…is there some other DIY things you can possibly do? Write a scene report? Make flyers?

We started working on the zine really avidly to document the life of petty crime that we were living there in Ft. Lauderdale, like dumpstering and pasting up anti-Gulf War flyers around town, stealing stuff, just whatever, having fun. Then Buddha kind of dropped out of it. He had wanted to call it *Reagan* or *Scam*, and *Scam* seemed really appropriate, since that's what we were doing, and it kind of defined the theme a little more too. I ended up just spending a lot of time sitting and working on it. It was real fun just cutting and pasting and stuff, and Chuck stole all his photocopies from Office Depot, which was then kind of a new thing, so that's what we started doing. The dishonor system. My mom worked for Office Depot for seventeen years and they totally fucked her over. She was completely shit on every second of her life there, so it felt nice to steal from Office Depot. Still does.

MRR: With this first issue, did you think of it as a contributor zine or did you see your writing being prominent? What was the format going to be?

Erick: We felt like we had a really cool scene in a small town that people wouldn't come to—no one wants to go to the bottom of Florida because you have to go all the way back out. You can't get bands to come, and I think we had a lot of pride, like "We're having a great time down here…" and we wanted to get that out. So there was a little bit of a chip on our shoulder too, like, "Fuck everybody else, South Florida rules!" It was more just about the lifestyle and trying to get that out. We were reading Abbie Hoffman books at that time and reheating dumpstered food and serving it to homeless guys at the library. We were really strange people.

MRR: Was Chickenhead going on at this time?

Erick: Yes, but we were an imaginary band. We hadn't actually played any music yet, but it was all planned out; it was going to happen. It was hard to get everybody in the same room, but when we finally did play the first time, we played this party in south Miami, and we only had three songs, Buddha and me had written the songs with a drum machine, and then we asked Chuck to sing. The drum machine was called "Dr. Rhythm." We played this party, and Chuck broke all these bottles of peanut butter and started rolling around in it, and I was like, "Whoa, this is gonna be a cool band!" I had no idea. He hadn't told anybody what his plan was, and I was like, "Right on!" We played our set twice.

MRR: Did you feel connected to people doing this in other places?

Erick: Yeah, because Chuck had booked some shows, he had gotten some bands down there. We did a big Plaid Retina show. We got people's phone numbers somehow, and I spent a lot of hours drunkenly calling people across the country and trying to convince them that they had to come to play our town. So I was on the phone with

Illustration Luke Gerwe

Eggplant, or the guys in Christ On A Crutch, or I called Lance Hahn all the time and left messages—never even got to talk to him. I was like, "You gotta come out here! We're gonna do a comp record! Can you be on it? We're gonna do everything—a comp, a label, a zine!" That's how we met a lot of people in the Bay Area, like Green Day and Monsula—just calling people up and being like, "You gotta come to Florida. Don't you understand?" None of them came. Well, Christ on a Crutch came. They ruled.

what I did. I was really into South Florida and I (incorrectly) thought that it was an easier place in the Bay Area, that people that moved away to the Bay Area were going the easy route. But then a couple of years later, summer 1993 after Chickenhead's last tour, I was here in the Bay Area and was going to do some big California bike ride, but it fell through. I started hanging out and got really into San Francisco, and I decide to move eventually.

MRR: I don't know. I can't think of one.
Erick: Like Bukowski or something. *On the Road.* That whole punk rock life hasn't been novelized in a satisfying way for me.

MRR: Me neither. I was thinking also of the books about punk, which for some reason I stayed away from for a few years, and then kind of creep up on later.

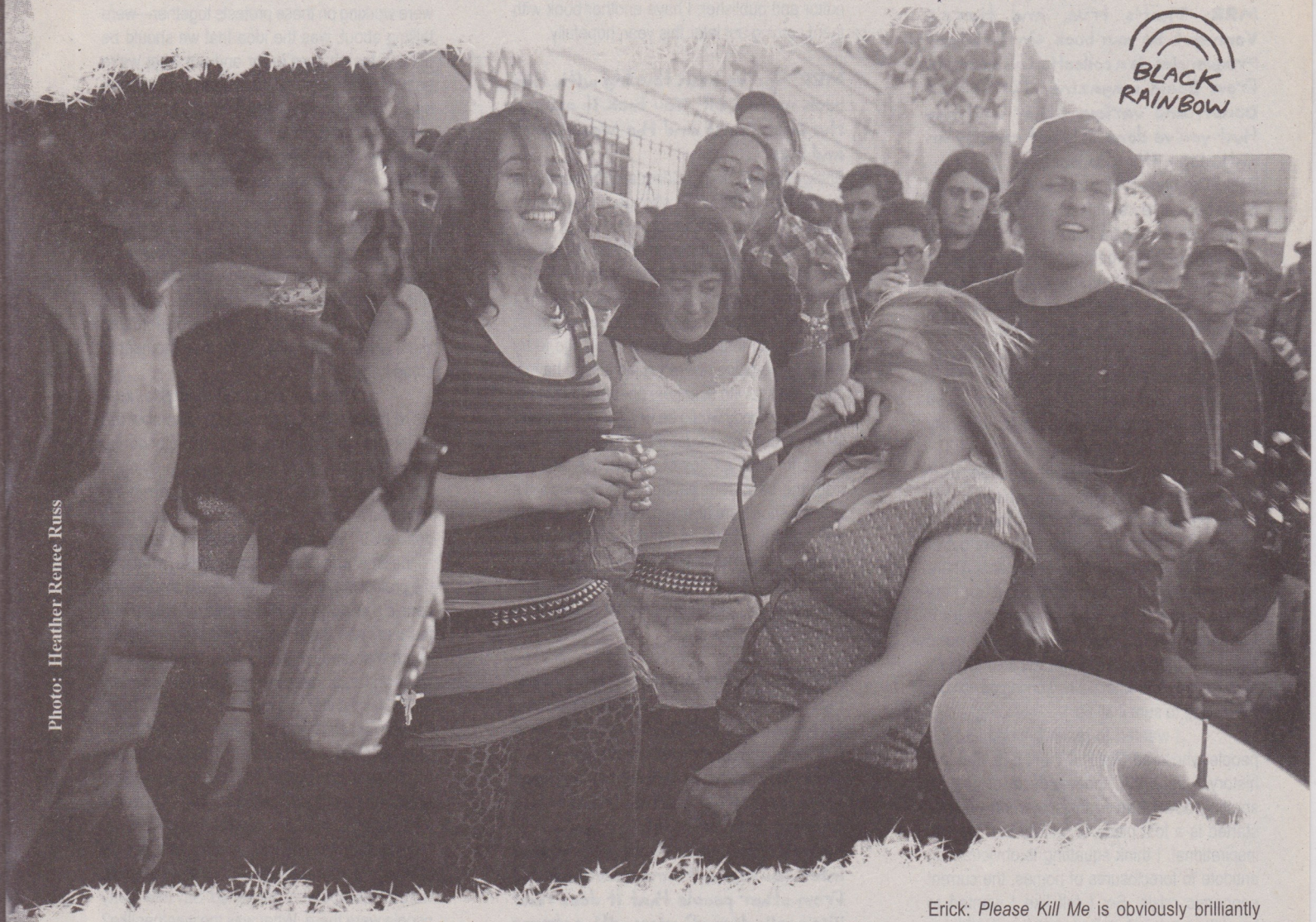


Photo: Heather Renee Russ

MRR: So you already had these roots set, this connection all the way across the country here in the Bay Area—what was the impetus for coming out for the first time?
Erick: Joey who drummed in Blatz came out and visited for a while and he played drums in Chickenhead for a little bit. Then he was going to go back to California to come back on tour with his band Jack Acid, so I thought that I would come out here and hang out for a bit, and then get a ride back. That was my plan, but he never told them that was going to happen, so it was a pain in the ass, but that's

MRR: Let me ask you a different type of question still relating to youth: A lot of kids in the punk scene, for whatever reason, don't get into reading. Maybe they read zines and stuff, but in terms of print, what would you recommend to someone who thinks that they don't like reading?
Erick: You probably gotta read all the Hunter S. Thompson books; *The Basketball Diaries*; what about Michelle Tea or something? This is a good question for you: has there been a great punk rock novel? I say no; I can't think of one.

Erick: *Please Kill Me* is obviously brilliantly conceived, and has become the editorial template for every other kind of cultural history book, because it was so well done. So that one was great, but it's not a novel. Books about punk, too, sometimes those are pretty sketchy, where you're like, *nuh-uh.*

I think that *Scam*, *Cometbus*, or *Doris*, zines that are aspiring to be better written, are good for younger punk rockers. If you're talking about making a leap, like, "How is literature vital to me? How am I represented in it? Where are the freaks in literature?"—that's kind of hard. There's that Lester Bangs book I read when I was a kid.

MRR: Yeah, I remember being impressed by his fantasy about James Taylor being pushed off a cliff, thinking, that is so awesome! Can you say that?

Erick: Because it's about rock and roll; it's about living outside of the system. Being an outlaw, something like that. Everybody reads *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* when they're a teenager; that was a big mall heist shoplifting book for me. I was like, "Yeah, this is awesome."

MRR: That's true, and there's Vonnegut. So your book, On the Lower Frequencies, is a collection of excerpts from Scam magazine, Turd-Filled Donut, and various other writings that you've done. It's not exactly an anthology; it's a collection.

Erick: The book is kind of like one half of the *Scam* book, it represents what I've been doing for the past ten years here in San Francisco: anti-war stuff, anti-gentrification, working on a skid-row newspaper, squatting. All kinds of crime in there, but kind of a more community organizing level in this weird way, and the squatting is prevalent. There's not the freight-hopping and stuff like that from Miami. That's all going to come out in another Miami *Scam* anthology, probably later this year. It will literally be reprinted from the zines.

With *On the Lower Frequencies*, I made the decision to type things up and to mix up the narrative. I wanted to make this bottom-up sort of history of the past ten years out of this writing, using the primary documents. There are repeating characters throughout, and the reader is able to see what's happening. It's a little more show not tell; the reader can put it together in their own mind and see the trajectory of everybody and what we're working on without me having to sum it all up.

I wanted to reach beyond just the people who read *Scam*. I think it is vital lost history. I think that thousands of protestors shutting down San Francisco when the war started is a lost piece of history that's pretty inspirational. I think squatting is obviously an antidote to foreclosures of homes, the current economic crisis. So, I felt like I wanted to have the book in typeface, to be as legible as possible so that the ideas could come across. Most people get that and seem to be into it. I've never been satisfied with the way that *Scam* looked entirely. I don't like it that you can't read it and that it cuts off on the Xerox edges and that it's illegible. And when the stories get longer, they take up too much space handwritten. They literally would be eight Xerox pages, and it becomes two typed pages, you know?

MRR: How was it to work with Soft Skull, your publisher? And how do you feel about the book and how it came out?

Erick: I love the way it turned out. I had full control over everything. Soft Skull served as a vital sounding board for ideas, but ultimately I was able to have a lot of freedom. For instance, I designed the cover of the book. I didn't actually construct it, but I came up with the plan and laid it out. An author never chooses their cover when they're working with a more mainstream press. An author seldom has a choice of their title, things like that. So I have a lot of respect for Richard Nash at Soft Skull. I think he's a great editor and publisher. I have another book with them coming out later this year, hopefully.

MRR: You've been touring with this book quite a bit. You took it around the East Coast and the West Coast and back…

Erick: Midwest, South, Canada. In bigger towns where I think there's a stronger independent bookstore scene, the crowds were really diverse age-wise, or not entirely punk rockers. I'm excited about that. Seattle was like that. I really love to go see people talk and read, but it's a difficult thing for me to do, to stand up there and do that, so it was a challenge to try to get into a place where I could just go have a conversation with strangers about stuff I'm into. I think everybody would be well served by trying to figure out how to get themselves across in public to small groups of people. It's different from the band tour because it's so easy. It's like, the shows are at seven instead of midnight, and no one is blacked-out drunk when you're reading, ever. It's all over in an hour, hour and a half, instead of like hours and hours of stuff, and you can just go hang out the rest of the night. It's real chill, you know?

MRR: In On the Lower Frequencies, the action is seen as it's happening, as opposed to looking backward. And it's not just your perspective—it's a chronicle of a community engaged in acts of creative resistance against gentrification, the wars, globalization, etc. There are enough interview segments and pieces included from other people that it does read like a collection of voices with a strong editorial slant on your side. In terms of the struggles that are being talked about in the book, what is the role of the writer?

Erick: In this case, with the book, I'm trying to collect a history of a community's efforts over a period of time, in order to make sure that those efforts aren't lost completely, and so that we can have room to reflect on what's happened, to encourage debate amongst ourselves about what worked, what we were trying. Or even about whether that history is valid, but just to keep it alive. Because other people that were involved certainly might have their own perspectives, and that's welcome as well. So I put it out there for our own benefit and also for the benefit of folks who aren't involved, for future readers, or even for distantly future readers, because there are tactics and ideas in here.

You mentioned that the book is against a lot of things, but also the book is for a lot of things. That's actually one of the main things that we as a community—the people who were working on these protests together—were talking about, was the idea that we should be fighting for what we're for and not what we're against. It's something that I come to again and again in the book—these sort of lost utopian moments, where we'll have some squat in downtown San Francisco for three months, where we're serving free food and having these amazing shows, and actually living the life we want on Earth for these ephemeral brief moments, and I think that writing and literature, whether it's fiction or nonfiction, creates a space where those ideas that are sometimes too fragile to survive in the light of day can live on dormant, like a virus, in print, waiting for their moment to come back.

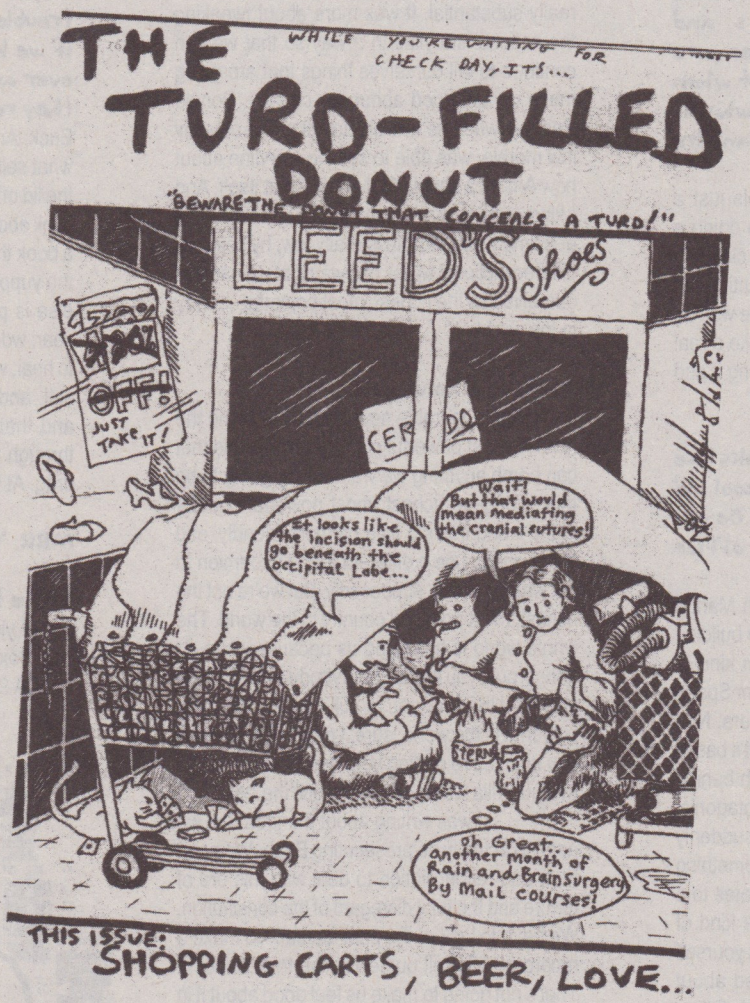
So that's important, and also, as a weird history freak, it's a way to talk about the texture of what life was like in this city during these historical eras, so if people are trying to put it together later, or research way down the road, they can kind of have a more satisfying description, you know? Because I do research all the time, and I'll try to research like, what was the protest like in 1991 when the war started and people shut down the Bay Bridge? What did that feel like? And there will be all these pamphlets about that time where it's like, "Last night we went and took over the bridge, because this fuckin' fascist war has gotta be stopped! These imperialists are trying to destroy our way of life! They're trying to destroy Iraq! This is not gonna be allowed!" and you're like, "Dude, what was it *like* when you took over the bridge? You're not really going to tell me? I can't believe it!" So, my message to the reader of this, my rant, a side rant, is: if you're writing history,use descriptive words. Describe what happened. Say how many people were there. What was the weather like? What did it feel like? What did you do, in what order? These things are going to be really important later. We know that the war is stupid and imperialist. What was it *like*? So, that's part of why I did this too.

MRR: In On the Lower Frequencies and in Scam, the actual people that were involved have a voice and come to life, and it brings the experiences to life, it makes them human, it makes them possible, as opposed to reading rhetoric or rant. And this is something about literature in general, and about books—when ideas are brought to life through the experiences of real people, they mean something to readers.

Erick: Well, you're right, and this goes back to the initial experience of discovering *Get Loose* and being like, "This is something I can do." I've definitely wanted to create that sense with *Scam* and *The Turd-Filled Donut* and now this book, that the kinds of things I highlight are ordinary folks just deciding to carry out an action. It's not like they answered a flyer from International ANSWER and went out to the protest march; it's like, "We saw an empty lot and wanted to turn it into a garden and we did." That's definitely part of the point, is that I want people to feel that they can do whatever they want.

MRR: A lot of your work with The Turd-Filled Donut, in particular, is very conscious of the press, of the role and the function of the newspaper. The Turd-Filled Donut is a pretty blatant satire in a lot of ways of the San Francisco Chronicle. Now the whole thing is changing. I think it was the New Yorker that reported that many cities are not going to have a daily newspaper relatively soon. I'm curious to hear what you think the function of the daily newspaper is, what it should be.

Erick: It's a good question. Well, just for the reader of this interview: *The Turd-Filled Donut* was a neighborhood newspaper that me and my friend Ivy started when we moved back to San Francisco in late '97, and we were living in welfare hotels on Sixth Street, which is kind of the skid row of SF. We wanted to put out a paper that documented some of the real community that existed there, and also some of the protest activity that did take place. Tenants' rights kind of things. We would steal newspaper boxes, repaint them, and put them out on the street with the paper in them.It was available for free in various social services agencies and hotel lobbies and stuff, so it was very much an attempt to reach as many people as possible. It might start a conversation or spread some news, to put out a different idea to the reader that they are part of a neighborhood. We were very conscious of the press, and I was pretty conscious about not printing articles that were unfair or fake or hearsay. I really wanted to be able to back if up if we had some kind of news story. I'd give the other side a chance to respond. It was almost by the book in a certain way, even though it had this crazy voice.



MRR: And Ivy went and interviewed the mayor, Willie Brown.

Erick: Right. We didn't present him in the best possible light, but it was all his quotes. That paper wouldn't have made sense if there weren't a context of community, of being in a city where there are defined neighborhoods. It was about taking people that aren't normally part of the debate and trying to give them a voice, because it's understood that there is this public place where we should be able to talk with everybody else. So what you're talking about when you're losing newspapers is a decline of that public space. Even though the newspapers are a for-profit concern, there's a democratic ideal behind it, that they're part of the place where everybody's going to be represented in some way. Even though we know that's not really true, it's a framework to even rebel against, you know? How are you going to rebel against that if it doesn't exist? It's a good question.

I don't think it's good for newspapers to disappear. Not just because I like them and the way they feel and crinkle. Not just because I enjoy the familiarity of the style of writing, even though it's full of fucking total lies and garbage. Not just because of my daily ritual, not just all that. I think it's because this country's misinformed about everything factually, and I have a feeling that the vast majority of the public is actually really interested in being deceived. Maybe even more so in a place like San Francisco, where there are so many alternative news sources, I think that people are going to seek more of the news that they want to hear. So on the one hand there's this paradigm of the newspaper that we've been rebelling against all this time because our voices are shut out of it and we think it's bullshit, but if people are going to their favorite blog to find out what the news is, and it's not even factual, whether it's far right or far left, what are we left with there? There's no ground zero to work from.

MRR: Self-selecting?

Erick: Self-selecting. People on the left don't think that's a problem because they automatically assume that their facts are more correct, but we're going to see in the Obama times that they're not. Electric cars are not going to save us. We're not going to make friends with the people in Afghanistan who want to blow us

up by just seeming nicer than Bush. These are fuckin' fictional narratives that we're trying to embrace to feel better about our country and ourselves. But what about the right? There's this vast population of people that think that the world is 10,000 years old, and that's just what they believe. So we've been saying that they're crazy and this is what we're up against all this time. Well, on the left there are also things that are totally lunatic? These false narratives that people on the left are embracing are actually really harmful—especially when they're used to, say, justify escalating a war in Afghanistan. And I just think that as there's less and less center of news, down the road, people are going to be more and more misinformed, and it's going to increase polarization.

MRR: Part of it, too, is that the reporters of the newspapers are accountable to their editors, and the editors to some degree are accountable to the public. But when you're talking about bloggers, what is their accountability? Nobody can fire them, nobody's editing them.

Erick: Or, are they even real? Is this just a persona? There was a guy who was doing a hoax McCain blog, all election-year, claiming to work for their campaign and just putting out all these total lies about McCain as if he was on their side, just like satires. It sounds like a real fun thing to do, but people are reprinting it and it becomes news, so I don't know.

MRR: So, unfortunately, it looks like you'll be moving out of your cool old 1905 office building downtown. Do you want to talk about your noir office and your love of noir fiction?

Erick: You're referring to my office on Market St. in a pre-earthquake San Francisco building that has this rad black-and-white film kind of aesthetic to it. It's like some kind of Sam Spade situation, and it is from Sam Spade's era. Noir fiction is kind of like muckraking fiction; it's based on the idea that there is a hidden truth behind the façade of daily life, so that the protagonist is either trying to find that truth or is suddenly brutally made aware of it. But there's something deeper that's going on. I think that relates to a search for history or my love of those kind of secret facts, and also it's about finding yourself represented in print, like we've talked about already a little bit. Because in the noir fiction you're more likely to see criminals represented, and the down and out side of life, and I feel like I recognize the places of the noir fiction a little bit more.

I'm from Miami, which is one of the city locations in the noir canon. Miami and LA are really huge in detective novels because they are places with these façades of sunshine and endless paradise. Palm trees and cruelty, that's what we used to call it back home. Underneath, there's this sordid world of poverty and crime. In a way, *On the Lower Frequencies* is a little bit of a noir history of the recent times of San Francisco, except that it's overtly political and idealistic. It's not that bleak, but it is a look at the underside, a look at history from the skid row.

MRR: You do a bit of writing for a living as well; you write book reviews for the weekly paper here. What have you been reading that you can recommend?

Erick: I was just writing about the new translation of Roberto Bolaño's book *2666*, in combination with the Chinese exile writer Ma Jian and his book *Beijing Coma*. I was writing about them together and about this election cycle we just went through. It is a time where we're looking for some real change, for sure, and as much as I admire the intelligence, temperament, and abilities of Obama as a person, I felt that a lot of the change he was offering up was not really substantial. It was more about tweaking the national storyline in a way so that we can continue to tell ourselves things that are going make us feel good about our country. Ronald Reagan, when he was elected at a time of really low morale, was able to sell the storyline about how America should feel good about itself. And I kind of think that Obama's brought that back at a time when morale is really low, by selling a different fictional tweak of a way that we can see ourselves as the richest, most powerful country in the world.

MRR: And honorable.

Erick: And honorable now. Instead of being the richest, most powerful country in the world that can bomb anything we want, we're going to be this strongest, richest, most powerful country in the world that's a little bit more friendly, and we're gonna use a different form of coercion to get what we want, supposedly. But we're not the richest, most powerful country in the world. The whole world is humoring us because we're so dangerous, you know? Everybody's like, "There you go, US, *sure* you're still the richest, most powerful in the world, sure; I mean, China owns you and you're getting your ass kicked in these two guerrilla wars, but you're still the best!"

I was writing about the idea that we need to actually be prosecuting Bush. We need truth and reconciliation to deal with this era of torture and the total disregard of the constitution. We have to look at the past factually to make a record of it, to tell ourselves the truth about it. That's not going to make us feel good about it in the same way. But it's a harder won kind of hope than just to embrace self-delusion. It would feel far more hopeful to really deal with these things truthfully and to say, "That's not what we're going to do anymore." That's what's so necessary, and as long as we put that off, things aren't really going to change. How that relates to Bolaño and Ma Jian is that I just felt they wrote these brilliant books that were about dealing with the truth of atrocity and really uncomfortable, difficult, grizzly truth—political truth. If political leaders and journalists are going to collude to create these storylines that are fictional, then the task of true memory is going to have to fall to literature. These foreign writers provide this really hopeful example to me. This is really incredible, this is against all odds, here is somebody really striving for the truth. So I recommend *Beijing Coma*, *2666*. On the noir front, I recommend Ed Bunker, who wrote the classic criminal memoir *Educations of a Felon*, and the prison novel *No Beast So Fierce*.

MRR: In particular the broadcast news is interested in selling stories that people want to hear. Reading a lot helps you understand how the world is being constructed around you, that people are writing the storylines. People are creating the narrative, and if you can't recognize that you're in trouble. We have a natural tendency, if we hear things over and over and over and over again, to believe that they're true.

Erick: And the storyline is also constructed by what sells. That's part of the book biz. You take the lid off of that, and it's too depressing to even think about. Actually, someone asked me to write a book that was like a *Scam* survival book for all the yuppies that are losing their jobs. Someone else is probably going to write that book this year; wdon't be surprised. It's what people want to hear, what's going on combined with what can sell, and it's such a cynical mixture, and that's what we have to slog through to find culture. That's a drag. At least blogs are free.

MRR: Yeah, for now.

Write to:
Erick Lyle
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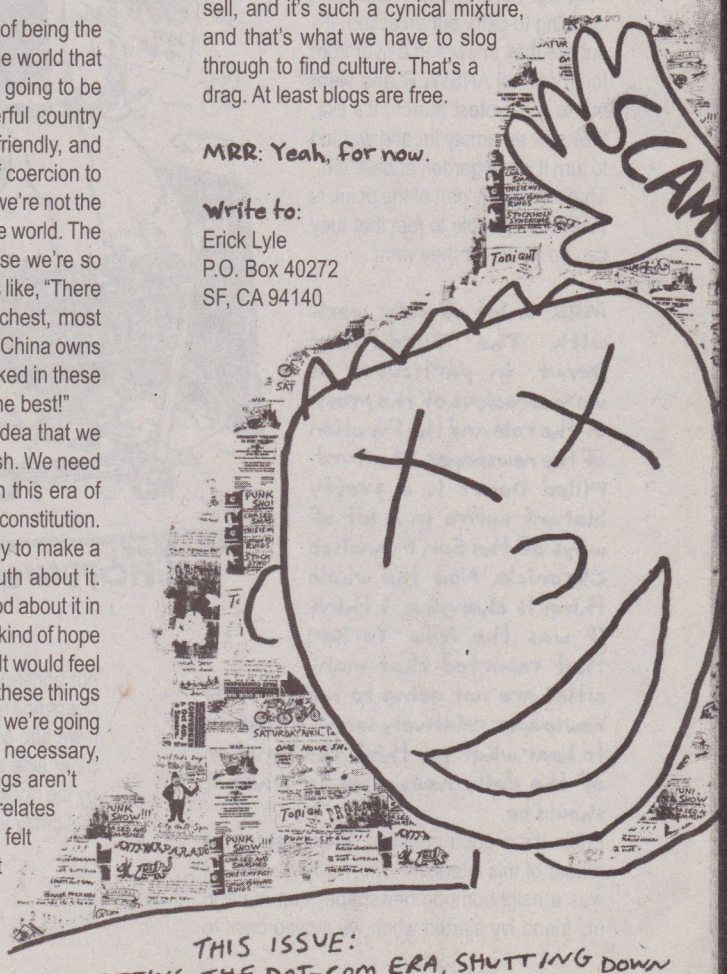

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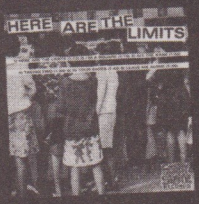

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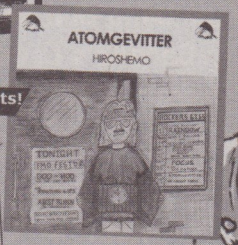

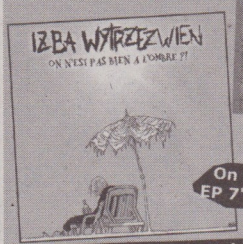

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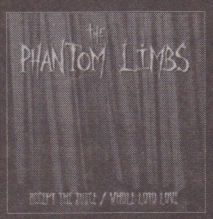

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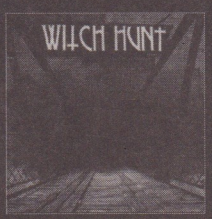

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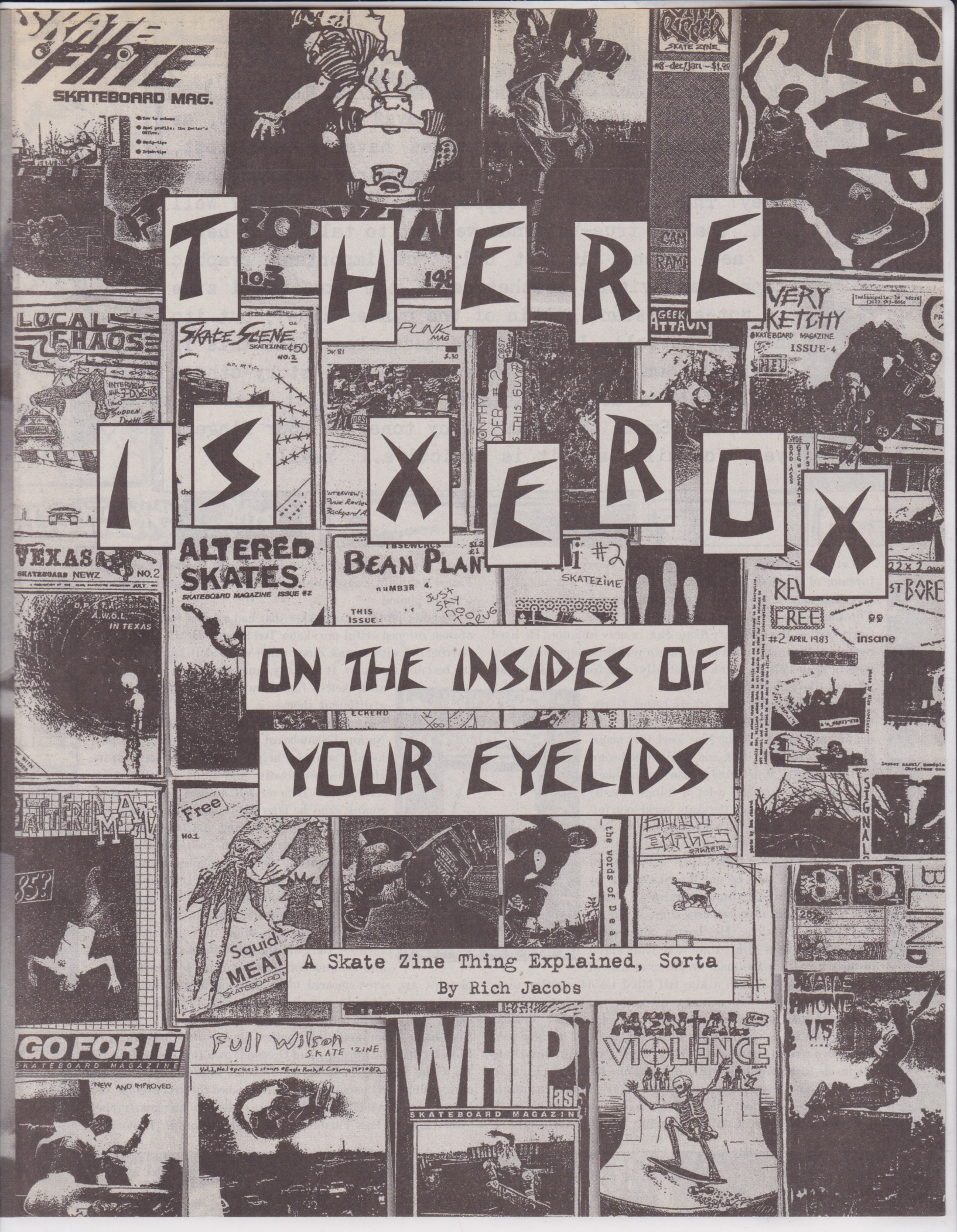


THERE IS XEROX ON THE INSIDES OF YOUR EYELIDS

A Skate Zine Thing Explained, Sorta

By Rich Jacobs

This is not another "good old days" article. But, as the readers of *MRR* know, zines haven't been lost, destroyed in a big fire, or disappeared somehow, have they? They never even stopped being made, right? Well yes, that is true-but what we want to talk about here, my new friend, is not only the important graphic impact and visual aesthetics of the skateboard zine (a not-so-distant cousin of the punker zine), but its history as well. It should be made clear that this is just my own personal version of the story-others could tell a different tale. So let's get into it, shall we? Smell the warm, itchy toner on your fingers yet? You will, and it is addictive... really.

Let's take a look first at a guy named Garry Scott Davis— inventor of the skate trick The Boneless One. He was one of the very first to heed the call in a new underground magazine called *Thrasher* to create a zine about his local scene. In early 1981, Garry birthed the legendary *Skate Fate* in near isolation. He lived in Ohio at the time— not a place known yet for its happening skate spots or skate culture. But a lot actually came from there, including pros like Rob Roskopp, Jinx, etc.

There could have been others before Garry, though it's difficult to say. It doesn't really matter. (I know *Zoo York,* the New York City magazine, was printed in 1979, and while it had some skating content, it definitely wasn't an all-skate zine. In fact, it included a lot of things— mostly graffiti.) Many others in the skate world soon followed: *Skate Fate* was the template, or at the least a very big influence and inspiration.

The thing that set Garry apart from a lot of other folks was that he did his *Skate Fate* by hand— for ten whole years, spanning 76 issues. The best part is that he still does zines, art books, and poetry booklets. He hasn't gone stale. Conceptually, some of his zines were years ahead of their time— one was made on different sizes of paper all folded up with a kite tail taped inside, another came already wrinkled up with no text at all on the cover photo of a very abstracted and cropped skater's leg, and yet another personal favorite was the issue that came with a real piece of the blue pool tile from a recently bulldozed Del Mar Skate Park bowl taped onto the inside back cover page with a drawing of a bulldozer next to it. Then of course there is the issue he let his friend and roommate Tod Swank edit, titled *The Full Ego Issue.* Garry did so much great work, the scope of which is baffling. His zine influenced so many— even Neil Blender (who did *Battered Man* and *Lump* with Lance Mountain) contributed drawings and J. Grant Brittain contributed photos.

Another prolific zine-maker that had a lot of influence is the aforementioned artful pro skater Tod Swank. He did many zines, starting out with *Swank Zine,* which was widely known as one of the best and most arty. It typically came with really raw, exaggerated, sketchy figure drawings, each issue taking on a different theme— a notable one being the *No Skating Allowed* issue, making fun of the NSA, or National Skateboard Association. Tod's great photos and scribbles helped *Swank Zine* stand apart. He was super creative and didn't take things too seriously, so it never felt uptight. In addition to *Swank Zine,* he later did *Scrap, Dick's Book, Hot Rod,* etc. All looked amazing, and Tod shared many of his new friends' talents as well, featuring them and spotlighting their art, photos, writing, and whatever else he wanted to put in there. That is how I gained exposure to many of these artists, as I am sure many others did. Thanks, Tod.

There were guys like Andy Jenkins in San Pedro— Andy did the great *Bend* zine, which was also monumental in terms of his advanced layouts, pictures, art, xerox-smeared manipulations, and music tastes. I would even say it had a sort of industrial feel. It kinda had it all, really. Andy's influence is definitely massive as well. Ask most zine people— they won't lie. Another big one was Florida's (then Boston's, then California's, now Oregon's) own Rodger Bridges. He did *Grim Ripper, Powerhouse, Dancing Skeleton,* and several other radical arty ones, too. He really pushed the art envelope, but kept skating as a motivator. Rodger was friends with photographer extraordinaire Dan Estabrook, who did *Contort* in Boston. In

Lincoln, Nebraska, Kevin Wilkins did *7 Zine* and Bernie McGinn made the xerox masterpiece *Tiki,* which almost looked like a mid-period Dischord release— rad photos and great use of the photocopier. Bernie kept the mystery alive with generated ghostly images. Later on he was in the band Sideshow and did Caulfield Records. The skate zine even spread overseas— Clause's *DeathZone* comes to mind, and Florian Bohm's zine, too, not to mention *Skate Muties from the 5th Dimension* and the ones that the guys from The Stupids did. The Radical Skate Society were all from Europe, too.

In high school, I lived in Denver, which surprisingly had its share of cool skate zines. My friend Chris Shary, who had just moved to Denver from London, and I skated together and both drew a lot. He did *Burly Obsession.* It was packed full of interviews, all done through the mail from the UK. He now does record covers, obsessively recreates awesome punk t-shirts by redrawing them by hand, and is a high school art teacher.

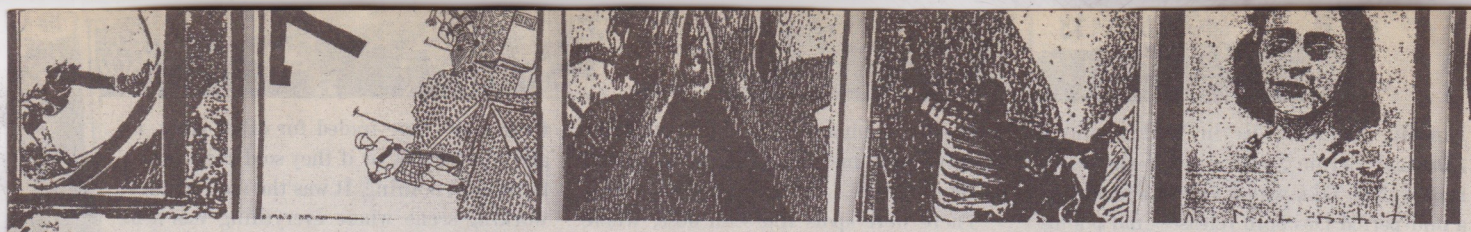
There were other hot pockets where it seemed like lots of folks were doing really great zines. San Diego was one such place. Jocko Weyland started his zine *Revenge Against Boredom* in a small mountain town in Colorado, but moved to San Diego for school. Phil E. (short for Esbenshade) did *I'm Your Momma*; Phread Conrad did *Gut Feel'n,* and (while living in Santa Barbara) *Crippled-Giraffe* zine with John Dettman-Lytle, maker of *Naughty Nomads*; Miki Vucovich, who by day was a staff photographer, did a great photo-heavy zine called *I Be Sompin.* Miki worked at *Transworld Skateboarding* mag with many others who did zines, such as J. Grant Brittain (*Air Zine*) and O (*Ten Foot Boneless*). Thomas Campbell's *Joke* zine was great, too. He is now quite well known as an artist and filmmaker. Some years later, Thomas' wife Tiffany and her sister did one of the first all-girl skate zines, called *Vila Vila Cola,* along with Lori D and Van. Later on in the '90s, Ed Templeton in Orange County did a lot of great zines— some of which you might need permission from a grown-up to read. Mike Vallely did some zines that were mostly poetic in nature.

There were spots like San Jose, where members of the newly blossoming skate rock scene like The Faction lived. Singer Gavin O'Brien and his brother Corey, a pro for Santa Cruz skates, did *Skate-Scene,* which had a long run as well. Bassist and pro skater Steve Caballero did the appropriately titled *Skate Punk* and later *Speed.* Ray Stevens did *Beefstreet* with Randy Burke. They all inspired Mark Waters, who did *Bail, 408,* and *Cominform,* and Rob Bingham did his *Bing-Thing.* Also great from that area were *Generic, All Fours,* and Chris Johanson's epic *Karmaboarder.* Chris has since become a very important American contemporary artist, but has kept all the radical, raw, humanist humor and charm he had back then. He is making some of the most challenging art installations out here in the world, and he did a skate zine. Hmmm?

Why have there been so many creative skaters who decided to make something and document what only they cared about, especially at a point when parents and society at large were pretty anti-skate? It is surprising to me even now, and I did the embarrassing titled *Skate-Edge* then, so I am not super "burnt," "pickled" or "gone," so to speak. I not-so-brilliantly mixed together my high school worlds: straight edge and skateboarding. Sometimes things got collaged together like that. I don't have an answer for the all-creative energy in skating, but I noticed it then, and still do now— it stands alone. It's a non-team sport, I guess. Try to think of another activity or sport that has put out anywhere close to as much creativity outside of the activity itself. It's difficult to come up with one.

It's important to remember this was all more or less done in a vacuum. Barely anyone was paying any attention then. Most of these zines were traded for other zines, or given to friends, or if they sold them it was for almost nothing. It was the mail-art networking scene where everything was sent through the postal system. Many of these zine-makers never even had a chance to met each other face to face. They were just pen pals who shared a real strong interest in both skating and hands on punk. Nowadays you can see their influence in many places, from Park Avenue design firms to high fashion droids that are clearly biting the styles. Lots of music videos and commercial images are in the same aesthetic. Movies, too— you might not have known that filmmaker Spike Jonze even did zines. Yeah, his was called *Stapled and Xeroxed Paper.* Of course, most surf, snowboard, and new skate companies still reference the style.

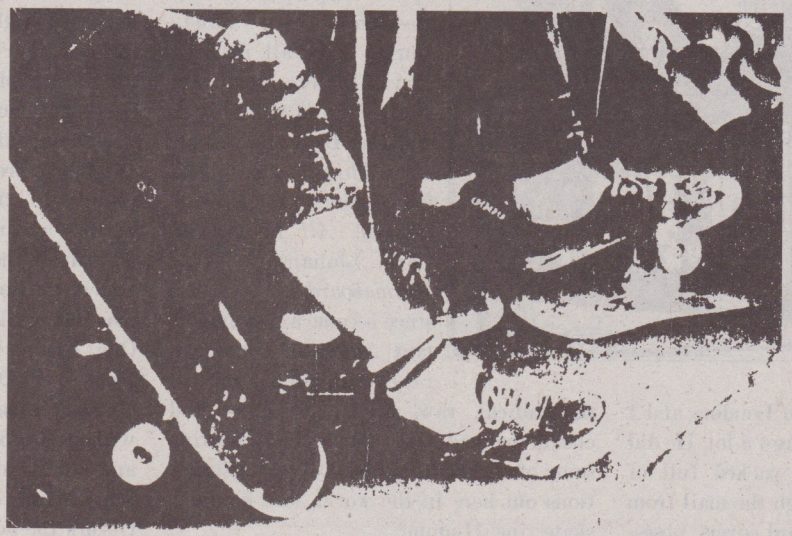
There were many skate punk bands, or groups in the so-called "Skate Rock" realm— a term credited to Mofo from *Thrasher,* who wrote the important "Wild Riders of Boards" column and did zines too. Bands like the Big Boys, JFA, Minus One, Drunk Injuns (who were not really from South Dakota as listed initially), Los Olvidados (same band as Drunk Injuns without Mofo singing), Free Beer (Tommy and older brother Tony Guerrero's band), Tony Alva's band the Skoundrelz, Steve Olson's the Joneses, and many more made up of skaters who also did amazing flyers, posters, and art. Some bands just had members who skated and were way into it, putting skateboards on their covers, shirts, or artwork, like Code of Honor— their bass player Dave Chavez is shredding on the 7" cover, I think. There were others like Agression, Stalag 13, Ill Repute, The Boneless Ones, Gang Green, Beyond Possession, Sudden Impact, and tons more. Photos of punks like Ian MacKaye and Henry Rollins skating in *Flipside* or the Necros in *My Rules* got lots of people excited about the skate and the rock. Tim Kerr and Biscuit from the Big Boys (not that it matters, but they were probably the first all-skate band— they started in 1979) made sure to tell everyone to "Go start your own band" from the stage and on their records. They played



at ramp jams and skate contests. Brian Brannon (from JFA, who were one of the other earliest skate rock pioneers) from Phoenix, AZ told people to *Bow To No Man* with the name of his skate zine.

These bands helped a lot of the skate punk stuff flourish. They toured, got kids really amped, and were heavily covered in a lot of the zines of the day. The "real" skate magazines like *Thrasher* and *Transworld* also helped to spread the idea of skate zines everywhere. It wasn't just in California— in the Midwest and the South and on the East Coast, you had some good ones, too: *Clueless, Harsh Vibes, Edger, Bodyslam, Disobedience, Scheme, Fun-zine, Oonni Flakesi, Chi-Town Shred, Local Chaos, Action Skates, Geek Attack, Wonder Rolling News, Underground Skatemag, Media Local, Holla Pero, A Skate Man, The Straight Edge, Monthly Rot, Skate-core, Ripper, Rusty Kitchen, The Glossy-Lapper, Skate and Annoy, Deathbox, SquidMeat, The Monthly Shredder, Altered Skates, Rolling Papers, Five-O, THC, The Words of Willy, Zoinks.* There was *Robzine*, done by photo genius Rob Ben, plus Susan Lapper's *Dancing Fish Press*. *Hardcore* was another good one, and *Contortions*, which mixed skating, BMX, words, and good layout styles, both from up in Canada— where, I might add, it is very cold.

By then, the whole Do-It-Yourself ethic was in effect. Kids either copied these zines on friends' copiers (or, if they were really lucky, their parents' work copiers), or pulled the Kinkos "selective method" (pay for just a few copies). Others who financed everything themselves probably lost a lot of money. Oh well— that was never really the reason to do one anyhow. Money was way on the back burner, if considered at all. I think that's why so many of them did not last very long. No one cared to charge much, or anything—



it was all just a massive labor of love. If you added it all up, it would never make sense to an adult anyhow (sorta like going on tour as a punk band without a record out). Let's just say it was for "other" reasons. If you have done it yourself, you know what I am saying: the experience is the motivator here. Little else matters; you just find a way to do it, and go for it.

Now here's the sermon part, or my advice as a fat old guy who still cares. Document what you care about. I am not saying go do a skate zine— unless you skate, of course. Find what you are passionate about and go make something out of that. Be creative— don't just be a witness or casual bystander. You have more than you know already stored up in your head. Tap into that, and don't make excuses for not doing something about it. You have been warned: it does matter. So don't gel. The time has come. Make a zine now. I'll trade you.

* * *

If you did a skate zine in the '80s, don't be too upset if I didn't mention yours. Instead, get in touch, and let me know about it: movezine@hotmail.com. I'm building a really strong archive of skate zines, and either I may not know about yours or just wasn't able to list it due to space restrictions here. I am putting out a book titled *There Is Xerox on the Insides of Your Eyelids* with the design help of Rodger Bridges (who also built a site called www.xeroxedeyelids.com), and put together a traveling exhibition that has been to five places already: Needles and Pens (SF), Nog Gallery (London), Andenken Gallery (Denver), Portland-Pacific Northwest College of Art (Portland), and Printed Matter (NYC). The exhibition will be going to Holland (the Glass Palace Museum), Los Angeles and San Diego (at yet to be confirmed locations) as the book is released.

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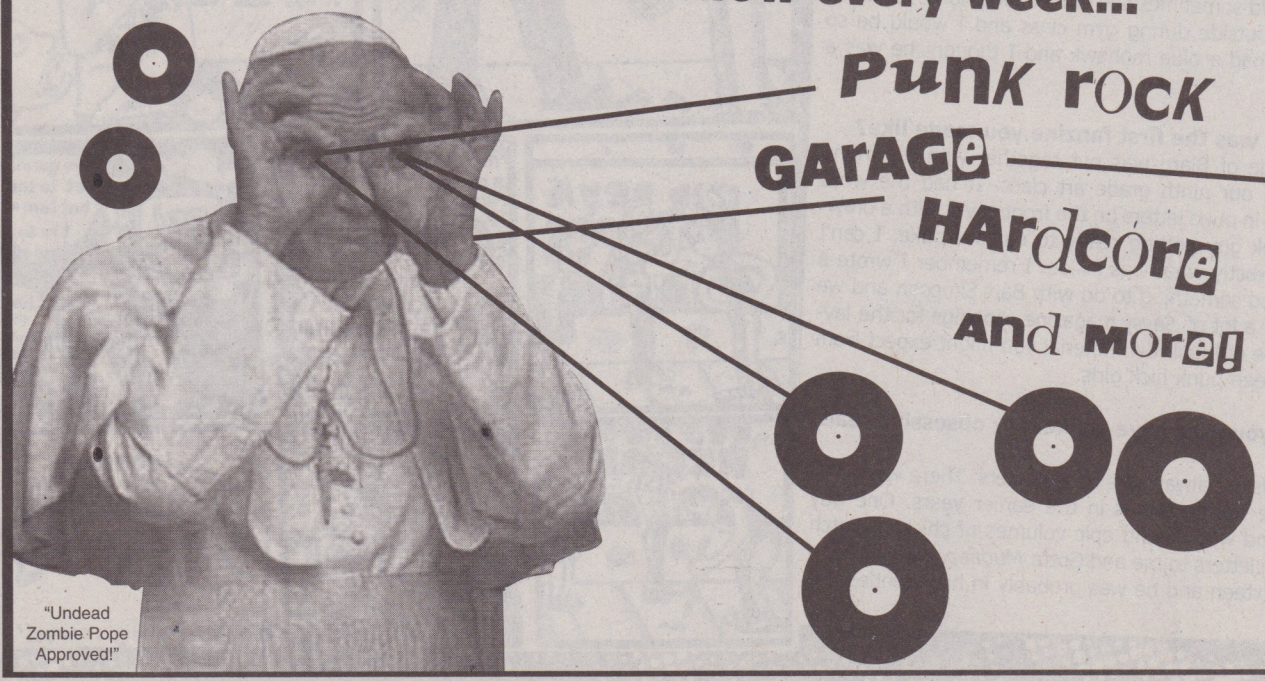
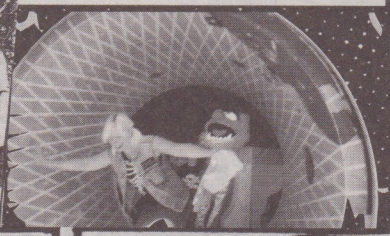


"Undead Zombie Pope Approved!"

Tales of Blarg

Interview by Seth Bogart



Janelle Hessig probably has had more songs written about her than any other punk currently operating. She has been making zines, including Tales of Blarg, Jank, Suburban Bitch, Desperate Times *and the* Panty Raid Newsletter, *since 1990—that's close to twenty years of low-life hi-jinks. Her ability to make her life entertaining is something that eludes most zine writers, so read 'n' learn. Her parties are legendary, she's played in bands including Panty Raid, Baby Jail, The Tourettes, Rat Attack, and has illustrated a multitude of fanzine and record covers, t-shirts, and panties.*

MRR:
When did the first issue of *Tales of Blarg* **come out?**
Janelle: Around 1990.

MRR: How old were you when you started it?
Fourteen.

MRR: How did you "discover" punk and fanzines and all that?
There was a punk record store in El Sobrante in the 80s called Irregular Records. The first time I went there, I had a perm. I didn't know the names of any bands, so I just bought a Tallyhoe demo and the first cassette I saw with a skull on it.

Absolutely Zippo was the first fanzine I ever saw. Eggplant lived across the street from my junior high school. I would sometimes see him coming home for lunch when I was outside during gym class and I would be so psyched. He had a blue mohawk and I thought he was a babe.

MRR: What was the first fanzine you made like?
The first issue of Blarg was put together with my friend Hollie during our ninth grade art class. It had the word *Blarg* written in puke letters on the front cover with a drawing of a punk guy getting ready to eat the puke. I can't remember exactly what was inside. I remember I wrote a story that had something to do with Bart Simpson and we incorporated a lot of *Sassy* magazine clippings for the layout. The type of highbrow material you might expect from two barely-teen punk hick girls.

MRR: Did you ever have stalkers or obsessive readers?
Teenage girls are always the best stalkers. There were definitely some weirdo dudes in the earlier years. One guy was local and would send epic volumes of chickenscratch handwritten letters to me and Greta *Mudflap*. I was around fifteen or sixteen and he was probably in his twenties. He

wound up making his own zine and put an erotic fiction story in it about how me and him had sex in a BART bathroom and then covered our naked bodies in postage stamps. Ew. Also, I seem to recall him breaking into Greta's house once, but maybe he just peeped in her windows; I can't remember exactly.

I still spot him around town once in a blue moon, any time there is a civic event when a bunch of burnt people are gathered together, like during the "How Berkeley Can You Be?" parade.

Recently, a girl named Sam sent me a zine called *Superuseless* that had a stalker article about me. I really appreciated it, though! It was totally the type of thing I would have done when I was younger and it felt like the chickens had come home to roost.

MRR: Did you draw a lot as a kid? Do you remember what kind of stuff you liked to draw?

I've been writing and drawing compulsively for as long as I can remember. I still have some of the comics I made when I was little. I mostly drew pictures of myself and funny animals—same as now.

MRR: I know you're a big fan of Lynda Barry and other amazing female cartoonists. Who are some of your all-time favorites?

Everyone in the first *Twisted Sisters* anthology—especially Dori Seda and Krystine Kryttre. Esther Pearl Watson, Sophie Crumb, Lynda Barry, *Deep Girl*-era Ariel Bordeaux, Dirty Plotte-era Julie Doucet, Lorna Miller, Ellen Forney, Joey Sayers. There are a lot of new (to me, at least) girls who are likely to become favorites as they produce more work: Hellen Jo, Lauren Weinstein, Lisa Hanawalt, Vanessa Davis, Julia Wertz, Liz Baillie, Laura Park, etc.

On a personal level, Fawn Gehweiler and Gabby Gamboa were probably the two people most responsible for inducting me into comics. We all lived in a studio apartment together — Fawn lived in the pantry, Gabby lived in the closet, and I lived in a sheet fort behind the couch (later, we moved to a real house). They were awesome artists and they taught me about Zipatone and Rapidograph pens. They introduced me to Jerome Gaynor (the first person to publish a comic of mine) and also put me in their all-girl comic anthology On Our Butts.

MRR: For some reason I relate to or just like comics drawn by women better than men. I'm a fag and I also like most girl singers better too. But what is behind that? Do you think male cartoonists obsess more over technical skill and skimp on story lines?

When it comes to autobiographical comics, girls generally tend to be more confessional and insightful. Also, I think there is a certain freedom of historically being outsiders in comics that makes for better art. I don't think all dudes skimp on storylines, but a lot them do play it safe and don't really get into the meat of things and tell the truth. It's like how square dudes talk about sports and punk dudes talk about records. Bo-ring. In general, new trends in independent comics are failing in the story department, and I would personally like to burn RISD to the ground.

MRR: I liked how *Blarg* was in a way a personal zine, but it wasn't self-indulgent navel-gazing like a traditional perzine. But did you ever regret writing anything? Too-much-info style?

Obviously, some of the stuff in the earlier issues is a little busted because it's so earnestly teenage. But I never regretted revealing too much. I'm not afraid to embarrass myself if I think it will make a good story. If a funny story happens that might be embarrassing for someone else, I just change the names.

MRR: What are some of your all-time favorite fanzines?

Rollerderby, early *Zippo, PUNK, Hessian Obsession, Dishwasher, Rump, And Now I Devour You, Bikini Kill, Scam #1, Mudflap, Outpunk, Cometbus #25, Plumber's Butt, Inwo Monto, Gunk, Snarla, Blowin Chunks, Everything I Touch Turns To Shit & Garbage, Fag School, Emergency, Puberty Strike.*

MRR: Why do you think zines are less compelling now?

There isn't a necessity of communication involved in making zines now. The internet obliterated that. You don't even have to spend 42 cents on a stamp. However, zines started to suck before the internet became as prevalent as it is today. In the late 90s, everyone and their grandma made a zine and you had to wade through so much crap to find a halfway decent one that most people just gave up trying. I think that might be why zines will start being good again. Because all of the chumps who would otherwise be making "per-zines" will take their tired act to livejournal and the people who care enough to take the extra time and effort to make zines will be the ones who actually have something to contribute. Or maybe that's just wishful thinking.

MRR: What, if any advice would you give to a kid who wanted to start a zine?

Please don't make anything shitty unless it's also funny, and don't make anything boring ever. The best zines have a unique theme or a hook, so do something different.

MRR: So let's talk about all the bazillion of songs about you. I know there's one by Scared of Chaka, one by Bratmobile — what else was there? I know you hated it when I would always sing "The Real Janelle," but it's such a good song! Do you want to say anything about all these songs now that you're having the final word?

I hated you singing that song then and I am hating this question now. I still don't have a good response. There were a lot of songs—maybe around twelve? It was a lot of build-up and I don't like the pressure of being expected to deliver the goods. The Bratmobile song was written as a UTFO/Roxanne Shante-style comeback to the Ben Weasel/Born Against "Janelle" song—the idea being that it's cooler for girls to be the ones writing songs about girls. Other songs were about things like breakups, dates, hepatitis, etc. Scared Of Chaka wrote the only mean one. It went: "Nell records all her drama / she's waiting for the coma / got your stupid postcard hanging on my wall." We became BFF again soon after this song came out, though, and I will love

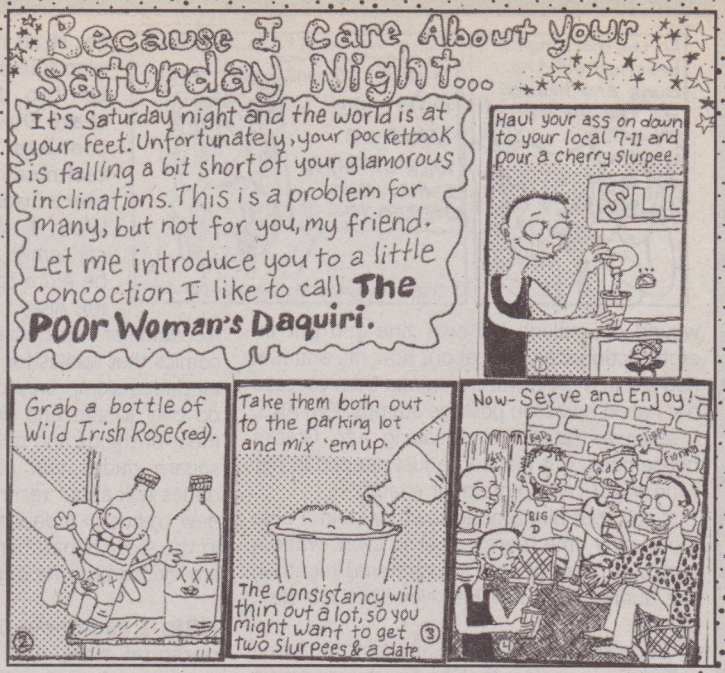
Scared Of Chaka forever. They were so fun and they were right about me recording drama. What's up with that coma business, though? Is it metaphoric, or were they gonna hit me with their van or something? I saw them hit a bear with their van once and it wasn't cool. I don't want to go out like that!

MRR: Whatever happened to that free zine you did called *Jank* with your friend Jeff?

The first issue of *Jank* was a house newsletter made by me, Jeff, Fawn, and Gabby. We made comics about our landlord and reviewed the people who stayed on our couch. The houseguest reviews were gold. They still make me laugh.

After that, me and Jeff turned *Jank* into a free one-page monthly fanzine. Jeff wrote about US presidents and I wrote about ass. Jeff commandeered a newspaper box from a local porn newspaper called *Yank* (that we felt a kinship/rivalry with because of the name/townie affiliation — even though they were legit and we were in the sharpies and gluesticks league). He spray-painted the box silver and we posted it in downtown Berkeley so people could pick up *Jank* every month. Later, *Yank* stole the box back and adopted the silver color scheme for all of their boxes.

After a year or so, I quit *Jank*. Jeff did a couple more issues and then that was that. He lives in LA now and does art for a hip hop record label. If anyone has back issues of *Jank*, please send them to me!



MRR: Can you tell me about the book that is being released of your stuff?

Sparkplug is putting out a collection of my comics. Some of it is old material, some of it is new, the majority of it is previously unpublished. Dylan (who runs Sparkplug) is a good, ethical guy, and is really focused on putting out underexposed artists that he loves. I've known him for years and there is no one I would rather do a book with. It should be hitting shelves by the year 2052, so keep your eyes peeled!

MRR: What else are you working on now? What are your dreams for the future as far as art, music, comics, movies, etc. go?

My dream is to get to a place in life where I wake up every morning and have a couple of hours to write and draw and drink coffee. I got into animation and filmmaking in the last couple of years and I'm real excited to make more movies. I'm trying to be focused and not all over the map so I can get shit done, but it's hard. There are so many things to do! Some of the things I'm working on are: the Sparkplug book you mentioned earlier, a new *Tales Of Blarg*, a Hunx and His Punx animated video. I started experimenting with painting and just had an art show in Arizona last week with really awesome artists like Mark Mothersbaugh, Mats?!, KRK, and Niagara. I love collaborating and would really like to start a monthly collaborative zine again. This one would be all about TV, though—totally not *MRR*-approved.

MRR: Any last stuff you wanna add?

Everyone should visit their local magazine and book stores often. Some of my favorite local shops are Comic Relief, Issues, Book Zoo, and Needles And Pens. Go there and spend money. Books are better than food.

Also, the last time I was interviewed in MRR was about fifteen years ago and I got a lot of letters from prisoners. Dear Prisoners, I don't care so much about your physique, but I would like to know about what you do to pass the time and if you have made or witnessed any good prison inventions. If you tell me about that stuff, I will write you back and send you a magazine.

I have had the same PO Box for about 18 years. It is:

Janelle Hessig
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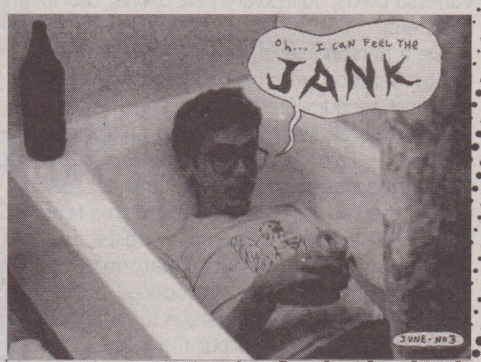
You can visit my website at:
www.gimmeaction.com



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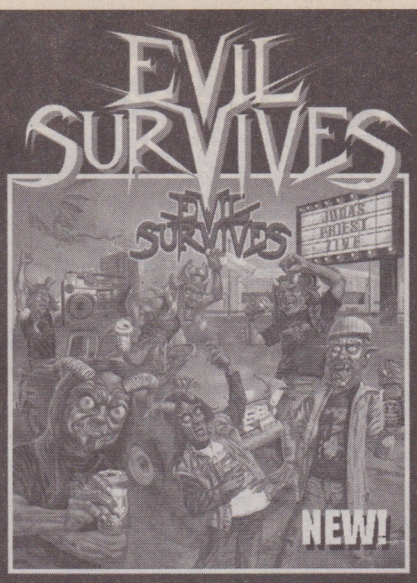

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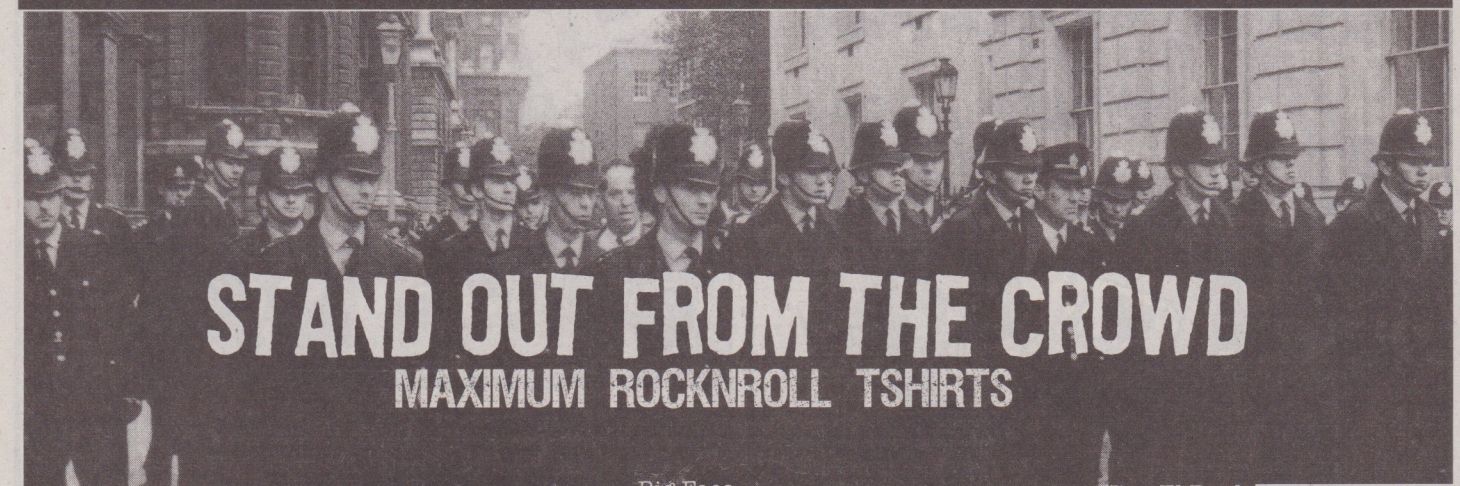

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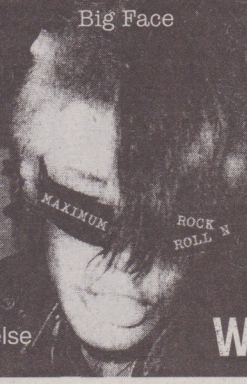

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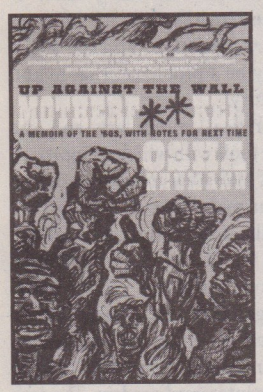


Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers
Osha Neumann
222 pages • $16.95
Seven Stories Press
www.sevenstories.com

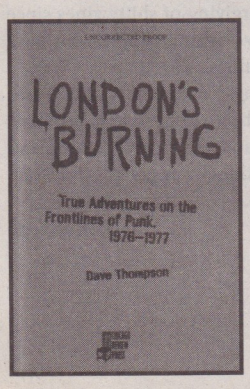
For most *MRR* readers, including me, the only thing I knew about the "street-gang with an analysis" Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers was that they once started a riot at an MC5 concert in New York. As told by member of the MC5 in *Please Kill Me*, it reads like a story about the discord between John Sinclair's revolutionary rhetoric and the members of the MC5's actual worldview. Osha Neumann covers that episode along side other infamous moments that he witnessed or was involved within *Up Against the Wall Motherfucker*, his memoir about being a founder and leader of the Motherfuckers. The '68 Democratic Convention and the take-over of Columbia Univeristy are both discussed.

Short on juicy details and long on introspection, this memoir works as interesting reflection on the '60s and what lessons could and should have been learned. In fact, there really is no new information about the Motherfuckers, and half of the book is made up of Nuemann's present day reflections on the interplay between rationality and truth. As a self-confessed frustrated romantic and child-of-privilege Neumann seems torn between nostalgia and regret over his and the Motherfuckers' role within the milieu of '60s lower east side radicals. Nuemann is poetically and uniquely situated. If it weren't true it would seem trite, as the bastard son of Herbert Marcuse to reflect on the struggle between privilege and protest, rationality and negation.

Clearly groups like the Motherfuckers are not a "rational" response to repression or even a reasonable way to correct historical oppression. Dancing and fucking the streets doesn't do anything, but that said, I would agree with Neumann that this is beside the point. Rationality is a tool, and truth and beauty cannot be understood from within rationality, as they must exist before and outside rationality. Truth, love, and the such exist as the counterpoint to injustice and starting point from which action and logic must begin. It might be too gracious to call the Motherfuckers an American form of dada, but the comparison would be worthwhile. Interestingly, after the Motherfuckers fizzled out, Nuemann, after a brief dalliance of living on a communal farm in northern California, went to law school and became a public interest lawyer in Berkeley where arguably he has been more effectual towards realizing his progressive ideals than he did as a rabble-rousing Motherfucker.

Nuemann's memoir neither romanticizes nor condemns the '60s new left radicals. Although I could have been disappointed by the lack of gossip about the activities of the Motherfuckers, it ultimately was an interesting reflection on how different forms of protest can have their role.

—Ben Howell



London's Burning: True Adventures on the Frontlines of Punk, 1976-1977
Dave Thompson
336 pages • $18.95
Chicago Review Press
www.chicagoreviewpress.com

London's Burning by Dave Thompson is treading ground that has been trod many times before, the birth of punk: 1976-1977. As much as this might seem redundant, and the subtitle "TRUE ADVENTURES ON THE FRONTLINES OF PUNK" might seem a bit overdramatic, it does kind of embody Thompson's approach to this time period, which is that of the anticipation and excitement of a young kid in a burgeoning new scene. It's hard to read a punk memoir about this iconic era without an overwhelming sense of name-dropping, especially since Thompson is a well-known music journalist. However, Dave Thompson does cover these facets in his introduction and seems well aware of the baggage that comes with revisiting this subject.

The difference in *London's Burning* is that Thompson watched the birth of punk through the mind of a wide-eyed teenager. One of my favorite passages is this, on page 78:

"You're fifteen, sixteen years old, for Christ's sake, which means you're barely even human yet, just a walking talking piece of sponge, absorbing everything as though it's the most exciting thing on earth, and then filtering out the *dross* when you pause to take a breath.

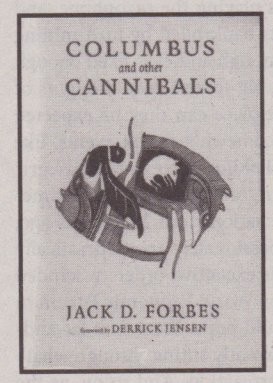
Patti Smith mattered to me because she was tearing down a sacred cow, and the Pistols were impressive because they then proceeded to slaughter it. Groups like Roogalator, the Feelgoods, the Rods, and the Heavy Metal Kids were important because they were so much fun, and the Ramones had an impact because they sounded like the best drugs were meant to make you feel."

The sentiment here is what I like most about *London's Burning*—the fact that Thompson as a teen *does* embody this spirit, embracing pub rock bands and indie icons alike. Each mattered for a specific reason, and that is totally indicated by his approach to this groundbreaking year, mentioning all of the bands that were important to him, not just the ones that sound cool. Not only does Thompson present himself as an excitable young kid, but most of the musicians involved with changing rock 'n' roll forever are also illustrated as the curious, naïve, young kids that they were. This is appealing to me because honestly, who wants to hear about rock stars? I am more interested in the kids who started the scene regardless of the shitty response they got from the crowd; the kids who moved to London during one of the highest rates of unemployment in the city's history, because they were just too stoked to start their own bands.

There definitely is some rock-idolatry, which is a little hard to swallow. On page 61 Thompson writes, "'Jesus, I'm twenty-one,' Danny Kustow would despair at nights. 'How can I ever become good enough to break into this music business, with all these great musicians like Pete Townshend and the like already before me?'" Granted, it's understandable that younger kids in the '70s would have stunted thoughts like this one, but that doesn't make it any more digestible. This kind of sentiment can sometimes seem pretty dated.

Dave Thompson's memoir of one very specific and influential year comes from the kind of attitude I like—unpretentious, appreciative, and real. Being a kid in punk should be exciting, and Thompson makes sure that the reader knows it started that way, too.

—Kate Wadkins



Columbus and Other Cannibals: The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism
Jack D. Forbes
224 pages • $14.95
Seven Stories Press
www.sevenstories.com

Jack Forbes's *Columbus and Other Cannibals* succeeds where so many other historical and scholarly texts fail—it is engaging, straightforward, and manages to read more like a novel while maintaining its authenticity. In his book, Forbes gives the history of European imperialism and colonization from a Native American perspective, shedding light on the awful truth behind Columbus' "discovery" of the Americas.

Wetiko is a Native American term that refers to a cannibal or an evil person or spirit that harms others by doing terrible acts, such as cannibalism. In *Columbus and Other Cannibals*, Forbes introduces the idea that Europeans were stricken with the *wetiko* disease, and that this disease has spread widely today.

"The wealthy and exploitative," he writes, "literally consume the lives of those that they exploit." Forbes gives a historical account of much of Europe's quest for domination with emphasis on the genocide and enslavement of millions of Native Americans and Africans. With a *wetiko* psychosis, Europeans consumed the lives of millions as a means to their ends. Forbes contends that this disease is still in existence and is systematically practiced and perpetuated by many of the first-world nations today.

The book is filled with frank and honest language in the depiction of European imperialism. Many of Forbes's assertions are refreshingly forthright, like when he describes *wetiko* people who are racist and sexist as "mentally insane." It is the type of language that many scholars frown upon because of its colloquialism, but it is exactly what makes this book so interesting, much like the unpretentiousness found in the books of bell hooks. Forbes describes several Native American cultures, which are entirely without the *wetiko* disease, and these chapters are what truly round out the book. He places the descriptions of Native Americans next to those of European societies, and by doing so highlights the cannibalistic, brutish nature of the latter.

Forbes's book is carefully written to be as inoffensive as possible, but there are areas where he falls short. One chapter of the book is devoted entirely to the subjugation of women under patriarchy, which is consistent within societies stricken with the *wetiko* disease. This is one area of the book where Forbes analysis is a bit thin. He proposes that the *wetiko* psychosis is largely a male attribute because women are too, well, "womanly" to carry out such vicious crimes. He does not have any facts to back up this statement, making it an unfortunate presumption that adheres to Western gender stereotypes. Forbes also gives an unclear basis as to why the *wetiko* disease started in Egypt and Asia and why it spread the way that it did. And the book ends with a stream-of-consciousness call for action that loses the initial steam built up from the pacing of the book.

Even though his final plea is unfocused, the earnestness and enthusiasm for humanity that Forbes has is palpable. Never have I read a scholarly text that uses so many exclamation points! From the acknowledgement's page where Forbes gives thanks to trees and animals, to a final poem that honors all aspects of the Earth, it is clear that he is passionate and serious about freeing the world of the wetiko psychosis, and this book is part of that healing process.

—Krista Ciminera

Goodbye Mr. Socialism
Antonio Negri in conversation with Raf Valvola Scelsi
160 pages • $15.95
Seven Stories Press
140 Watts Street
New York, NY 10013
www.sevenstories.com

One can truly empathize with the plight of the independent publisher, particularly when it comes to "Current Affairs" books. Stuck between crusading bloggers who can instantly post their half-cogent condemnations next to videos of hamsters playing the saxophone, and big-league imprints bankrolled by turd-mining multinationals. There editorial standards are lax enough and eyes fixed enough on the bottom line to peddle the wide-margined, big-fonted deep thoughts of cable news talking heads in near-real-time. What place can they be expected to carve out for carefully considered analyses of somewhat recent events, like this series of interviews with Italy's foremost radical philosopher Antonio Negri?

Indeed, the pitfalls of serious engagement, rigorous editing, and time-consuming translation remain here, as this conversation from 2006 (ages ago, right?) finds the empirical circumstances it so passionately treats drastically changed. President Bush? Gone, with many of his executive orders rescinded and more, hopefully, on the way. The meeting of the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland? A very different and, one would hope, much less fat-and-happy kind of event in 2009. The Middle East? Currently sifting through what's left of the Gaza Strip following Israel's bloody overreaction. And so on, as the over-theorized present slips inexorably into the past.

That said, whatever recalculation might be necessary following more recent developments is overshadowed by the ultimate challenge of rigorous structural critique, and Negri's enduring insights. Eschewing the trappings of the 24-hours news cycle, these sorts of works defy that teeming desire of most contemporary political writing (and, I might argue, most punk) for immediacy. Instead, Goodbye Mr. Socialism allows one of our most penetrating and inventive philosophical and political thinkers the chance to adapt his theoretical writings to events a bit closer to home. While some of his conclusions I might contest—I wonder, for instance, whom his focus on intellectual labor leaves out—his commitment to wedding theory to praxis remains admirable in an academic culture that occasionally trades in political quietism. Additionally, many of his observations seem oddly prescient, as when he remarks that, "If the crisis of US foreign relations should spill over into internal relations and the social structure of North America, then there would truly be a problem." That might, unwittingly, be the understatement of our new century.

A working knowledge of both Negri's theoretical vocabulary and the intricacies of Western European politics are valuable tools with which to approach this text. I bring this up because often these sorts of interview collections can be exceedingly helpful as introductions to some of our most difficult and obscure thinkers; that's less the case here. It reads more like an appendix to a reissue of books it expects you to have already become familiar with (for instance, Negri's major works with Michael Hardt, Empire, and Multitude). Which is fine, and important in its own right, but it is easy to get a bit lost. The burden is somewhat lessened by an occasionally helpful lexical appendix full of concepts and labor-union abbreviations, but the conversation remains somewhat "inside baseball," as they say, and might turn off potentially interested readers. The trek is worth making, however, if only to be consistently challenged in your own interpretations of the present.

–Max Tremblay

Hymn California
Adam Gnade
200 pgs • $16
Dutch Money Press
www.dutchmoney.com

Hymn California is a novel that is essentially a pretty rambling collection of stories tracing the life of some dude and his "woman" (I can't swear, but would not be surprised if the Kerouac worshipping included referring to his partner in this way) as they live in California and then travel away from it.

You've already read this book. Or a zine just like it. Not bad writing, romanticizing of poverty, and the "other" (especially in describing the events that happen in Mexico, and the descriptions of people that focus mostly on their ethnicity and not really on anything interesting: "the Ital cook," "the "Irish looking" "Jewish wife," the "young Puerto Rican wise guy," etc.). Now I'll try not to go off on a rant here, but *attention dudes who think they are writers*: you know what is boring and trite? Describing a woman as "a stalking little mix," and telling me about the "woman's burden of wanting to salve and comfort." What, are we in the fucking '50s here? Any spark of originality that I thought this book had was completely extinguished after having to sludge through the insipid Beat worship.

I can understand why you would, as a beginning writer, compose some sort of imitation of a story that you think is great. But I cannot understand why you would think that it was worth publishing? Put that shit out in a zine, fine, I can see that. I would even read it because I am more forgiving of shitty zines since that is usually what I expect in a per-zine anyhow—whiny people who have potentially decent writing telling me about boring things.

I guess it's not Gnade's fault entirely though. These people just offend me. Seriously. Anyway, if Beat poets don't offend *you*, the writing style is probably right up your alley, and the stories are interesting and I'm sure charming and original to some. And you probably won't get as irrationally angry as I did when reading this—unless you read his bullshit author bio.

—Thera Webb

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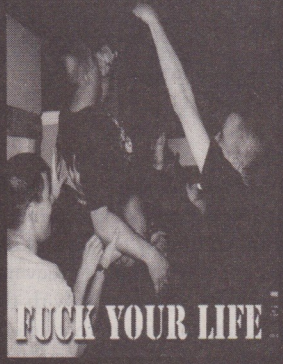

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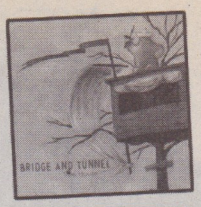

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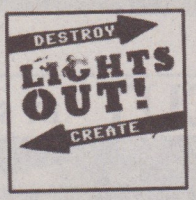

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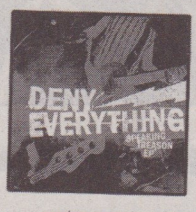

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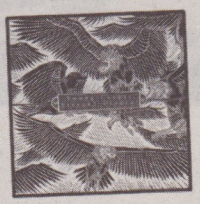

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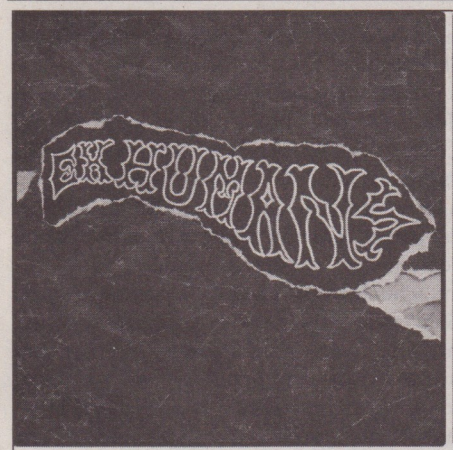

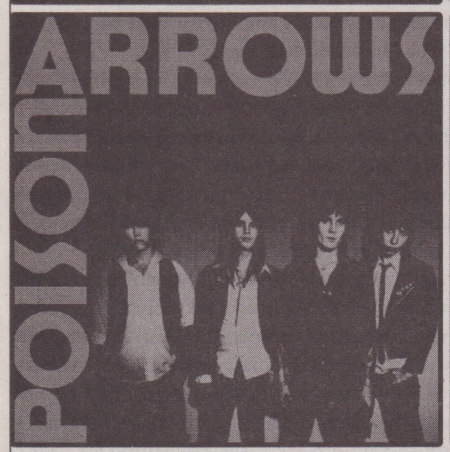

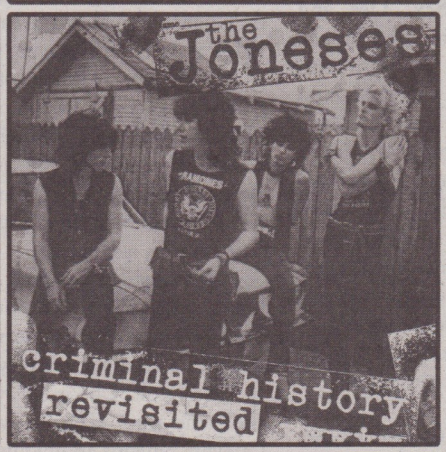

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MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Even some of the more jaded moviegoers these days have never had the "Roadshow" experience. At a time when nearly all films get releases in multiple theaters, (followed, of course, by cable, DVD, and Blue-Ray), Roadshow releases may seem like a reminder of a movie world that's long since vanished. Typically, these special releases were reserved for longer musicals or prestigious epics like **The Sound of Music, Around the World in 80 Days, and My Fair Lady**, and accompanied by expanded visual formats like Cinerama and 70mm. For the decidedly indie IFC films to commit to this kind of release, it's really unprecedented. For this kind of film to cover the revolutionary life of Che Guevara, it's close to miraculous.

Roadshow presentations haven't been used much since the sixties, if only for their cost. The movies are typically longer than most Hollywood fare, covering only the more prestigious subjects. You won't find a list of onscreen credits; instead, you're given a glossy program. As a result, admission to a Roadshow presentation will typically cost considerably more than for a standard release; **Che**, for example, has an admission price of $15—and that's for the bargain matinee. Roadshow prints incorporate have entr'acte and intermission music, like the live theater. Film prints are nearly flawless.

Modern IMAX, digital, and 3D releases are impressive in their own right, but Roadshow presentations are always special. Director Steven Soderbergh gained early acclaim for his indie hit, **Sex, Lies and Videotape**, and Che looks very different than your standard biopic. Instead of offering a more traditional biopic (as did Gus Van Sant with **Milk**), **Che** takes a magnifying glass to two stages in Che Guevara's life.

The first half of the film is a mixture of events. While living in Cuba, Che Guevara (Benicio Del Toro) meets charismatic Fidel Castro (Demian Bichir), and they share their commitment to reform an ailing country hobbled by a US military presence, and to all evidence resistant to revolt. Guevara is a doctor, but proves his abilities as a tactician when Cuba proves ripe for regime change. The narrative becomes more compelling as they win allies all through the countryside, meticulously preserving their lives and cause. The corrupt Batista government was rapidly falling into disfavor even from the middle and upper classes; often unwilling to fight, the army sometimes gave up territory without even a bullet being shot.

This 1959 conflict, led by Guevara, paved the way for Castro's victory in Cuba. This section is closest to a traditional war movie of any in the film, and offers a gripping, immediate narrative that's also strangely dispassionate. **Che** is all about revolution and war, but certainly doesn't glorify violence; it's closer to reportage.

These scenes are edited into Che Guevara's famous appearance at the United Nations, but these sometimes seem didactic. Del Toro does a creditable job injecting his speech with revolutionary fervor, and unexpected humor. Director/writer Soderbergh captures the soul of Guevara's revolutionary philosophy, but it's clear that Che is impatient with the pace of world change. He's frustrated participating in a forum that's clearly antagonistic to him.

Even after only the first half, **Che** comes off as controlled, dignified, and fair. Certainly, it's vastly more credible than the late '60s **Che!,** the film disaster that miscast Omar Sharif and Jack Palance as Guevara and Castro. **Che!** was an embarrassing attempt to capture the energy of the period, but emerged as a bizarre commercialization of Guevara's life story. (Widely panned, **Che!** was also the object of vigorous protests in parts of Latin America.) It's likely that Soderbergh was well aware of the potential pitfalls in adapting the story to film, and therefore tried to distance himself from a commercial narrative, giving **Che** a simpler, more elemental feel. Aside from Del Toro, the film's star, nearly all of the cast are minor actors, or relatively unknown, giving it freshness; this does not look or feel like something made by a major studio. Soderbergh distances himself from the 1969 **Che!** by filming almost entirely in Spanish dialogue, adding to its verisimilitude.

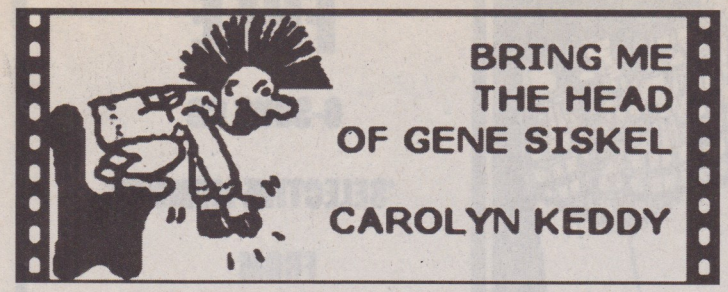
(At least two other films on Guevara, one of them a feature drama, have proved nearly impossible to locate.)

If anything, **Che** divests itself of emotional energy in service of accuracy. As a result, you shouldn't expect the film to strictly adhere to the usual plot points. Part one, "The Argentine," can be somewhat disjointed—the second half is fully satisfying, albeit downbeat. Castro had offered Guevara a high position in the new Cuban government for his services. However, in a speech, Castro admitted that he'd lost track of his favorite lieutenant, who wanted to continue the cause of revolution.

As the second part opens, Che disguised himself by shaving his head so he could spearhead the Bolivian guerillas. But this time, resources were so spare that members of the revolutionary army gradually fell away from the ranks. More important, the US-funded Special Activities Division was created to find and eradicate guerilla activity, and aggressively hunted rebels, with a special eye set to find the elusive Guevara. The pressure on Guevara's small band was relentless, and the under-armed band quickly lost momentum, placing Guevara in dire straits.

The austere elegance of the narrative—of revolution achieved and lost—shows the precision of director Soderbergh's aims. We see none of Guevara's life before his meeting with Castro, or his time working in the Congo. (His results were similar to what he would soon experience in Bolivia). Fact is, Che Guevara's life was often underground and underdocumented. Soderbergh smartly opted to relate Guevara's life as a two-part parable, a simple story of revolution won and failed.

Soderbergh also served as director of photography, which may not have worked to his favor. Individual scenes often need more precise composition, making them seem dramatically unfocused. Another problem emerges with the screenplay, which required characters etched more deftly. As a result, **Che** is always interesting, but rarely truly compelling. At the same time, Che Guevara has long needed a cinematic updating. Guevara remains an ubiquitous icon on posters, symbol aching for historical context. At a brutal 256 minutes, **Che** is a serious investment of time; at the very least, it's a rare cinematic experience.



GLAM SLAM ROCK'N'ROLL

I only went to one show at the Chatterbox. I moved to San Francisco at the end of September 1990 and the club was gone in November of the same year. I spent a lot of time at the club that replaced it, the Chameleon. I saw everyone there from The Mummies to Beck and have many fun memories from those years. Like many people I know I attach a lot of nostalgia to certain clubs of my era(s). When I was growing up in Boston, MA it was the Rat, the Channel, the Middle East and Bunratty's. From my Frisco years it was the Purple Onion, the Chameleon and now the Hemlock, the Eagle Tavern and the Knockout. I am sure lots of people in different cities have their own.

I know it is not easy to run a successful, never mind legendary club. You need a seemingly unattainable combination of good bands, cool staff and people involved who actually want to own a club and enjoy it plus a crowd that is loyal and supports the scene. I say this is a rare thing because those elements barely ever come together and if they do, not everyone can pull it off. Even if you are successful, you might not get the whole attitude right. I know of one current club in San Francisco that seems to hate having shows. They don't even attempt to hide it. The staff is rude and the bartenders are seemingly always pissed off and put out that they have to serve you a drink. They fuck over the bands and act as if you don't like it you can screw. I always have a hard time going there and end up regretting it when I do. It is a shitty feeling. As a result it is always reassuring when it all comes together even if I wasn't part of it. The Chatterbox seems to have had it right during its short existence.

The Chatterbox was a club located at 853 Valencia Street in San Francisco's Mission District. It was opened by Alfie Kulzick, a transplant from Wisconsin, in 1986. **Chatterbox: Biography of a Bar, San Francisco 1986-1990** recalls the fun of the club's short history as related by those who worked and played there. Before the Chatterbox officially opened Johnny Thunders came by after playing a show in SF and christened the bar by painting his name around the place, most prominently leaving a giant autograph right over the stage and jamming with some of Alfie's friends on stage. The club would go on to become the home of San Francisco's hard rock bands, occasionally hosting an out of town band.

The Dwarves are the most well known of the bands interviewed. In a funny though somewhat disgusting start to the film you can chose either the "Grown Up Version" or the "Non-Grown Up Version" which mostly means that you get to see the full frontal nudity of Hewhocannotbenamed or not. Alfie does the interviewing from behind the camera which is helpful to the memories of some people. Unfortunately, Alfie never gets in front of the camera for a how and why the club started and her impressions and recollections of the goings on. There is an interview with her as one of the DVD extras, but it doesn't get deep enough into it. The story instead is told through the bands and employees. Though everyone seems to remember mostly the good times, Blag is there to call out the SF scene on their LA wanna-be style.

The live footage is the best part of **Chatterbox: Biography of a Bar**. There is a lot of it and all decently shot from what appears to be a camera perched above the bar. The shot is mostly static, but there is a good view of the band with the occasional glimpse of the crowd. There is even a bit of the doorman in action and Valencia Street which was much rougher then than it is today. Even though I don't know most of the bands and they are all a bit too metal for my taste, I still appreciate the whole scene. The DVD extras are cool too. There is a jukebox section where you can select from live performances by the Chatterbox bands including The Dwarves, Jackson Saints, Short Dogs Grow, Papa Wheelie and more.

I wish I had caught the San Francisco premiere of **Chatterbox: Biography of a Bar** at the Eagle Tavern. I heard from Nettie of the Meat Sluts that it was absolutely fantastic seeing someone on the screen and then turning to your left and seeing the same person standing right next to you. It's a shame there isn't any footage of Johnny Thunders, the Bay City Rollers or Green River (the biggest names mentioned in the film) at the Chatterbox. Although, it is more interesting that the film stayed with a more local focus. That was the idea behind the club after all and that seems to be why everyone has such fond memories of the place. (chatterboxbar.com)

Ever since I was a kid I have been a radio junkie. I was lucky to grow up in Boston at a time when the radio was exceptional. I listened constantly. There were a lot of stations to choose from and the ones I listened to, both commercial and college played a great variety of interesting new music. From a young age I wanted to be a radio DJ, which I have been for the last twenty-two years. Needless to say I like the medium which is why I am particularly interested and equally frustrated in the topic of the documentary **Pirate Radio USA**.

Pirate Radio USA looks at rise and demise of pirate radio stations of the '90s and '00s in the midst of deregulation of the airwaves and crackdowns by the FCC. There is a lot of information to take in regarding the history of radio in the US, the rules for broadcasting, and attempts to consolidate and limit access to the airwaves. It is all shown in the context of freedom of speech. Radio is a relatively inexpensive medium and as you see in the documentary it is easy to make your own radio transmitter. It is encouraging that people continue to do it and pass on their knowledge to others to keep it going.

While the topic of **Pirate Radio USA** is a bit heavy, the narrator DJ Him and his co-host DJ Her attempt to keep the film lighthearted and entertaining. Which it mostly is, except that he gets a bit too smarmy and her jokes sometimes fall flat. But they were right in the middle of the movement, doing pirate radio, talking to broadcasters, protesting at the FCC building, broadcasting from the streets of Seattle during the WTO protests and bringing the case for low power radio to Congress. They really know what they are talking about and it is fascinating. (bside.com)

I never had the kind of record store experience where a record store clerk introduced me to some great music. I always relied on radio for that. Most of the record store clerks I remember from my youth were pompous jerks who were always trying too hard to show off their musical knowledge for a couple of fourteen year olds. We in turn would laugh in their faces. It was an odd relationship since I always wanted to buy records, but enduring the nonsense was always a hassle.

Vinyl Scrapyard wants to be a documentary about the decline of the independent record store. I'd like to see that documentary. Yet, the director Billups Allen chooses to focus on the methods of those record store clerks of my youth. Shots of hands going through records in bins, stories of unpleasant customers and bragging about that incredible record score aren't really endearing me to this story. I love record stores as much as anybody, but some of these clerks make it understandable why people would rather shop on-line. (billupsallen.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402.
If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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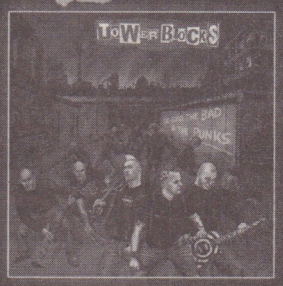

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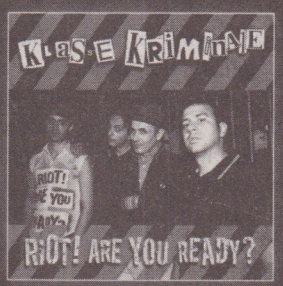

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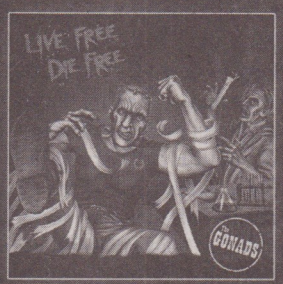

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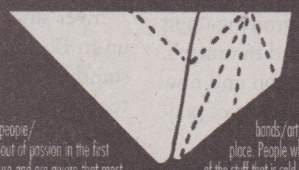

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

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1994! – "Thank You Arms and Fingers" LP

This record is a really competently played, killer homage to the TINY HAWKS and an epic pastiche of other Rev-Summer-style jams. At times they sound like they are aping the TINY HAWKS almost note for note, other times they sound like they're developing into their own beast. 1994! is a guitar-and-drum duo. This is really well recorded. It's a 12" that spins at 45 (perfect format). The music is fucking spot-on. Some song titles are great (see "Sexual Alien vs. Sexual Predator"). My only complaint is that the lyrics are nonsensical and flirt with pretense. I've listened to this over and over since I got it. Great shit. Recommended. (P$)
(Ink Blot)

ABRUPT – LP

ABRUPT brings us some really full-sounding angry hardcore punk that is solid and driving (no surprise: members of BORN/DEAD, SCURVY DOGS, DESOLATION). The front-lady is channeling Adrienne from SPITBOY a little bit, I think. The lyrics speak to the despair, struggle, and rage elicited by being forced to live in the capitalist shit system. (AA)
($10 ppd in US: Inspired by Angst)

ADA+MAX / N.E.K. – split CD

Killer split disc from Japan's ADA+MAX, teaming up with N.E.K. from Brazil. ADA+MAX starts off with their bizarro hybrid of Japanese fastcore, blown out to oblivion then mixed with death rock and wailing guitar leads that creep out of the distortion-mist. The vocals do more to set this band apart than anything else, almost veering into cock-rock territory from time to time, but only in the most tasteful way. 45 GRAVE as reincarnated by EXCLAIM. N.E.K. starts off with a bang (literally, there's an explosion sampled at the start of their first track—you know, like "Bang!") and crashes me, the listener, through five raw-as-fuck tracks of crossover madness. It's like the first two DRI records as reincarnated by...well, EXCLAIM. If you like your shit noisy and fast, then this is perfect. I do, and it is. (WN)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

A.F.C.G.T. – 10"

Cryptic in its barebones simplicity—no song titles on the labels or cover, no band name printed anywhere. All you get is a small slip of paper with the info. Once you crack the band's acronym name, it all starts to come together. A.F.C.G.T. = A-FRAMES CLIMAX GOLDEN TWINS. It makes sense, but don't go into this 10" expecting the clinical, thundering sound of the A-FRAMES. The eight songs here wander off deep into an experimental, noodly noise forest, closer to what you might expect of the CLIMAX GOLDEN TWINS. Red vinyl, limited to 500. Probably long gone by the time you read this. (IS)
(Dirty Knobby)

AGAINST THE SPIRITS – "Beneath the Remains" EP

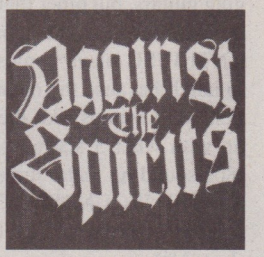
Moshy female-fronted hardcore from Spain in the vein of BANE or TERROR. This is AGAINST THE SPIRITS' demo re-released as a 7," and the sound quality is pretty good. Members have been in a few bands that I'd never heard of before, including PROUD'Z and THE BAND APART. Not really my cup of tea. (VX)
(Daily)

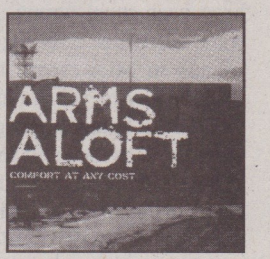
AND THE SAGA CONTINUES – "Making Enemies and Burning Bridges" LP

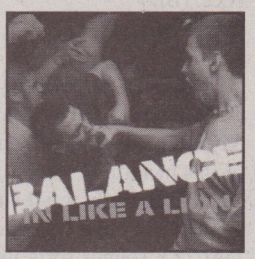
All right, I'll cut them a break—the lyrics sheet says they're best friends and have been a band for eight years, and I've never heard of them, so they're obviously not that popular, and they're from Canada, and there are 49 cuts (but they're not annoying like CRUCIAL UNIT or whatever), and it's not powerviolence because there are no blastbeats or stoney breakdowns, so I can't in all honesty say AND THE SAGA CONTINUES sucks. It certainly isn't my dog's biscuit, but if you like this sort of stuff, I guess you should buy this (I think I'm losing my edge). (BB)
(Fuck the Bullshit)

A.N.S. – "The Pool" LP

You goddamn skaters are some lucky fucks! Texas breeds a demented type of skate-thrash fucks. These young cretins are soaked in beer and drugs—a dangerous, volatile combination for the youth of America! This exotic mix of strong drugs and Steel Reserve 40-ouncers is a rarified dosage indeed! These hardcore fucks have stayed true to their dirty roots—the old A.N.S. is just as unacceptable as the current version that opened for ANNIHILATION TIME. These sick fucks are steeped in the juices of *Damaged* or *Jealous Again* BLACK FLAG negativity but offer guitar wizardry that would charm older FEAR or CIRCLE







JERKS fans! The whole package is rolled up into the most disturbing conflagration imaginable!! This material has absolutely no redeeming social qualities!! This is bad music for bad people — completely unlistenable for the American public at large! A.N.S. is possessed by Satan! A.N.S. offers more on a bad night—one where they are crushed by pot-smoking and seven hours of skating—than most bands reveal on their best night! Skate the A.N.S. dream! Get into "the deep end" you fucks! Buy this fucking record! (BR)
(Cowabunga)

ANTIBUSE / SALTED WOUNDS – split EP

From Denver, SALTED WOUNDS plays fairly straight-ahead hardcore with crusty leanings. One of those "nothing special, nothing bad" releases. It's heavy and has a few chugging guitars, but other than that it's almost punk-by-the-numbers. The mosh parts seem forced. ANTIBUSE plays a moshy thrash, and I had to laugh because the opening guitar riff of their first song sounds like the first riff I ever came up with when I started playing guitar. Generic '80s-sounding metal thrash and crossover. Like SALTED WOUNDS, ANTIBUSE isn't bad they just didn't move me. (MH)
(LessArt)

ARMS ALOFT – "Comfort at Any Cost" EP

Sometimes I have a tendency to judge a book by its cover. That happened to be the case with this record. I saw plain white text that looked like some stencil work over a predominantly black and white background, all nicely hand-screened and hand-numbered. I assumed it was going to on the crustier end of things, and I couldn't have been more wrong. ARMS ALOFT plays some nearly perfectly executed catchy punk that sounds so Midwestern it's *almost* cliché. Just imagine any of your favorite Midwest bands; I won't even bother picking one to associate with these guys, as they will soon be a band to whom others will be compared as an influence. Go crack an Old Style and drink it by yourself while listening to ARMS ALOFT to get the full experience. (BD)
(Dead Format)

AUDACITY / PTERODACDUDES – split EP

Man, these bands couldn't have hit the nail any more directly on the head with the recording of this handful of songs. The super lo-fi, muddy sound is the only way I want to hear these songs. Both bands have a garage rock type feel—AUDACITY sounds sorta like AGENT ORANGE, and while I know they're from the SoCal corner of the world, they have more of a Japanese sound to me. PTERODACTDUDES go for something with more of a surf rock tinge to it. (BD)
(Small Pool)

AXEMEN – "Big Cheap Motel" LP

I don't know what to say, but if you hate music you should buy this, and if you hate music you should buy this, it's probably annoying. If the ELECTRIC EELS were from Australia in 1984 (but sounding more like 1979), and were gaunt-looking meth-men, and all the songs were inspired by a brand of milk's sexist advertisements. This is what CRASS should have sounded like. Kill me cuz nothing'll ever be this great again. (BB)
(Siltbreeze)

BALANCE – "In Like a Lion" EP

Another export out of Europe with some more amazing English-translated straight edge lyrics. BALANCE lists their influences as STRAIGHT AHEAD, FLOORPUNCH, and CARRY ON, which I found to be pretty accurate, minus the occasional wig-mosh part here and there. Another band that they didn't list as an influence but to whom they sound similar is KNOCKDOWN, a band that released one 7" on Youngblood Records a few years ago. Either way, this record is jam-packed with your typical straight edge sayings and chants, and if you're a fanatic about this sort of stuff you won't be disappointed. (PL)
(Not Just Words)

BITE – "My Reason to Live" EP

Heavily accented Spanish punk, kinda like THE NILS or some of the later mod revival stuff like THE GENTS (UK) or something equally as wimpy, but without the hooks. (TB)
(Daily)

BLACK HAVEN – "The Cleansing Storm" EP

This is interesting. These dudes obviously dig the '90s mosh-metal style, but they have some elements of rocking punk that make them stand out from other bands in the INTEGRITY-worship scene. Plus, how can you go wrong with a band that embraces the lyric "The forks plague my flesh / Plunged into the chest"? Forks? I shouldn't make fun, since BLACK HAVEN is Belgian and thus not native English speakers, but still…that's awesome. The last track kind of sucks (again with the damn spoken word interludes!), but the first five are solid. (AU)
(Holy Shit!)

THE BLACK TAPES – "Black City" CD

THE BLACK TAPES are from Poland and they kinda rock. Five songs that sound like THE STITCHES with a little STOOGES and SONIC YOUTH. A cool mix. I am definitely down with this. (RL)
(Warsaw City Rockers)

BLAST AND THE DETERGENTS – "Blast Blast Blast" CD

A fun, but too short CD from these Florida punks. Frantic, wild music with bratty vocals. One of those bands where everyone seems to be playing his hardest and most crazy, but yet it all manages to stay somewhat cohesive. I like the oddly sci-fi-sounding guitar soloing, too. (CK)
(No Clear)

BLÖWER – "Hot Wheels, Cold Beers, Big Titties / Holidays in the Sun"

I can't believe there are still bands like this. BLÖWER has got to be somebody's dad's band. This is dumb as hell classic rock style crap, and their only connection to punk is the fact that they cover "Holidays in the Sun" (badly). Fuck you, somebody's dad. Amazingly enough, this was recorded by Steve Albini. You'd think he had enough money to avoid having to work with a crap band like BLÖWER. The best thing about this record is that it's only two songs. (AU)
(self-released)

THE BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL / S.A.T.A.N. – split 12"

These two Polish bands play a raging mix of grindcore, hardcore, and thrash. THE BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL rips through some speedy grindcore with hardcore and thrash influences including a REAGAN YOUTH cover. At times they sound a little like BURIED INSIDE, but most of the time I'm reminded of a lot of current speedy hardcore thrash bands. S.A.T.A.N. rips through six songs in eleven minutes. Like THE BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL their sound is hard to pigeonhole. It's chaotic and heavy with some thrash, grindcore, and hardcore. They don't really sound anything like the influences that they list, but I can't think of anyone they do sound like, which is a good thing. This is a damn good 12". (MH)
(Trujaca Fala / Zaraza)

BORN BAD – "Tie One On" EP

Super lo-fi—and I mean *super* lo-fi—hardcore from Canada. Kinda like SIEGE filtered through one of those kiddie tape recorders covered in a pillow. I dunno, the tunes sound pretty raging to these ears, but the record is pretty fuckin' thin, and I can't fully rock it… (TB)
(Vinyl Addict)

BREWTAL THIRST – "Unquenchable" CD

So, if you drink an ungodly amount of booze daily, your worst fear is running dry, and your dream band would be a combo of FANG and AGENT ORANGE, then, um, here you are, dude. But just a quick note to BREWTAL THIRST—lyrics about booze reeking havoc on your life such as: "I lost my job, I wrecked my car, it made me murder my wife" paired with some FANG worship makes you vaguely sketchy. Might wanna get that checked out. (AA)
(Wet Brain)

BRILLIANT COLORS – "Should I Tell You" EP

I'd say BRILLIANT COLORS is somewhere between THE NERVES and COMET GAIN, but definitely closer to COMET GAIN. I finally managed to see these kids at a New Year's Eve show, and it was definitely dorky-smile-pogo-time. Usually with bands like this, I kind of hate the recordings, but I'm really digging it here.

Oh! And the second song on side A has a touch of grunge (yeah, I love grunge). Side B starts off with a little wander towards THE CURE (like, "Boys Don't Cry") and then ends with a more amped-up, fuzzed-out reverb fun. You know, it's all happy/sad pop about existing. Yes. (MM)
(Make a Mess)

BRILLIANT COLORS – "Should I Tell You" EP

BRILLIANT COLORS is an all-girl band from San Francisco, and along with MÖRPHEME, are my favorite local band. In places the sound reminds me of the fuzzed-out, slight hard-edged pop of the SHOP ASSISTANTS. They also kind of bring to mind New Zealand classics like THE CLEAN, *but* underlined with the aforementioned harder edge. It's not straight-up indie pop worship—"I'm Sixteen" totally makes me think of ANIMALS AND MEN, bratty basement art punk. Something about the staccato vocal delivery also brings to mind a less exuberant LILIPUT too. This is total teenage bedroom music. When I first heard the VIVIAN GIRLS I totally didn't get it, and I still don't; *this* is what I wanted VIVIAN GIRLS to sound like—cool punk girls who can write great pop tunes. I used the word "great" there and I stand by it. BRILLIANT COLORS isn't washed-out, frosting-coated dream pop destined for ten minutes of indie blogger glory. (LG)
(Make a Mess)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – "European Tour 2008" 2xEP

Six songs on two 7"s in a deluxe cardboard container from these stalwarts of…well, blues-garage is as good a tag as any, though BRIMSTONE HOWL has stronger (I'd say more sophisticated, but that would probably give an even wronger idea) songwriting and more pop (but not of the lame sort) elements. Jeez, these guys have enough records out—if you haven't any idea what they sound like, it's your own damn fault. As for this release in particular, suffice it to say that this is top-drawer material, unlike many a tour release. (DD)
(P. Trash)

CAPITAL HEMORRHAGE / REALICIDE – split EP

REALICIDE surprised me. It's drill 'n' bass/gabber. Yeah, it's all drum machine and electronics, and aggressive with some yelling over the top. Noisy as hell and in your face. The title of the first track, "The Audience Sucks," gives a good idea of their attitude. Their second track is more industrial-sounding with slower beats. When I flipped the 7" to the CAPITAL HEMORRHAGE side, my ears got a much-needed cleaning. I heard a huge, loud, noisy chug on what I thought was a bass, but the band doesn't list a bassist. They must tune that guitar way down. The music is noisy and slow and made by only two people: one on guitar, one on drums, with both screaming. Sorta SWANS meets Japanese noise meets early no wave when it was deconstructed rock/noise and not dancy. (MH)
($7 ppd: Realicide Youth / Out Fall Channel)

LA CARA OCULTA – "Del Rock 'n' Roll" EP

Dude, this is an amazing 7". So check this out—this band of kids from Gainesville, Florida sings exclusively in Spanish and sounds like a modern Japanese trashy pop punk band. They have that Snuffy Smile, '90s East Bay style of music, very similar to BLOTTO, GLEAM GARDEN, CRIMPSHRINE, and even a bit of TEENGENERATE. This is really cool stuff, and it comes with all these crazy flyers. I'm truly impressed. (FS)
(TPV)

CARLOS DUNGA – "Brasil Campeao Do Mundo" EP

Italian soccer punk named after a Brazilian soccer star? Good idea, please tell me more. The first song goes on for *way* too long, and I'm hoping that CARLOS DUNGA is about to kick things up a notch with the second track. The guitar comes at me like it was recorded in an empty dumpster and I am getting excited, but sadly the second track is also pretty dull. Side two offers three tracks, and after a yawner of an intro, CARLOS DUNGA finally starts to rage a bit. Classic Italian hardcore like CRASH or later INDIGESTI comes to mind, and the rest of side two gets even better (stoked!). If this record were one-sided, I would be sold, because killer riffs and over-the-top bursts of lead guitar get my blood pumping every time. Good shits, with what is likely a joke track about soccer thrown onto the front of a pretty solid single. (WN)
(NKTN / Zas / Erba Trista)

CASS COUNTY UGLIES – CD

Like the GASLIGHT ANTHEM with a country bent and a small amount of DROPKICK MURPHYS and AGAINST ME! influence. These dudes seem like earnest motherfuckers. I really dig the lyrics, but I'm not always too into the vocal delivery—mostly when it reminds me of the dude from the DROPKICK MURPHYS. The lyrics seem to be about small-town life and totally capture shit-town redemption (especially if that shit-town is the town you grew up in). Really well played and well recorded, but not all of the songs hold up. Some of this could have worked all right as a 7," but there seems to be a bit too much filler. I like the lyrics and the vibe of this a lot more than I like most of the music. (P$)
(self-released)

CASTING OUT – "Go Crazy! Throw Fireworks!" CD

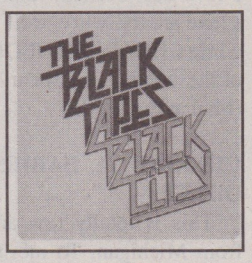
This fuckin' *suuuuuuuuxxxxx*!!! FALLOUT BOY fronted by Kenny Loggins. Trying-to-make-it bullshite. I ain't no rung. (JU)
(Fail Safe, the mall)

CHARLES ALBRIGHT – "I'm on Drugs" EP

Making and recording music on your own can have many advantages. You never have to wait for that flaky band member to show up to practice and you can write your songs about whatever you want. When you can be as utterly honest lyrically as CHARLES ALBRIGHT, your music becomes twisted-ly fascinating. ALBRIGHT just lets lose. He sounds angry, but I don't think he is really mad. He's kind of just stating facts. The music is fast-paced and over-the-top. His songs are "I'm on Drugs," "I'm a Fine Young Man and I'm Doing So Well," and "I Wanna Hold You." Just the titles alone let you know what you are in for. (CK)
($3 ppd, self-released)

CHEAP TRAGEDIES – "Volume I: Souvenirs and Evidence" LP

High-voltage rock and roll from Cleveland. It rocks, to be sure, but one side in and I am not feeling "grabbed." Many of the songs plod along (and along and along) well after they should have closed up shop, and while they can clearly jam out a fast, driving rock riff, CHEAP TRAGEDIES also spends an awful lot of time driving mediocre parts into the



ground… "Jesus Has Just Left East Cleveland," for example, appears to be an attempt at a serious rock tune, and while the lyrics are pretty genius, the song ends up pretty damned dull. Part of the problem is the relentless vocals, as they are in every song from start to finish. The record has moments, to be sure; "Going Going Gone" is a rager, but if it were listened to in the context of a solid hardcore record, it would be the throwaway track, which is quite telling. I love rock and roll, I love beer-soaked, high-energy bar punk, and I love snotty, witty, well thought-out lyrics, but while CHEAP TRAGEDIES attempt to offer all of these things, I just can't seem to like it. (WN)
(Mad at the World)

CHERNOBYL BABIES – "They Lost, We Oi!" EP

This is totally raw and juvenile punk rock from Michigan. To me, the title doesn't really make sense, as the kids in the band are super young and look like a punk rock cliché and the lyrics are pretty redundant. You know, the same old themes of unity and winning the punk rock fight, loyalty to the "scene," hating your job, and of course getting drunk (three out of four songs include excessive drinking references, to the point of puking in two of them!). The recording quality isn't top-notch and CHERNOBYL BABIES isn't rock solid, but you know what? That's OK, cuz these kids are having fun, and at least they have gotten off their asses, started a band, recorded their songs, and made a damn record (*not* a CD)! And even if this band doesn't last and only one or two of these kids goes on to form another band, then that's great. Everyone's gotta start somewhere and hopefully we'll hear more from these guys in the future, either as CHERNOBYL BABIES or something else. So pick this record up and enjoy it for what it is—a good, fun record from some kids who may be young and naïve, but at least they aren't jaded old fucks!! (ML)
(Joe Pogo)

CHOPPER – "Kvlt as Fvck" EP

Fake metal is different than fake punk in that while fake punk is usually funny (if unintentionally so), and sometimes accidentally great, fake metal is almost always boring and played by smirking ironic types from Atlanta. CHOPPER is the latter, and this is boring, bad, and banal. Don't buy it. (BB)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

CLOAK/DAGGER – "Surf Song / Concentration Camp"

Driving, power-chord riffing, thick-necked melodic punk from these Richmond, VA blokes. CLOAK/DAGGER (not sure about the name—band names shouldn't have punctuation) takes their cues *not* from local heroes AVAIL, but (maybe indirectly) from LEATHERFACE and most notably from Jon Reis-related projects. I'm hearing a more punk rock PITCHFORK—less octaves, shoutier vocals. Of course, I'm basing all of this on just two songs; CLOAK/DAGGER may in fact have a versatility that knows no bounds, but on the many strengths of this release, I'm certainly inclined to find out. (AM)
(Jade Tree)

CLOCKCLEANER – "Ready to Fight" 12"

NEGATIVE APPROACH songs are tight, wound-up, and tough; like getting punched and not realizing what happened until after the fact. CLOCKCLEANER is like watching a drunk guy slurring his way up the street towards you, and knowing the punch is coming and that it's going to be sloppy and brutal. This is a live recording of a cover of the song is "Ready to Fight," and the band being covered is NEGATIVE APPROACH. It was recorded at a show where CLOCKCLEANER supported NEGATIVE APPROACH. The song is maybe twenty minutes long, and threatening in a totally different way to the original—you can picture the audience's expectations, waiting for the reunion band to play the songs they cherish so. This is the sound of exactly the opposite of what the audience wants; it's confrontational and ridiculous. It's an epic F.U.—you could say it's deconstructionist or post-modern if you wanna throw shit like that around your play-pen. Is it hardcore when it's over twenty minutes long? Is doing exactly the opposite of what the people want as much a set-piece as performing songs you wrote when you were a teenager as a 50-year-old man? Watching reunion bands is like watching a play. Anyway, this record is compelling and great. It's not a novelty one-note joke and it is, at the same time. (LG)
(Fan Death)

CLOCKCLEANER – "Skinheaded Lady / Hate City"

The infamous and ugly CLOCKCLEANER turn in their latest (and last?) EP and it's a killer 1-2 punch. First they lay down an original ditty that plays off their last gag, "Skinheaded Lady"; not the SYMARIP take some of us were guessing at, but a more gross, weird one with reverbed melodies that would be set to slit throats to. A damn fine tune nonetheless, epitomizing their troubled take on life outside their conceited perception. Australia's Stained Circles released this keeper and stays in step with their trend of killer records, tucking them right under their belt. CLOCKCLEANER, in this instance, pull off the moody/disturbed tone we know and love to hate them for—the only outfit to even come close to MURDER CITY DEVILS' immortal releases any time in recent memory. That said, the B-side is an X (Australia) cover that they do take advantage of; not knowing the lyrics...they make up their own. Still, almost unfortunately, they give a strong showing here and have had me humming their stupid take on the song for the last week! (RM)
(Stained Circles)

COLD SHOULDER – "Patriot" EP

Holy fuck! These thrash cretins from Hammond, Indiana will slam you little pantywaists to the ground! COLD SHOULDER features Ralph on vocals, Keegan on guitar, Mike on guitar, Mike #2 on bass, and Mike #3 on drums, and these fucks stir up a major disturbance!! The hardcore sparks fly off of this thrash slab as you wimpy college punks duck for cover! On side A, COLD SHOULDER crashes through "Condominiums," Can't Cheat Death," and "Diet of Worms." This is fucking great hardcore! Side B of the COLD SHOULDER *Patriot* EP features "Not for Sale," "Economic Draft," and "America's Son." Excellent! This EP presents strong punk music with strong opinions. Get this EP! (BR)
(Cowabunga)

COP ON FIRE – "Discography" CD

Fucking killer. 100% beers-in-the-air, circle-pit-inciting crust in the classic style. If you missed COP ON FIRE on their US tour or otherwise haven't seen them, I kind of feel sorry for you. They are one of those bands that can deliver on record, but totally shine live, kind of like DSB. While cleaving primarily to the Scandinavian school of crust punk, they have an edge of the urgency of early USHC that really makes the songs go off. For the record, this CD compiles their split LP with VISIONS OF WAR and their first LP. Personally I prefer the stuff from the split, but it's all excellent. Though a couple of the members are from elsewhere, the band is based in Spain, so we'll chalk this up as another big win for Spain in the crust wars. If listening to this record doesn't make you dance around your room, you're dead to me. (AU)
(Inimical)

COUSIN DALE – "Quickly, Rapidly, Efficiently... and Fast" CD

According to the notes included, this is the first release from COUSIN DALE in a decade. Coming out of the San Francisco Bay Area, this poppy punk trio is serious about the good time they have playing music. The disc's opening track, "Punk Rock Show," is a killer that has a NOFX-meets-THE BODIES sound to it. Other tunes like "Hangin' On" harken back to the Bay Area sound that Lookout Records used to document along the lines of SWEET BABY JESUS crossed with early GREEN DAY, while the album closer "Something New" has elements of LAGWAGON in it. A pretty enjoyable CD that presents a more "mature" version of pop punk. (RK)
(Petunia)

THE CREEPS – "These Walls" EP

THE CREEPS come at us with some straightforward pop punk created in the frozen tundra of Ottawa, Canada. Musically, these guys sound in line with Fat Records type bands, but a bit on the darker side of what that label produces, es-

pecially on the B-side. The music is rocking, but lacks a bit of originality. This band could be good if they broke the formulaic guitar riffs and song structure they use right now, and if vocals were a bit more engaging, both in the singing and the lyrical content. (FS)
(Black Pint)

CRUSADERS OF LOVE – "She's a Rebel / ...If You Want to Try"

These new garage bands are just getting too wimpy for me. I like pretty songs played on acoustic guitars with a nice retro feel as much as the next gal, but geesh. This is getting to be too much. These songs are too slow. They're pretty and fuzzy, but there is nothing to them. It's simply background music. I can imagine this scene from the movie: the sensitive guy is sitting on the sofa sweetly strumming his guitar while a bunch of cool-looking girls swoon. I'd have to be the one grabbing the guitar and smashing it over his head. (CK)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

DANGER STRANGERS – "Murder and Mayhem" EP

This Fullerton quartet runs the stylistic gamut on this five-song EP. At their best (as with "Murder and Mayhem" and "Hanging with Strangers") their mid-speed hardcore eschews hooks in favor of enthusiastic vocal choruses and often clever lyrics—all in all, fairly uninventive material, but basically listenable. On the other hand, the band concludes the disc with a loose, acoustic number, "Heavy Metal Music," which is satiric, kind of nutty, but very representative of the band's relaxed sense of fun. All in all, this is likeable, but basically kind of average. (SS)
(Small Pool)

DAWN – CD

I really want to like this a lot more than I do. Nashville, Tennessee's DAWN definitely seems like the real deal, with rad DIY packaging, intelligent lyrics, and decent politics. Musically they're pretty good—thrashy in parts, great vocals, some nice bits of heaviness, but something about their crusty hardcore just isn't doing much for me right now. However, that doesn't mean that whoever is reading this will feel the same way, so go check out their label's website, listen to a song or two, and decide for yourself. It's not like I'm a fucking expert or anything. (VX)
(Anti-Corporate Music, Inc.)

DAZD / NAKOT – split EP

This split features two crust bands from Serbia. NAKOT plays a burly style of metallic crust punk. The bassist helps the singer out with some backing vocals and they occasionally have some call-and-response going on. The one thing I really do not like is that the drummer does not use his bass drum. DAZD kicks out two black-metal-meets-motörpunk jams on the flipside. The first song, "The Army of Darkness," is a fist-pumper and sets a pretty good tone for their side. "Down Below," the other song, is recorded live and the wild-style reverb vocals and sloppy raw metallic guitars make me think of ZOUO or GISM. Fans of international crust should take note of this one. (SE)
(Doomed to Extinction)

DEAD YUPPIES – "Gdy Swiat To Za Malo" CD

This is a good record. Not breaking any new ground, but these dudes from Poland lay down some solid anarcho political hardcore. All the songs are sung in Polish, but the insert gives all the lyrics with their English translation. Totally unnecessary, but kind of cool for me—I guess I should feel kind of embarrassed for these kind of privileges that are given to me for being an American. Or, maybe they just wanted the most people possible to understand their lyrics. Anyway, moving on, I really like it when bands write songs about "punk rock." It's always really cheesy, but I think it rules. A lot of DEAD YUPPIES' lyrics are kind of cheesy, but they pull it off nicely. This is nothing too amazing, but I dig it. (FS)
(Trujaca Fala)

DEEP SHIT / HAVE FUN – split EP

I wish I could just give you the lyrics to every song on the DEEP SHIT side of this powerviolence gem, because then you would know that you needed it without hearing one single note. Fucking brilliantly thuggish and juvenile songs about hippies killing themselves with their own dreadlocks, alley craps games, getting obliterated on pills, and fighting. This is NO COMMENT, INFEST, PHC, CROSSED OUT as delivered through a looking glass that is 20 years old. Gruff and abrasive, it sounds like it was recorded on an 8-track in their rehearsal space, and it's perfect. The song "Dreadlocker" goes like this: "Every time I see you, some shit is going to go off / Please call your mom and tell her to pick you up before you get pain brain'd." I almost didn't want to listen to the HAVE FUN side, they had me at DEEP SHIT, you know? But here we have more of the same brilliance. Not quite as rough, and HAVE FUN is nodding just as liberally to SPAZZ, PLUTOCRACY, and GASP as they are the first wave of SoCal violence. The GO! cover in honor of SPAZZ seals that deal. If you are still reading this nonsense, then you totally need this record. (WN)
(Give Praise)

DIGITAL LEATHER – "The Assault / Video Phase"

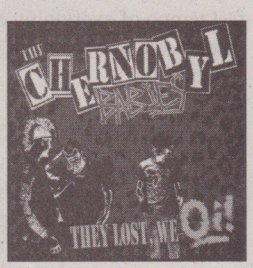
In the same way T PAIN brought the vocoder into post-9/11 American consciousness, this dude seems poised to bring synth punk into my own post-9/11 American musical landscape. DIGITAL LEATHER landed in my review pile hot on the heels of having his song "All We Want To Do Is Kill" stuck in my head for about a week. This reminds me of a couple of other DIGITAL LEATHER 7"s I've heard in that one side is often killer and the other side is an archetypical B-side. The A-side is an '80s-sounding and -themed catchy, synth-driven jam against the lyrical backdrop of a nuclear holocaust and television nuptials. Pre-apocalyptic cruciality. Hot shit. (P$)
(Red Lounge)

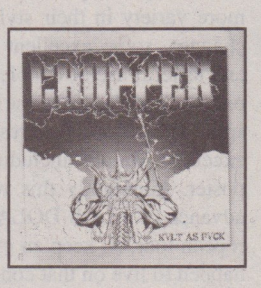
DIRTY FILTHY MUGS – "Half-Pint" CD

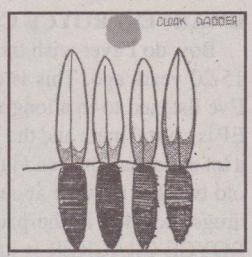
Six songs of American street punk played by white t-shirt and scully-cap wearin' toughs. DIRTY FILTHY MUGS' sound moves around a bit, at times reminiscent of Al Barr from THE BRUISERS/DROPKICK MURPHYS fronting THE STREET DOGS, and other times the tunes have more of a REAL MCKENZIES feel to them, Basically, you get rough, gravel-y vocals over some celtic-influenced punk tunes and lots of songs about boozin', fightin', and standin' up for your friends. Not bad. (RK)
(Brrapp)

DISOBEY – "Got the Fever" CD

Schizophrenic German edge band who rolls between







FLOORPUNCH-style straight edge jams to toughguy NYC 'core like SKARHEAD or something. I love it when DISOBEY lets rip the old school style and goes for the slowed down "those were the days" jams—can't do the gruff mosh shit. Keep it simple and I'm there, hawdcore heads…. Dig in (TB).
(Good Boys)

DISSIMILARS / SLAB CITY – split EP

DISSIMILARS has broken up since these three tunes on the A-side were recorded, but their last gasp is catchy and trashy. The first song is the best—if someone put it on a mix tape and told me it was a obscure early-'80s West Coast punk band, I would believe it. "Army of One" is followed by a rockin' OBLIVIONS cover and ends with the silly (but not funny) "Rug Doctor." SLAB CITY's stuff is way better than the DISSIMILARS. Both songs by SLAB CITY are full of energy, fuzz, and good hooks. I especially like that the keyboard seems really mellow under the fast tempo of everything else, giving this band a nice sounding dynamic. (MU)
(Green Door)

LOS DOLARES / WARTORN – split EP

LOS DOLARES, from Barcelona, play fairly standard TRAGEDY-style epic crust. Not bad, but with the shitloads of great bands coming out of Spain these days, they don't exactly stand out from the pack. WARTORN, from Wisconsin, is also riding the epic crust train, but with a little more variety in their style. A few more tempo changes, some excellent dual-vocal trade-offs, and tasteful use of double-bass kicks in the second song make them the standout band on this split. The record features art from the always-excellent Marald, including a six-panel foldout poster. Apparently this record was pressed in advance of a LOS DOLARES/WARTORN European tour, so keep an eye out for dates if you happen to live on that continent. (AU)
(Fight For Your Mind / Deskontento)

DWARVES / ROYCE CRACKER – split EP

Boy, do I ever wish the DWARVES broke up 15-20 years ago. This is the worst piece of shit I've listened to in a long time. The theme of the EP is crystal meth and the lyrics would have been a lot better had the band just asked a twelve-year-old tweeker to write about speed. Even the fake drugs included in the packaging look like shit. ROYCE CRACKER is just various members of the DWARVES writing songs about the same silly drug. This is so awful that I'm getting too angry to write anything else. (MU)
(Zodiac Killer)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – "That Time of Day" EP

Continuing their string of excellent (and unfortunately hard-to-get) 7"s, Nervous Jerk Records delivers this tasty new treat from Australia's darlings. Words like "restrained" and "understated," while apt, only get you about halfway in describing the EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING sound. There's an undeniable and irresistible tension in their songs—building up, taking you to the edge, but not pushing you over until the very end of the song. Genius in its simplicity. In a slight departure from other EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING songs, the guitar riffs in both B-side songs, "It Ain't Cheap" and "Noise in My Head," recall '60s Aussie heroes THE EASYBEATS. It works great, especially coupled with Brendan's dead-pan-ish vocals. All around excellent 7". (IS)
(Nervous Jerk)

ENEMIES OR LIFE / FOR THE WORSE – split EP

I remember fondly my first encounter with Mike McCarthy, FOR THE WORSE's nut-job of a singer—it was sometime around the summer of '93 and my friends and I were skating in Harvard Square when a couple skins and three or so punks come running up to us and the one that appears to be the "leader" (Mike) asks, "Hey, can we borrow your boards? There's a bunch of jocks over there in a yellow Jeep and we're gonna kick their asses, but we gotta catch up to them." We obliged before realizing what a horrible idea it was to have lent them our boards. Shockingly, about ten minutes later the motley crew returned and thanked us, saying, "Those dudes were such pussies." He can be nice, he can be nasty, but always a fuckin' animal. With that out of the way, FOR THE WORSE has many releases under their belt by now, but I can honestly say that this is the first I've heard. They play pretty basic, mid-paced-to-faster hardcore with high-pitched (but not screechy or screamy) vocals. There's better, and there's worse. On the flip, ENEMIES FOR LIFE treads a similar path to better effect. Something about the fast parts here have a first-EP-era SICK OF IT ALL feel to me, so there is a definite NYHC sound to these songs that I can't help but be drawn to. Pretty ripping stuff. (JU)
(Tourist Trap)

THE ERGS! – "Hindsight Is 20/20, My Friend, Vol.1" LP

Double vinyl release by THE ERGS!, I'm not if sure this is a new release or an everything-so-far compilation, or a mixture of both. I like THE ERGS!; I have their album, but I'm not a big fan… So I don't think that I've heard any of these songs before…but I could be wrong. They play up-tempo melodic punk with poppy sensibilities yet blaring guitars. Think pop punk mixed with indie-pop, but fast and raw enough to appease the dynamics of this magazine. (AD)
(Dirtnap)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR – "Law of Retaliation" CD

An excellent return to form for EXTREME NOISE TERROR with both original singers back mutilating and shredding their vocal chords (and while others may have tried, Dean Jones and Phil Vane are still the masters—I'm surprised they have vocal chords left!). The songwriting on these nineteen tracks is not too far removed from the original intent of the classic ENT material, with a few plus or minus deviations into modern metal influences. The biggest change here the emphasis on speed in the drums, which is delivered with metallic technical precision and a lot more manic speed. In emphasizing the speed, there's a little less thickness in the guitars that doesn't give this quite *Phonophobia* heft, and like their original records (and quaintly "'90s"), it's replete with samples to give you a breather from the thrashing, but none of this lessens the impact. Boss! (KS)
(Deep Six)

FASHION – "Junkie Vibes" EP

Fuck! This FASHION record is a full-blown punk rager! FASHION hails from Australia, but now resides in London, England. This is the fucking most terrifying punk band to emerge from the stolid United Kingdom shores since VIOLENT ARREST, RIPCORD, or HERESY! This *Junkie Vibes* EP comes screaming out of the speakers at Mach Ten with a crazed singer spitting out vitriol faster than you can wrap your ears around it! The guitars churn like a cold, unwashed kitchen knife in your entrails! The bass and drum playing is astounding! You rip through "Apex Scum," "Devoid Cut," "Swells," and "Teach Me." Every song is a punk rock keeper. Buy this fucking EP before it's too late! (BR)
(Yibbidda, no info)

FAT DAY – "Iguanadonaland" LP

I was very surprised to hear that FAT DAY is still active, and thrilled to have the opportunity to review their latest record. While I have not kept up with them—only buying their records when I found them and very occasionally listening to them—*Iguanadonaland* is pretty much how I remember these freaks. For this release they've assembled an orkestra that provides steamy intros and banter. The music is best described as spastic, which is putting it lightly. Imagine THE MINUTEMEN after collectively snorting the biggest ball of crystal meth you could imagine and making music with Simon-Says electronic games. Now multiply that by a thousand. *Fuck.* Somehow, and this is what I think makes FAT DAY incredible, the songs maintain hooks and are very catchy. Call it arty nonsensical hardcore, because I don't get it, but I sure as hell do love it. An explanation of what and where *Iguanadonaland* is and resides is included; good luck understanding it. (VL)
(Spirit of Orr / 100% Breakfast)

FPB – "Kniha přání a stížností" 3xCD

This CD discography is *hugely* important in the realm of Eastern European '80s punk and hardcore. FPB started in the Czechoslovakian

village of Teblice in 1980, managing to recreate the strange new sounds that they had heard from illegally imported recordings of THE DAMNED, EBBA GRÖN, THE CLASH, CHROME, PERE UBU, and many others. These diverse influences, combined with the singer's interest in (primarily Czech) poets, gives FPB a totally unique sound that sends chills up my spine nearly 30 years later. The first two CDs in this set are made up of pretty rough live and demo recordings, some of which are admittedly mostly to be viewed as a reference, not so much for regular listening pleasure. To hear these crude, snotty versions of SEX PISTOLS, DEVO, and DAMNED covers, along with originals that sometimes defy genres, is fucking ace—especially when accompanied by the knowledge that they were made at a time when the only reason that the members of FPB weren't in jail was that the cops thought the enemy was the hippies, and these new punks had "the hair cut," according to the vocalist. The focus of the collection though, is the brilliant *Kdo z Koho, Ten Toho* LP, which was recorded in 1990, five years after the band split up due to pressure from the secret police. Reformed to properly record their music for the first time, FPB made one of my favorite punk records ever. Though there are moments of more mainstream pop ("Krysy") that are still excellent, the driving ferocity of tracks like "Vůl z žuly" and "Ulice," the untouchable backing vocals in the title track, the fifteen-second absurd brilliance of "Egoista," and the indescribably Eastern sound of the whole recording all make it absolutely flawless in my opinion. Elements of their Polish neighbors can be heard here, whether by design or simply due to a similarity of influences. (Early) DEZERTER, TZN XENNA, and new waver KLAUS MITFOCH are all in the same league with FPB, though I would be tempted to say that I will pull out *Kdo z Koho, Ten Toho* before just about any of the aforementioned bands. As a necessary packaging note, this 3xCD comes in an outrageous 100-plus-page full-color book, made to hang on your wall, and includes band history in Czech and English, writings from the members, complete song lyrics (even lyrics to the half dozen tunes they could not find the recordings for), and every song the band ever wrote or covered (save those aforementioned lost tunes). Expensive, yes, but I dare say that this is the single most essential reissue I own. (WN)
(Malarie)

FED UP – "Fuck Your Life" LP

Remember all those second-shelf East Coast hardcore bands that came out in the late '80s and early '90s, like IN YOUR FACE, BUSTIN' OUT, or KRAKDOWN? Well, that's sort of what FED UP brings to mind, and I mean that as a compliment. Yeah, those bands and this one may not make it to the canon of the finest hardcore slabs ever made or anything, but they still fucking rule for anyone who is a fan of pure, raw, and sincere hardcore. The music on this is simplistic in the best of ways, and the same can be said of the lyrics as well. As you can tell by the title of this thing, these dudes are sorta on the cynical and angry side of life. Who can blame 'em? Definitely check this out if you're a fan of old school NYHC—you won't be let down. (BG)
(United Riot)

FINAL FIGHT – "Half Head, Full Shred" CD

Anyone who's into melodic modern hardcore is probably familiar with FINAL FIGHT at this point. They have a few records and quite a bit of touring under their belt, and their popularity is not undeserved. Musically they're reminiscent of COMEBACK KID or HAVE HEART. Lyrics mix the personal and the political without ever getting too cliché. This isn't what I would usually listen to, but it's good, and they're definitely a band I've always enjoyed live. Also, any *Arrested Development* fans out there, note their (self-released) label name. (VX)
(Gobias Industries / Panic)

FINAL FIGHT / JUVENTUDE MALDITA – split CD

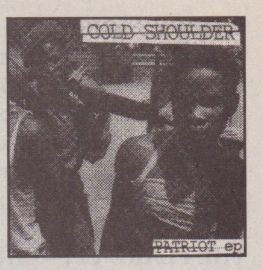
Such a shame—I know that it is petty of me, but this is a split CD release in a cardboard sleeve, not even a proper jewel case or digipak. Realistically, it is a very practical way to put your music out, but I would love to see this released as a split 12" instead! I've never heard of either band before, but from what I can tell both bands are from Brazil and they are pretty good! Each band offers up eight songs that are heavily influenced by '80s Oi. In fact, on the FINAL FIGHT artwork it highlights the fact that the band features Chris Skepis, ex-COCK SPARRER. Now that name didn't ring a bell to me, but sure enough when I googled his name, it says that he replaced Shugs O'Neil during the *Runnin' Riot in '84* era. I'm not sure how he ended up in Brazil, but it makes sense that FINAL FIGHT (not to be confused with the melodic hardcore band of the same name) has a similar guitar sound to COCKSPARRER at times. Hopefully both of these bands will get a chance to put out a "proper" release soon, preferably on vinyl! So check 'em out online, and if you're not petty like me, pick up this CD if you like what you hear! (ML)
(Rebel Music)

FIRMEZA 10 – "Hardcore Radikal" 12"

When I see FIRMEZA 10 next to my name on the reviewer sheet, my eyes light up. Could it be the same FIRMEZA 10 from the *Esta Sucia Ciudad* cassette comp? It is. I dig through the garbage in the review crate to unearth a visual orgasm. This is the best-looking record in years. It's so sharp, simple, and demanding—if looks could kill. This record feels great in my now-sweaty palms. I now know the excitement an archeologist feels when finding some old tool or bones. I'm sweating and salivating all over when that I see this is on the Disco Autoproducido imprint and a Teodoro Hernandez project. He's done some flawless work like the *Eskupe Al Alkalde* zine and the bands SIDA, OTAN, INFIERNO DE COBARDES, and DESTRUCCION. Fuck, as soon as I drop the needle I'm hit by a wave of primitive beauty. Raw inept punk at its finest— this is so good, I'm frothing at the mouth. I keep turning the volume up, as it demands my maximum attention. I want to put my head into the speaker and wear it like a helmet all the while pacing, jumping, and slashing around the room. I haven't pumped my fist in the air, air drummed, or pretended that I know how to play guitar this much to a record in god knows how long. *Hardcore Radikal* is so refreshing, yet so familiar. By the last two of sixteen songs I've knocked over piles of records, zines, and two glasses of water, hit my head, and punched a hole in the wall. "Paz" and "Opresión" are the stand out tracks, and for sure to be on my next mix tape. To sum this up, it delivers on all fronts. Best record of 2009? You bet! (RR)
(Disco Autoproducido)

FIX ME – "Paradoja" EP

AAARRRRGGGHHHHH!!!!!!! Los quiero cabrones!!! I fucking love this release. Intense fucking songwriting;



the anger drips from this 7" record. Mid-paced to fast punk/hardcore with fury and lyrics that are intelligent, making this even better. These folks have been around for quite some time, and I don't need to mention former band names cuz they know what they are doing. Killer!! (MS)
(Sell Our Souls)

THE FLARE-UP! – "Whip 'Em Good" CD

Although this is a pretty good album, I have to say that it barely fits into the realm of what we cover here at *MRR*. When I first threw this on, I thought it was going to be a torturous ten minutes or so of listening, but after a few songs I found myself starting to like it and played it all the way through. The sound is pretty hard to label, but I'd say some influences are cleaner-sounding garage rock bands like the HIVES, glam, and indie prog metal like MARS VOLTA. Again, the diehard punx will most likely not be into this, but if you have broader tastes and dig catchy stuff like the STARLITE DESPERATION, you would probably want to hear this. (BG)
(Criminal)

FLATIGIOUS IDIOSYNCRACY IN THE DILAPIDATION – LP

This is one of the most brutal sounding records I have heard in *ages*! Lightning fast Japanese crust with liberal doses of blasting mayhem in nearly every song. The traditional high/low vocals are my only complaint (mostly the low, but that's just personal taste, really), but the positives *far, far* outweigh the negatives on this slab. Seventeen tracks with barely a mid-tempo moment to be heard. FLATIGIOUS IDIOSYNCRACY IN THE DILAPIDATION certainly falls on the metal side of things, but they're also decidedly Japanese in approach and delivery, and I would like to return to the word "brutal," because it really is the only adjective I can use. Also worth mentioning, for those interested—there are no dudes in this band. The most crushing record I've heard all month. (WN)
(Six Weeks)

FOOD – LP

Eight songs for twelve-inches played at 33 RPM. With that in mind, you and I know what we're in store for. Self-proclaimed *granite* rock, as opposed to *stoner* rock, though I don't really see the difference. FOOD keeps it mid-paced, but very heavy and rocking, and while I found most of the riffs interesting, my mind wandered throughout the listening. Basically, at times, it was monotonous and boring. If the three-to-five-minute outros were shortened, I may have found it more compelling. Pressed on thick, 180-gram vinyl and a full-color cover. (VL)
(Molsook)

THE FULLERTONS – "Analog" CD

The never-ending run of bands that sound like SCREECHING WEASEL and THE QUEERS continues. Five songs that are borderline horrible. Not recommended. I think this is a CD-R anyways. Try the demo section for new life. (RL)
(Misdated Skateboards)

GOODFELLAZ / VICIOUS CIRCLE – split EP

Two young Spanish bands on this EP that seem to be channeling the spirits of punx past. Both groups approach their songs in a typically standard and predictable way, tapping into the building blocks of punk and hardcore. This is classic adolescent punk that can only continue to develop. Hopefully these two groups will soon to find their own voice. VICIOUS CIRCLE reeks of bong loads and pizza burps while playing fast and unimpressive yawners. They do a cover of the BEASTIE BOYS song "Egg Raid on Mojo" that left me puzzled. GOODFELLAZ, on the flipside, offers a slightly different approach than their counterparts, opting for the nearly non-existent song structure and a dude yelling over it. Oddly enough, I dug it. All in all though, a tough sitting, and I can't say I'm much of a fan. (RM)
(Sell Our Souls)

THE HANGOUTS – "Turn Up the Bird" CD

Girl-fronted bratty pop punk. Songs about partying and boys with kind of inane lyrics. I probably would have pogo-ed to their set at Warped Tour when I was thirteen. It's good and fast for what it is. (MM)
(Sinkhole Texas)

HANK IV – "Refuge in Genre" LP

Hard swinging rock 'n' roll. Simple as that, and really, what more do you need? Maybe a stiff drink to go along with it? Honestly, HANK IV records never did much for me—until I saw them live. Then it clicked. Seeing those guys play this music is a treat. I wanna say they're a great bar band, but the term "bar band" has such a horrible connotation that it's not fair. How about something along the lines of adult punk? These are guys who have been around the block, been in plenty of bands (ICKY BOYFRIENDS among them, one of the greatest SF bands ever) and they know how to play. So there's no need for gimmicks, no dicking around. They get right to the point, open up, and just don't fucking stop. "Sorry 'Bout the Boat Race," an instrumental, almost sounds like a '77-era CHEAP TRICK tune, which is really the only time HANK IV lets you breath on this album. Otherwise it's all howl and bang, dragging you along for the ride. (IS)
(Siltbreeze)

HÅRDA TIDER – "Vår Sak" EP

Although you could immediately identify this as Swedish hardcore punk, HÅRDA TIDER really transcends standard boundaries. Yes, the aural assault and D-beat influence is definitely strong, but there are posi-core shouted courses and a huge nod is given to mid-'80s hardcore. It works, whatever it is. I was sort of amused while reading along with the lyric sheet; well, I can't actually read the Swedish lyrics, but once in a while a phrase in English such as "bring on the ruckus" or "hardcore in the fucking street" pops up outta nowhere. For those who like sound references, I would say this is like a blend of FINAL EXIT and SKITKIDS, or something like that. (BG)
(Not Enough)

HATRED SURGE / IRON LUNG – "Broken" EP

What happens when two of the most brutal and dominating groups on Earth work together? The best record either band has done. (Note: this is a *collaboration*, not a split.) The last IRON LUNG LP was incredible and pretty much everything Alex Hughes' HATRED SURGE has done is unfuckwithable, but this here EP is the knockout punch. The mid-paced parts on *Broken* are what really sold me. The hooks in the breakdown-style riffs take it from being a killer record to a modern classic. I've listened to this so many times since the limited version came out last summer and there is so much more that needs to be said about it; but I'm totally at a loss for words. All you really need to know is, whatever you do, don't sleep on it, and go out and buy this fucking record. (JU)
(Iron Lung)

HEADS HELD HIGH – "So Say We All" CD

Man, as much as I try I just can never get into metal-influenced hardcore. What's weird is that while looking up some info on this band I saw many claims that they are a return to bands like DAG NASTY and GORILLA BISCUITS, but I don't hear that at all here. This is way more STRIKE ANYWHERE type of metal/melodic hardcore blending. So yeah, the music is pretty tight and the (personal, of course) lyrics are well-written and definitely sung from the heart, but I just don't feel it with the melodic-then-harsh-screaming vocals, the clean-sounding guitar riffs, and the double bass drums that are so prevelant in these kinds of bands. Sorry. (BG)
(Crossface)

HEX MACHINE – "Run to Earth" EP

Awesome metallic elements fused with thick grooves in a no-nonsense way. This is a solid fucking showing from the Richmond, VA's metal monstrosity known simply as HEX MACHINE. Not the blistering demolition I usually get down for, nor the tech wizardry I also normally enjoy, here it's the overwhelming MELVINS feel that is the real treat. A thick and constant buzzsaw crunch serves the listener well and adds aggression to the hypnotic and (mostly) instrumental EP. The ever-present guitar leads, while the rhythmic bass and drums serve to sink these jamz deeper and deeper into the out-there and down-there depths of groove metal. Fans of DON CABALLERO (if they didn't suck and

were heavy) and New York's GOSPEL take note. (RM)
(Molsook)

HI-FI SILENCE – "Hi-Fi Generation" CD

Hard-sounding melodic two-man band from SoCal. HI-FI SILENCE is catchy yet rough, a little like SCREECHING WEASEL meets THE BODIES. This is pretty good, and a DIY effort, too—it's obviously a labor of love for whoever Michael (vocals, guitar, and bass) is. (AD)
(self-released)

HIGH LIFE – "Drink Yourself to Freedom" EP

This one caught me by surprise; this record is an absolute ripper. It sounds like VOID and NEGAZIONE with vocals that have an almost metallic quality to them, but sound more like CITIZENS ARREST. What really makes this record though is the production. Can't resist that loud and blown-out sounding mix. Great stuff! (PL)
(Cowabunga)

THE HOLD – "Need" LP

Diagonal-line hardcore indeed. This album cover sports more stripes than St. Mirren's laundry basket! Fast, quirky hardcore punk with stop/start parts, herky-jerky jazzcore breakdowns, and sudden changes in direction. THE HOLD are Canadian, and manage to channel compatriots SONS OF ISHMAEL and to a lesser extent NOMEANSNO without sounding too retro or dated. This is a one-sided LP containing ten songs, the flipside displaying an attractive silkscreen of some sort of walking aid for the elderly or infirm. Perhaps THE HOLD is insinuating that their music will make you dance your legs off? While I enjoy the record very much, I have only ever met one person who could manage to dance to it, and his name is Ali Begbie. You or I or anyone else could only flail haphazardly and be caught out by the random stoppy bits. (AM)
(Mono / Rhetorik)

HOLDING ON TO SOUND – CD

This trio plays reggae-infused punk that drifts into some noisy post-punk/hardcore once in a while. Imploringly passionate vocals that are similar to a strange hybrid of Ian MacKaye and THE PAGANS' Mike Hudson. The well-penned socio-political lyrics deal with personal freedom, revolution, and liberation. My favorites were "Song for the Earth" and the very intense "Bogus." Check out the H.O.T.S. crew and find out that Las Vegas has more to offer than casinos and 99¢ buffets. (RK)
(GC Records)

HSD – "Trapped in Lunacy City" CD

Easily summed up as European hardcore (the latter term debatable), these guys were going for a unique, possibly experimental take on things, attempting to be absurdly creative and innovative. Unfortunately, HSD only succeeded in making me continually cringe track after track. The introduction of a sax on one song is followed up by further insults such as the ridiculous (albeit hilarious) spoken/poetic English via an Austrian lyrical slam! Fuckin' fogetaboutit. Nix the sax, nix the vocals, take out the rhythmic bass lines, and *please* no more guitar going from free-form to power chords! Take notice, REFUSED are dead, and nothing disrespects the memory of them more than non-salvageable attempts at innovation. This is terrible! (RM)
(KOI Records)

H-ZERO – "Cana Antigua" LP

Eight songs of meaty hardcore. There's a heavy caveman influence running through the artwork, and appropriately, there are some beefy TED NUGENT caveman guitar licks going on as well. Musically I'm hearing a little JFA (or, for a more modern reference, maybe CAREER SUICIDE), although the last song sounds like (older) FUCKED UP. All good things in my book. The lyrics are in Catalan, and I can barely read the menu at the local Taco truck, so I have no idea what they're saying, but it sounds good! (AM)
(Sell Our Souls)

THE INTELLIGENCE – "Reading and Writing About Partying" EP

When I get records like *Reading and Writing About Partying*, I second-guess myself. I don't like this. I know people who have pretty decent tastes who really like this band. If you're really into lo-fi garagey rock and hit up distros like Florida's Dying on the regular, you'll probably be into this. I'd like a little more weirdness, vocals that sound either discernable or more substantive when I can make them out, or shit, just something with more hooks. I guess my real trouble is that the sounds coming out of this record activate a place in my brain that immediately conjures images of ironic mustaches. But really, the music's not at all bad. (P$)
(Raw Deluxe)

IZBA WYTRZEZWIEN – "On N'Est Pas Bien A L'ombre" EP

Fast, scathing hardcore from France, blasting seven quick tracks of straight-up hardcore, splattered with vocals trade-offs between scalding distorted male vocals and sharp piercing female vocals. A stripped-down attack with the vocals basing themselves around overdriven, throttling drumming. Somehow though, the sound is different and faster, reminding me of the way BORN DEAD ICONS was completely fueled by the relentless drumming. The comparatively clean guitars drive the point home with simple, direct riffage. There's enough doodling in the margins with weird downbeats, melody, and guitar freak-outs to keep this interesting. Lyrics in entirely in French, but there's a cool, depressing drawing of a dead, decaying sunbather on the cover, so I imagine the lyrics are gloomy! (KS)
(Shogun)

THE JAMMY DODGERS – "No Gods No Masters" EP

I'll just take a stab in the dark and guess that this is a new project from folk-punk guru Chris Clavin of bands such as OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN, THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC, GHOST MICE, et al. If you're more into the poppy side of the folk thing, or just can't get past the acoustic sound, you'll be happy to hear that this band is going the electric route, with distortion and everything. Of all the aforementioned bands, imagine GHOST MICE without the violin, add some drums and distortion, then make the female vocals a bit snottier, and you've got THE JAMMY DODGERS. (BD)
(No Idea)

DI KJIPE – "Tilbake På Gaten" EP

This Norwegian outfit delivers some pretty memorable anthemic punk. The songs are melodic without being annoying and maintain a really punk sound with brash guitars and memorable choruses. It really brings to mind Swedish "Trallapunk" bands from the '80s like STREBERS or

PUKE (but without PUKE's awesome single-note guitar harmonies). Pretty cool record. (SE)
(Trang I Hjelman / Lukket Avdeling)

THE KNOCKDOWN – "Test / Retest" CD

THE KNOCKDOWN plays really slick and polished punk that skates the line between melodic hardcore and melodic pop punk, kind of like early PROPAGANDHI. But this CD does not sound like PROPAGANDHI; it sounds like some radio-friendly suburban punk rock. Like, you'd expect them to have really nice haircuts, plugs in their ears, and a sponsorship from a shoe company. I'd expect to find music like this in Hot Topic. Seriously, this is not good. (FS)
(Kiss of Death)

KOWLOON WALLED CITY – "Turk Street" 10"

KOWLOON WALLED CITY practices right across the hall from my band. Where? Why, Turk Street, of course, "Turk, Taylor, and Jones," to be more specific, which just so happens to be the title of the first song on here. To anyone unfamiliar with SF's Tenderloin area, this corner is the hub of the zombie congress—shady transactions, scabs, junkies passed out, tweekers scampering about combing the cracks in the street for a misplaced crumb of rock. You won't find a higher concentration anywhere else in the city. The music here is of a heavy, grooving, down-tuned plod, and does quite a good job of capturing the mood of Turk and Taylor. Not quite stoner rock, not doom, not metal, not heavy hardcore, just an amalgam of all those. Well-written and well-played, but doesn't really ever get anywhere. (JU)
(Wordclock)

KRIMTÄNK – "Hata dig Själv" EP

I like this. It's rickety-sounding. They're definitely influenced by the likes of MOB 47 and KURBITS IR (without quite achieving the speed of the latter), and they sound like they're forever on the verge of falling completely apart. Everything faster than everything else. No crust here, just furious hardcore punk played as fast as they possibly can go. I seriously hope these guys never become better musicians because they're perfect as they are. I'd bet anything KRIMTÄNK is a blast live. Well done. (AU)
(Pike)

LEPTOSPIROSE – "Mula-Poney" CD

Wow. I honestly have no idea how to describe this—maybe early-'80s hardcore meets garage rock, with a bit of ZAPPA thrown in the mix? Whatever it is, it's fucking good. LEPTOSPIROSE hails from Brazil, and this is their third album since forming in 2007. Pretty damn prolific, if you ask me. You only normally see that much music in that short of a time when you're dealing with one-man MySpace black metal bands. OK, back to the review. Lots of guitar weirdness here, and occasionally a slooooooow heavy part or a jazzy bit, all within the context of some pretty rockin'/thrashin' grooves and screamed vocals. If you're into DEAD KENNEDYS, TURBONEGRO, and GUITAR WOLF, then check this out. Hell, check it out even if you're not into those bands. (VX)
(Laja)

LET DOWN – LP

All right!! This is a compilation of this great band's previous EPs all on one LP. Sounds like a mix of SSD and YOUTH OF TODAY. LET DOWN is one of the few newer straight edge bands that still plays good hardcore reminiscent of this style—WASTE MANAGEMENT also comes to mind. These boys from the City of Brotherly Love have a fairly new LP out as well, so after you get this record, go and check that one out, too. (PL)
(Coalition)

LIBYAN HIT SQUAD – "Fiji" LP

This became my new favorite record during the first listen. It's amazing and I'm at a loss for words to do this record justice. The first song is a long one with a medium tempo and super heavy bass. The guitar sounds like an arty NYC band from the mid/late-'70s and the vocals are sung with lots of passion. It has elements of MISSION OF BURMA mixed with late-era SST bands. That's just the first song. It's followed by the shortest song on the album, which is a fast-paced thrash blast. The last three tracks of the first side are punk perfection. Side B starts with a quirky song that is followed by three more punk gems, and ends with a grand finale sounding something like a psychedelic BUTTHOLE SURFERS. To top it off, the recording sounds great and even the lyrics are well written. Go buy it! (MU)
(Ripping)

LIGHTS OUT – "Destroy Create" CD

Yet again, not the Bay Area band, but a snotty LA-style one from Germany. I think I reviewed a 7" of theirs, and if that's the case, this is *waaaaay* better. It sounds a lot like early CIRCLE JERKS or even the first record REAGAN YOUTH 12". Super snotty, punk as fuck. Imagine if THE STITCHES were younger and less drunk, then you'd be getting there. Pretty great. (TB)
(Deadbeat)

LITTLE LUNGS – "Hoist Me Up" EP

This is a pretty solid 7" right here. It came as absolutely no surprise to find out these kids are from the NYC/New Brunswick area, 'cause they borrow a huge amount of influence from many bands from around there. LITTLE LUNGS has that kind of indie-rock mixed with pop-punk style popularized by bands like LEMURIA and THE MEASURE [S.A], but they do it with a chaos and sloppiness that reminds me of the CHEEKY records (that's a good thing). Like CHEEKY, LITTLE LUNGS takes this region-specific style of music and creates something original and exciting out of it. You can also hear slight influences from SCREAMING FEMALES and MINUTEMEN in there (also a good thing). But yeah, this is one of the better recent records to come out of the NYC/New Brunswick scene. (FS)
(Salinas)

LO-LITE – "12 Picks" CD

Guitar/drums duo kicking out some of those BASSHOLES-style jams. Doesn't exactly transcend the genre or send me into paroxysms, but I'd probably like them fine if they were playing some Rathskeller I wandered into. (DD)
(Red Lounge)

MAMMOTH GRINDER – "No Results" EP

Seeing as grindcore is my favorite type of music, I was a bit disappointed that a band named MAMMOTH GRINDER isn't grindcore. It's heavy hardcore from Austin, TX. Heavy enough to border on metal and they slow down every once in a while. Reminds me a little of CURSED. I caught myself headbanging when they kicked into a groove at the end of the last track. I like it. (MH)
(Inkblot)

MARKED MEN – "Ghosts" LP

I was dreading getting this for review as I have been soaked in this album for the past few months and just don't know how to do the thing justice. So, I have been buying punk rock records for 25 years and MARKED MEN is far and away my favorite band, both on record and live. Each disc, while similar on the surface, shows a progression—as each record comes out, the band tweaks and refines. As always, I was sure it didn't stand up to the others, but as time passes it could now be my favorite. On first listen there are obvious standouts like "Ditch" or "Fortune," but repeated listens reveal the crazy two-octave vocals in "I Must Be Dead" or the tear-inducing finale "Blew My Head." I can't describe them to you…just get it. I love this band, love this record, and know this is kinda a cop-out review, but if you aren't at least familiar with THE MARKED MEN, you shouldn't have this mag in yer hands. Come back Jeff, you made your point…we need you. And just for the record, in the Mark vs. Jeff debate? It has to be Jeff. (TB)
(Dirtnap)

MASSHYSTERI – "Vår Del Av Stan" LP

Oh man, it's the LP I've been waiting for since last May. I've loved all the EPs from these reformed reorganized remixed members of THE VICIOUS, who seem intent on taking things to the next level. They are X without the rockabilly undertones, GORILLA ANGREB with more polish, with more bleak melodies, more despair, and THE VICIOUS with some harmonizing lady vocals. Though unlike THE VICIOUS, we get all

the songs in their native Swedish, and I'm sure I'll be singing along with made-up words for the rest of the year. (AA)
(Feral Ward)

MIND ERASER – "The Prodigal Son Brings Death" EP

Best band in hardcore? Not a bad bet and this slab will make a believer out of you, especially if any doubts remain after hearing *Conscious/Unconsciousness*. On this effort, MIND ERASER returns to *Glacial Reign*-era demolition: shorter songs, blast-beats, chug followed by dizzying guitar riffs, then…wait, wait…*crush*, end. No formula, though—I don't mean to imply that. Whether it's ten-minute epics or 90-second beat-downs, these guys continue to impress me with their command of the heavy balanced with pummeling speed and ferociousness. A top-notch release with some of the best execution of style and power you'll find. (RM)
(Youngblood)

DENNIS MOST AND THE INSTIGATORS – "You Talkin' to Me?"

My dad and I listened to and reviewed this CD while driving around. My old man's pretty all right—he was around for that punk shit, saw THE PISTOLS and THE NUNS and gave me my first two records (DICTATORS *Manifest Destiny* and SPARKS *Introducing*), so the guy's got his head screwed on straight. Mostly listens to soul and such now, but he enjoys the tapes I make him and is all-around a smart fellow. So he tells me and I agree that while these songs aren't bad, they're lacking energy. Ingredient X is missing. Something is wrong (sort of). It's not bad by any means, but it lacks the greatness that other dumb (but not really) Midwest clunk-punks like THE GIZMOS or THE PAGANS possessed. The first eight or so songs are go-ahead fairly uninspired rock punk, then some almost B-52s sounding stuff that isn't bad, and then it gets into almost high gear and the rest of the tracks (about fifteen) are pretty all right. Nothing earth shattering, but DENNIS MOST seems like a nice guy and the packaging is pretty nice. Get it, why don't you? (BB)
(Red Lounge)

MYTH OF PROGRESS – "La Unica Felicidad" LP

Oakland's MYTH OF PROGRESS consisted of members of Florida transplants LESSER OF TWO, Mexico's DESOBEDIENCIA CIVIL, and members from the US, Bosnia, and Croatia. This debut (and sadly final) LP comes slapped in a heavily stippled cover with birds, barbed wire, decaying factories, and Popes in gas masks, making sufficient preparation for the twelve-track onslaught of thick, grimy crust-core with an assault similar to modern TRAGEDY-influenced European hardcore, ZERO HOUR-ish musical moodiness, and screeching, howled male/female vocal trade-offs. Guitars squeal out of the chaos or provide a dense, down-tuned mass propelled by relentless, up-beat drumming that occasionally breaks into a near-grind pace. A self-released record with the help of a few labels, this is a benefit LP for political prisoners with a nice xeroxed booklet detailing lyrics (in three languages no less!) about punk as resistance, the struggle of everyday life, media propaganda, and more. Anarcho-punks and crusties, grab this now!! (KS)
(Mundo En Kaos)

NAZI DEATH CAMP / SONS OF SADDAM – split EP

Two thrashy punk bands on this split 7". SONS OF SADDAM take a lame joke and run with it. The song is written and sung by Uday and Qusai Hussein (I assume before they were killed, but I guess after is also possible) and the lyrics are about destroying everything in the US from Miami to Puffy Daddy. Yeah, good one. NAZI DEATH CAMP doesn't get much more clever. They sing about "emo fags" and being "your mongoloid." The music is average fast punk. I have to wonder how LOLI AND THE CHONES feel about this band naming themselves after one of their songs? (CK)
(Red Lounge)

NEUROOT – "Macht Kaput Wass Euch Kaput Macht" LP

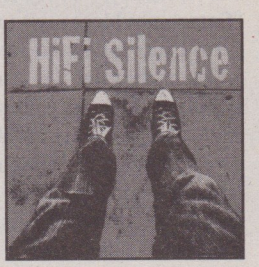
Macht Kaput Wass Euch Kaput Macht was originally released as a demo in 1983 and preceded NEUROOT's *Right Is Might* 7" by a couple of years. For those that haven't heard *Right Is Might*, it's got some of the darkest, dirtiest, and most maniacal hardcore punk from the mid '80s. On both the 7" and this demo recording, NEUROOT incorporates metal influences without the wankfest, a feat that most tend to not accomplish. The guitar work is brilliant—the solos are wild and sloppy and perfectly punctuate the intensity of the music, and we get an occasional earful of chorus-enhanced fretwork. Ultimately, the strength of NEUROOT's songs lies in their skillful use of pacing, their agitated, raw guitar sound, the frenzied energy of the rhythm section, and their ability to write music that is as infectious as it is ferocious. It's unbelievable to me that music this good didn't get pressed to vinyl in the first place. These demo songs are up there with the best of Euro hardcore, no joke. If you're only buying one reissue this year, this is the one to get. (CI)
(Coalition / Prügelprinz)

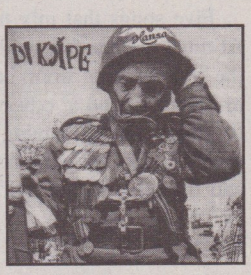
NO MAN'S SLAVE – "Siege Mentality" EP

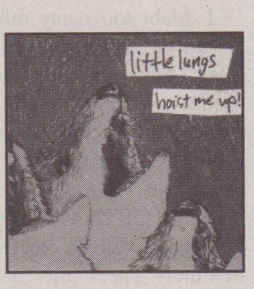
I liked this Oklahoma band's demo and this record is an improvement on that—a few demo songs redone plus twelve new ones—but I can't help feeling like it's simply a tribute. Nothing about this EP really distinguishes it from any other recent powerviolence bands or grabs me at all. It's just got all the "right" words in all the "right" places, and all the slow parts and fast parts in the "right" spots. I don't know. I'm a traditionalist for sure (e.g. "simple is better," "why fix what ain't broke," "if it ain't fast it ain't 'core," etc.), but there comes a point when enough's enough, ya know? You can still stick to the classic and try new things with it. This record really is decent, but it just doesn't stand out. (JU)
(Give Praise)

NOW DENIAL – "Facemelter" CD

Yawwwn. This was a bit of a chore to sit through—a second-rate emotional hardcore band that binds the occasional jammin' sounds of blues-riff-metal with gross BOY SETS FIRE elements. A bit contrived, each song has one line from the lyrics written on the sleeve for dramatic, heartfelt effect; one reads as such: "Brothers in the wind, this is ours to take," whoaw…woaw. Just a glimpse into the song it was written for, "We Follow the Night (On the Wings of Thunder)," *blahhhg*! Are you serious? The whole fucking package stinks of some hipster-drenched, passionate-about-my-art bullshit (which, obviously, they do not pull off). It's almost sleazy. Boo! (RM)
(Tor Johnson)







OUT COME THE WOLVES – "Still Thinking Straight" 12"

If you hadn't already guessed by the title, Spain's OUT COME THE WOLVES are straight edge and proud of it. At least two of the eleven songs on here are about the Edge. They even thank "the Coca Cola Company and the Straight Edge" in their thanks list, so you know where they stand. Other lyrics deal with your typical topics of friendships betrayed and self-control, etc. Honestly, the lyrics are pretty terrible: "Sometimes I lose my cool / I even act like a fool / But I just follow no rules" and "You can fool a few bitches but you can't fool me" definitely stood out. Musically, they draw their influences from a broad variety of '80s and early-'90s hardcore without really bringing anything new to the table. It's borderline, but the lyrics are the final nail in the coffin. I'll pass. (VX)
(Sell Our Souls)

OUTLAW ORDER – "Legalize Crime" EP

Five songs that mix thrash and stoner rock. At times they're fast, with the drummer playing the "boom-chop" drum beat (snare/hi-hat/snare/hi-hat, etc.), and at other times they're down in the groove, head-banging slow. One of the sides is from a limited edition Southern Lord record, and the other has a poorly recorded live song. (VL)
(Deep Six)

OUTRAGE – "Savior" CD

I doubt too many other folks here at *MRR* would be into it, but this stuff is right up my alley: solid, mid-paced metallic straight edge hardcore with sociopolitical lyrics. I guess you could call this '90s revival hardcore—mix equal parts UNBROKEN, 108, and SNAPCASE, add a pinch of TRIAL, and voila, you have Massachusetts' OUTRAGE. As far as current bands go, fans of VERSE or SOUL CONTROL should definitely check this band out. Great music, great lyrics, and definitely a strong debut outing. Hopefully an LP will be in the works soon. (VX)
(Panic)

PANACEA – "Dying Civilization" LP

This Polish band incorporates TRAGEDY/HIS HERO IS GONE-style low-end plunging and modern new-school hardcore elements—stop 'n' start from slow pace into full-throttle speed to quiet interludes. It's all delivered with precision and is somewhat similar to BURST with darker, crusty-tinged overtones from the distortion-laden tooth of the recording. Hoarsely spewed vocals with bleak lyrics in English underline the dark overtones of guitar work that drives the songs, progressively leading through long, multi-part compositions, while the transitions from fast blasting to expansive low-end plodding to quiet emo-ish melodic interludes serve the dark, poetic, personal lyrics. Layout is similar to a CREATION IS CRUCIFIXTION record—computerized fonts at angles in a minimal grayscale composition. Solid. (KS)
(Sadness of Noise)

PARANOYA – "Atmen" CD

Straight-ahead hardcore punk from Germany. They have a slight late-'80s sound but other tracks are straight punk. Vocals are understandable and mostly in Germany. The first few tracks on the CD had a lot of energy and a snotty punk sound, but by track six the sound got pedestrian. Ouch—listening as I write this, I don't like these tracks at all. Melodic, almost pop punk. I'm just not into this. (MH)
(Major Threat)

PEELANDER-Z – "P-Pop High School" CD

Self-described "*Power Rangers* meet THE RAMONES" "Japanese 'action comic' punk band" from NY. Dicey proposition, but I'll sign on, mostly because they mentioned the *Power Rangers* first. It takes something that comparatively drastic (and attendant songs such as "Ninja High School" and "Let's Go! Karaoke Party!") to bring some life to the further mining of THE RAMONES vein, and these guys do manage to pull it off and even make it fun to listen to. (DD)
(Eat Rice)

PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS – "I Don't Wanna Be No Personal Pizza" EP

My judgment is doubtless influenced by having been wowed on many an occasion by their live shows, but (get ready for the pull-quote) *on this disc, PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS delivers!* (Sorry.) Forget THE FOUR SEASONS, these guys are the true Jersey Boys! Classic catchy proto-punk-style songs (including ballad breadsticks) with zesty neo-Fonzie-punk topping delivered (sorry, again) with just enough tongue-in-cheek flavoring—a sound that spans the decades right up to now. Produced in an authentic brick oven. (DD)
(GOOC Entertainment / Search and Destroy)

PLASTERED BASTARDS – "If You're Not Drinking With Us, You're Drinking Against Us" LP

Wow, these lyrics are dumb. Really fucking dumb. Dumb enough that I don't even really feel I need to point out the misogyny of songs like "If We Ain't Fuckin', You're Leavin'" or "MILF on a Crutch" because it's difficult to decipher what the fuck they're even going on about. They're so bad that I thought English might not be their first language, but apparently they're from Pennsylvania. Ouch. Musically they're on some sub-sub-sub-POISON IDEA thing, but don't infer from that reference that this band is any good. These folks need to dedicate themselves to drinking full time and leave the music making to, um, good bands. (AU)
(Chimeres)

PLATES – "The Garth Butcher" EP

Slash-and-burn punk rock from Buffalo. Side one's a psyched-out groove, taking in a health dose of Krautrock with slight hints of early MONSTER MAGNET (way before their egos grew and their willies shrank). Side two hits the direct button with two aggressive but melodic garage punk stompers, almost like a COSMIC PYSCHOS on speed mixed with some vintage Cleveland aggro. Nice. (SD)
(Feral Kids)

POLICE AND THIEVES – "Amor Y Guerra" CD

Eleven songs of god-awful emo youth crew, something worse than DAG NASTY. Crap. I can't even stress how much I hate this style of music, and unfortunately you can understand every embarrassing word the singer is saying. "I was going one way, you were going the other… blah blah blah." The whole CD is laden with the '90s whiney-sounding octave chord. I've got something to say! Say! Say! Say! ...your band blows and you should break up. (SE)
(Youngblood)

PRESS GANG – "Sexsatan" EP

This is fuckin' twisted! And I like it!! Trust a bunch of Germans to come up with lyrics like "Gimme five bucks and piss in my mouth," "Sexsatan—I am your slave," and "I am as dumb as poo! I am useless." What the fuck? Poo?? Regardless, the music rocks and if you're into a lot of the current bands coming out on labels like Deranged or Feral Ward then you should get this. PRESS GANG is hardcore punk minus all the heavy distortion, so there is lots of heavy, angular guitar and choppy, staccato bass and drums. Awesome! (ML)
(Hardware)

RAISER – "A Este Eterno Invierno" LP

It really is true that *MRR* gets at least one good new record from Spain every single month. This issue, in addition to the life-affirmingly great FIRMEZA 10 LP, we have this burly ripper from RAISER—twelve tracks of energetic and well-played dark-hued hardcore punk on a 12" 45. RAISER's sound leans in a modern direction, and they actually remind me a lot of current Swedish hardcore, somewhere in between SKITKIDS and WOLFBRIGADE. Definitely worth picking up if you enjoy those bands or have an interest in the good hardcore coming out of Spain these days. (CI)
(Raiser / Kremon / Hormigonera / Humildad y Honestidad / Tiri / Oxigeno / La Humanidad es la Plaga)

RATOS DE PORÃO – "Crucificados Pelo Sistema" LP

Another world heritage hardcore classic gets the 180-gram vinyl, gatefold reissue treatment. RATOS DE PORÃO's 1984 debut is one of the most essential slabs of early Brazillian hardcore, mixing short blasts of UK D-beat-influenced hardcore with the out-of-control edge of classic

Finnish thrash, capped off by impossibly gruff, throaty, brutal vocals. These sixteen tracks in their lo-fi glory laid the blueprint for the Brazillian hardcore sound up to the current decade (and luckily a decade where RATOS DE PORÃO continues to release awesome records) and on this reissue, new mastering beefs up the sound a bit from the original, adds their two tracks from the 1985 *Attack Sonoro* compilation, and features a gatefold of additional vintage photos. I said essential, right??!! (KS)
(Beat Generation)

RAW HATE – "Drunk as Fuck Existence" EP

Raw, distorted, blown-out D-beat noise. The only surprise here is how much this record rules. They've done their homework for sure: the solos are textbook ANTI-CIMEX, the recording has all of the power of the first AVSKUM records, and the lyrics (the ones in English anyway), are arguable more ridiculous than UNCURBED (who I love, but that "Anarchy City" stuff? Come on, it's completely silly), most notably: "My veins has rusted to shit / I need more alcohol and drugs" from the title track. Dual-vocal (high/low, you know the drill) assault in five movements. This kills. (WN)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

REAL LIFE VERSION – "Resistance from Within" CD

These five Slovenians bring us some melodic hardcore pop (chanting background vocals and all), if that makes any sense. It seems like this style is pretty big among the more radio-friendly bands. I wouldn't say that this is bad, but it's just not something I'm into. Something about the high production value coupled with the slightly metallic riffing melded with a more early-'90s Fat Records poppy sound just turns me away from this stuff. (BD)
(Evelyn)

REMISSION – "Absolute Power" EP

In the interest of full disclosure, I have to admit off the bat that I am a huge REMISSION fan. I consider the first 7" (*Fetus the Code*) to be something of a lost classic. So needless to say, I was pretty stoked (and not a little surprised) to see a new record in the review pile. This is a different lineup than on the earlier material, but the essence remains the same—songs that straddle the line between crust and heavy hardcore, dual vocals, and basic song structures. I sort of miss the super-abrasive shill vocals from the earlier era, and there are a few more effects of the guitars than there used to be, but the heart's still there. To be honest, the B-side was only OK, but the tracks on the A-side were really killer. I gotta mention the drumming in particular on those two tracks, which is really subtly complex—good, but not at all overplayed. All in all, I remain stoked. It's nice to see these guys alive and kicking again. Tour please. (AU)
(Profane Existence / Sysdumb / Crimes Against Humanity / Bacon Towne)

REMO VOOR – "Frogrammer/Toilet Love"

"There's despair / You know you are fear / Everywhere is hate and death / Frogrammer in your head." REMO VOOR, as far as I can tell, was a Berlin-based punk band who recorded this 7" in 1979, using a Volkswagen they slept in as a security deposit for the 500 7"s that resulted. The band's website resembles a Geocities one circa '98, but contains an amazing-looking lyric sheet that, for some annoying reason, this legit reissue does not come with. REMO VOOR resembles glam rockers *and* burnout hippie dudes. This was Killed by Death, of course, on volume seven, and it has that sound—the mistake-rock band that ends up sounding way more mysterious and cool than they woulda done with their dreamt-of million-dollar studio budget … It looks as peculiar as it sounds, and includes garbled liner notes in many different fonts that assert they were looking for a harder, tougher sound they didn't get with this recording. It's dark and creepy, and the lyrics are fucking great; I wanna write them all out, Bruce Roehrs-style. REMO VOOR is bad-trip poetry, sinister and stark and so evocative. It seems like they were as influenced by early ALICE COOPER as by any punk band, and their sound is really catchy yet has this totally eerie edge that keeps it from being pop. Plus, the budget genius sound of it all… Obviously, this is essential. (LG)
(Rich Bitch)

RENNERAEV – "Overdrugged and Sodomized" EP

Ten tracks of tinny, metallic thrashing from this Norwegian three-piece. Gurgled, RORSCHACH-like raspy vocals screech over quick hardcore on a basic recording that is reminiscent of late-'80s UK bands like S.A.S. or CONCRETE SOX, where a metallic foundation was pummeled at high speed but without an ounce of heaviness—just quick, buzzsaw riffs. The lo-fi sound quality fails to serve the music here, as it comes up timid in comparison to the crazy vocals. Still, a strong foundation. No lyrics, but the cover has, like, a spooky house, a ghost, a green sexy vampiress, and a decapitated head, so who knows? (KS)
(Traing Injelmen)

ROCKET REDUCERS – "R" 12"

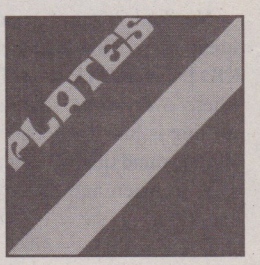
You don't come across many 12" EPs these days, which is too bad because, in my mind, it's a great format. Too many bands have more than enough quality songs for a 7", but not quite enough for an LP, which is where the 12" EP comes in handy. These guys could well have enough material for an LP; they fit seven dandies on this disc. Seriously, if you want to sit down for about 15 minutes of kick-you-in-the-nuts punk 'n' roll, this is your ticket. The songs are short (for the most part), catchy, raw, and delivered with a sense of urgency that will have you begging for more. This is worth going out of your way to find. (KK)
(Kick Yer Butt, no address)

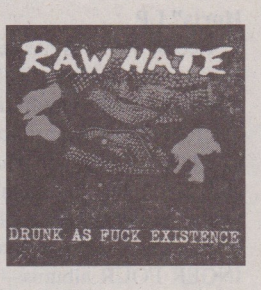
ROMEO MUST DIE – "Romeo Must Die" 12"

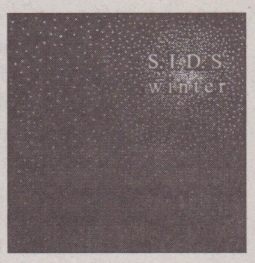
This has a definite DYSTOPIA vibe, but with an equal amount of HIS HERO IS GONE influence. Dark, doomy tunes that mostly stick to medium tempos with desperate dual vocals. This took a minute to grow on me, as the first track/intro kind of dragged on, but the later songs rage, especially when the pace quickens a bit. "Oda Do Codzi-ennosci" stands out, as does the self-titled "Romeo Doit Mourire." Don't expect this to be as good as either of the aforementioned bands, but if you're into their style, this record is definitely worth checking out. This is, by the way, a one-sided 12" with a really nice silkscreen on the B-side. (AU)
(Sadness of Noise)

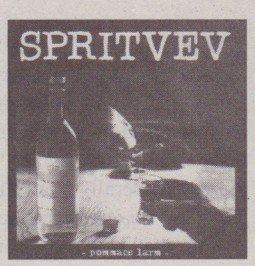
RUNNAMUCKS – "Clawing Back" LP

Horror-themed, old Boston-style hardcore vocals over rock 'n' roll riffs? No thanks. THE RUNNAMUCKS are attempting to channel the dark side on some of these songs,









but it's just not working, and instead ends up being tastelessly cheesy and way too over-produced. I would maybe be more into this if the lead guitarist chilled out on the totally over-the-top rockin' riffs and if it weren't as anthemic. I can see this appealing to young nerd boys, but it surely is not my cup of tea. Nerd-themed punk is long dead. (DA)
(Six Weeks)

SCATTERBOX – "Enemies" CD

Not bad, but not good—mediocre hardcore/street punk. Sounds like they are going for a KID DYNAMITE style. It's all really basic punk where every song sounds the same and the recording is just really bad. It has that compressed digital sound quality to it that makes me not even want to listen and doesn't do the band any justice. (PL)
(Black House)

SCREECHING WEASEL – "My Brain Hurts" LP

Recess Records has re-released what is a lot of people's favorite SCREECHING WEASEL album on white vinyl with new artwork and a gatefold sleeve. After *Boogadaboogadaboogada* in 1989, I waited for what seemed like forever ('til 1991) for this record to come out; when you're eighteen years old, that *is* an eternity. (On an unrelated note: six years between DILLINGER FOUR albums—what's up with that?!) Initially, I was a little disappointed with their new sound. Gone was the fun, sloppy, turn-on-a-dime hardcore of the previous two albums, and instead was what would become their trademark: the dismantled-and-reassembled RAMONES sound. The record grew on me over time—almost immediately, actually—and "Guest List," "Science of Myth," "What We Hate," "Teenage Freakshow," and the title track are among my favorite SCREECHING WEAEL songs. They're probably my favorite band; certainly the one closest to my heart and my age group. *My Brain Hurts* sounds just as swell today as it did back in the day. I'm sure if you are reading *Maximum Rocknroll*, you are already familiar with the band and probably love or hate them… if not, this is as good a place to start as any. On a final note, I never got to see them play—I was too young to travel from Ireland to England to see them around 1989/'90, and by the time I made it to the States they had pretty much called it quits—but this month I'm going down to LA to see Ben Weasel play…can't wait. (AD)
(Recess)

SECRET ARMY – CD

Another group of saucy Spaniards for review, although this cadre of Continental yobbos actually sings in a tongue resembling the Queen's English, so I can understand 'em! SECRET ARMY borrows liberally from THE CLASH songbook, but they do it so well and with such a lack of shame that it totally works. Bits of RANCID, COCK SPARRER, and THOSE UNKNOWN pepper the CD; a couple of the faster songs are a bit simplistic and fall flat, but the slower, tuneful numbers are all epic. Sure, the riffs are rehashed, the lyrics cliché, the guitar licks rote—but since when has that bothered any of you, my lovelies? The songs tackle the typical "working class" subjects: mistrust of government and bosses, standing by your mates, and fighting at the football. Call me naïve, but how bad can it be for the working class in a country where everyone takes a fuckin' siesta for half the afternoon? Just saying... This is a great soundtrack for getting ready to go out on the sangria of a Friday night, psyching yourself up for a ruck 'round the back of the Nou Camp, or (in my case) just washing the dinner dishes before watching *Top Chef* with the Missus. Oi! Oi! Olé! (AM)
(Daily)

SEVEN DIRTY WORDS – "Hard Boiled & Dirty" CD

"Rock 'n' rolla, come on ova' bebe…" I don't think those were actual lyrics, but they may as well have been. Boring rock 'n' roll with a crappy vibe, songs about chicks with rhyme-on-a-dime lyrics. There you go. (VL)
(Loaded Bomb)

SHRED SAVAGE – "Sinner" EP

I fucking hate when bands don't include any lyrics with a release. Unless said band is GORGOROTH, in which case they're off the hook. This band is not GORGOROTH, so why no lyrics? The music here is sub-par, poorly recorded thrash/crossover. And, despite the band's name, this record *does not shred.* (VX)
(Small Pool)

SHREDDER – "Revolter" EP

Fucking rad. After wading through some of the crap on my review pile this issue, it's nice to get to a record that is just flat-out killer. It's especially great since it's a band I'd never even heard of before. Belgium's SHREDDER plays some sonically devastating, heavy-as-hell thrashing hardcore in the vein of THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE, HATRED SURGE, or INFEST. Horribly disgusting misanthropic lyrics are just the icing on the cake. I will definitely be checking out any and all future releases from these guys. Buy or die. (VX)
(Holy Shit!)

SIDS – "Winter/Awake All Night"

Woah. Nice design/packaging (printed, translucent cover, clear vinyl) and the deep, swallow-you-whole recording is knockout. "Winter" is a cold dirge, almost like a melancholy BRAINBOMBS; morose but not hateful, a really fitting song for slogging home on a dark, frigid February night. The flipside positively stomps in comparison, with a nice, deep rhythm countered by a light, almost twinkling keyboard and vocals that bring THE INTELLIGENCE to mind. Both songs have a kind of Tim Burton-esque quality to them. A little creepy, but in a playful way. (IS)
(Rob's House)

SONS OF TONATIUH – "Chain Up the Masses" EP

These Atlanta dudes have unleashed some heavy fucking doom crust on the world. They get it all right with an awesome crushing sound, unholy screeching vocals, and lyrics that are smart and poetic in their description of this fucked world. Brutal. (AA)
(self-released)

SPRITVEV – "Pmmacs Larm" EP

First, and possibly most importantly, *this is a motherfucking bass sound.* Goddamn, I wish every crust punk band had this kind of raw but warm fuzzy tone. But experience is apparently the key, as SPRITVEV is a Swedish all-star side project (members of UNCURBED, REGURGITATE, and CROSSING CHAOS). This definitely sounds like a side-project band, as the tunes are all rough-and-ready MOB 47-meets-TOTALITÄR-meets-early-DISFEAR-style short blasts. The vocals are a little higher-pitched than one might expect for the style, and add to the air of immediacy. The quality control falls off quite a bit on the B-side, but the A-side is all killer (with the track "Regerings As" being a particular stand-out because they stretch out a bit and add some killer SKITLICKERS-esque two-note leads). Another fun Swedish punk record from… (AU)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

SUBURBAN REBELS – "El Flotar… Se Va a Acabar!" LP

Locos!! Here we have a Barcelona Oi! band with loads of rock and hook for you folks that need a break from the thrash and wreckage that I normally sift through at this rag. This is apparently a repress of an earlier release, and it is totally new to me. There are touches of classic Oi! plus bits that remind me of LOS VIOLADORES, especially on "Fuera de Control," a great track. Lace up your boots, rock your braces, grab a pint, and bring your buddy in for a sing-along, fuckers, cuz this is Oi!-punk at its finest. (MS)
(Daily)

SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK – LP

Italy has always been kind of a hit-or-miss country for me when it comes to punk rock, with the misses outnumbering the hits by a wide margin. I find that most of the punk music is very punk/thrash and not much else. This one is different. These guys seem to appreciate that punk rock is also rock 'n' roll. The bass reminds me of a '50s standing bass at times. The guitar licks can be very T-REX, and I do mean *very* T-REX. Some song sound very traditional late '70s punk rock, while others are a little faster paced and more hardcore. Recommended. (KK)
(UFO Hi-Fi)

SUPERAIDS – "Fuck the Wagon" EP

Six tracks of standard punk rock 'n' roll stuff by this Florida band with no lyrics included but song titles like "Rock 'n' Roll 'n' Tits," "Girls Are for Faggots," and a couple other mystery numbers. Vocalist is pictured with his SKREWDRIVER shirt and smoking a bong! You are a disgrace to the Aryan Nation, you white trash bitch! (MS)
(Ripping)

SWANN DANGER – "Self-Titled II" LP

SWANN DANGER is a trio from Oakland that plays dark, heavy, pretty, minimal rock. Sorta sounds like SIOUXSIE singing for SWANS and that's pretty great as far as I'm concerned. This is the band's third release and it's packaged in a nice silkscreened sleeve. Three of the tunes are brand new and two are what were the bonus songs on the CD version of their album *Deep North*. Two-thirds of the band also played in HEART OF SNOW. Anyone that digs late-'90s GSL stuff, SIOUXSIE, and SWANS should check this out. (MU)
(Custody Night School)

TRAVIS BICKLE – "The Bloodfun" EP

Fast-paced punk with a Gearhead lean (image-wise anyway) from sunny Spain. This is pretty fucking tough, with female vocals over ripping guitars, just a hint of a surf influence here and there, and enough chops and hooks to make it interesting. Lots of energy too—I'd compare them to a faster, harder AVENGERS. Thumbs up. (AD)
(Daily)

TRIOXIN 245 – "The Underworld" EP

TRIOXIN 245 seems to be following the same blueprint that their Canadian brethren INEPSY did in the beginning. There's sorta a MOTÖRHEAD-meets-VENOM-and-DISCHARGE thing going on. I like that it has a bit of sloppiness and the singer's voice fits the style perfectly. However, I am not totally sold on this. It just sounds like a second-tier INEPSY to me. (SE)
(Shogun)

TROJNE – "Who Gives a Fuck Anyway?" EP

Reissue of these shit maniacs' self-released 1984 7". I know TROJNE had a song or two on those *Varning För Punk* comps, but I can't recall ever hearing this platter. It looks a hell of a lot like MOB 47's first record. Typical fare for Swedish punk at the time—melodic yet plodding punk with some metallic parts thrown in for good measure. I didn't like it on the first spin, but now I'm on the second and it's actually got some pretty good riffage and driving melody. Makes one want to bounce around the room with one's good mate whilst drinking beer. (RR)
(SMRT)

TUNNEL CANARY – "Jihad" LP

Oh my fucking god. This is entirely terrifying. Seriously, it started out with the fucked-up sound of metal ripping apart and then there's this girl that comes wailing and screaming out of nowhere. Screaming isn't even a harsh-enough description. Caterwauling? It started and all I could do for a couple minutes was stare at the record spinning with eyes wide. So, this is total noise, almost like THROBBING GRISTLE but only if they stopped mumbling through songs and just started screeching in a fully unhinged way. Total violence. OK, so it's one of those one-freak-out-on-each-side things, basically like a twenty-minute song which I'm not into—something I always hated about noise. This managed to keep my attention for most of it, but really if they had even just cut it up a bit and said it was a bunch of three-minute songs I would have been fine. This is a reissue of sorts—the first side is a song called "Jihad" that was originally on a cassette in 1981 and the second side is a live performance called "Beauty Secret" recorded in 1983. All and all, I enjoyed it. Except it's too long, but then again, that's always my complaint. (MM)
(Rundownsun)

TURPENTINE BROTHERS – "That's No Way to Make a Living/Why Can't I Do"

Poooooooooow! Just like that, a straight Rocky haymaker to a glass chin, on the floor, missed the damn count, faced plastered with a big stupid concussed grin. I love it when a record clean knocks me out. This stomps, grooves, rocks, and slays all at the same time. Imagine ? AND THE MYSTERIANS mixed with THE SAINTS mixed with… Ah, fuck it—ya know what I mean. If ya love hooks and tunes just like you love your own mother, snap this gem up. (SD)
(Red Lounge)

VEINES – "Perdus Dans La Ville" LP

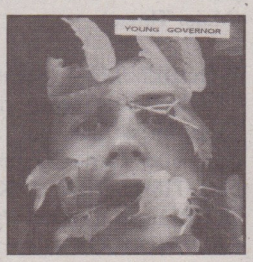
Wow. I can't tell you why, but I really think the French language lends itself to rock 'n' roll, from '60s "yeh-yeh" (or whatever-the-fuck they call it) and on from there. Not all, but most of the songs are sung in French. This one is very much traditional '77 style punk rock, reminding me at times of the primitive sounds of TV PERSONALITIES or, more accurately, O LEVEL, and other times of the just plain catchiness of THE SAINTS or THE DAMNED. This is another that is worth going out of your way to find. (KK)
(Demolition Derby)

VICIOUS CIRCLE – "Pizza Rules" EP

It was sort of funny to throw this record on at the same time that I was reading last issue's letter section where someone was complaining about bands choosing to sing about meaningless shit like pizza instead of the myriad real issues in today's fucked-up world. Sure enough, we have songs here like "Fart in Your Face," "Eat My Short," and, yes, "Pizza Rules." But this is still a lot of fun, and I guess there's always been a place for this in hardcore and punk, from the MEATMEN to A.O.D. These guys play sorta lo-fi hardcore with a very light crossover influence that almost sounds like a demo tape from an '80s New York band like MURPHY'S LAW (another very unserious band) or THE CRUMBSUCKERS. So, although I agree with the letter about dumb lyrics in hardcore, it's nice to have a few fun bands in the mix once in while to keep us from getting totally depressed. (BG)
(Sell Our Souls)

VIDEO DISEASE – "666" EP

Who is this band? Sloppy, fast as all fucking hell, out-of-control HC. *Holy shit!* It has the ferocity of the DIE KREUZEN LP at (at times) the speed of ASSHOLE PARADE! The songs blend into another à la the GISM tracks on the *Outsider* compilation. Lyrics are violent and very negative. Just unbelievably tough and nasty hardcore, killer riffs, and sounds like it was recorded with one mic in the room. This is a great fucking record! (VL)
(Square Wave)



VOGUE – "2006-2008" CD

This band definitely set no boundaries for themselves. They have songs that sound like some kind of bass driven DISCHARGE-like hardcore, then some DC hardcore stuff, through to something that I can't even pin down. Most bands that try to cross genres of hardcore I can't stand, but hats off to these guys—there's a strangely good quality about them. This CD is a compilation of their limited records that came with little more than the band's name on the sleeve. So pick up this slowly obsolete CD because the band was too cool to press more than 200 copies of their vinyl, and also because it's good. (PL)
(Holy Shit!)

WARTORN – "Tainting Tomorrow with the Blood of Yesterday" LP

Granted, this Wisconsin band isn't really bringing anything new to the table, but they've stuck with their chosen sound—driving, TRAGEDY-influenced hardcore with melodic leads—long enough after it stopped being the "style of the moment" that I've got to give them credit. Derivative is almost an understatement, *but* this is at least one of the better LPs of this kind I've head in awhile. Solid, competently executed, with political lyrics that add a personal touch at times. The only thing I'm totally comfortable bagging on here is cover artwork—the guy who does all these soulless, grey, sub-airbrushed-quality crust covers is a hack. I never thought I'd say this, but I prefer the over-the-top ridiculous collage on WARTORN's, uh, *Adolf Bushler: War Bastard* EP. (CS)
(Profane Existence / Deskontento / Crimes Against Humanity / Fight For Your Mind / Vex)

WE ONCE LOVED / WINSTON & GEORGE – split CD

Where to start… WINSTON & GEORGE fall somewhere between tough-guy hardcore and melodic hardcore. It's all here, from the guttural screams to the heavy chugga-chugga sound of the palm-muted open-"E" chord. The CD player on which I'm listening to this disc won't tell me what track number I'm on, but I guess somewhere in the middle of the album the bands changed. The only thing that would have me think I'm no longer listening to WINSTON & GEORGE would be the sound of the vocals. WE ONCE LOVED isn't much different, except maybe the open chord has been tuned down to "D". I was never really into this shit, but maybe you, the reader, are? (BD)
(Major Threat)

WOODEN TIT – "Sechs Lieder" 10"

Some fairly heavy riffage with some arty abrasiveness that has some rootsy stylings and softer, eerie moment as well. Would a little TIMES NEW VIKING meets the GUN CLUB meets a retarded/garagey version of the GROUNDHOGS with some other stuff thrown in (natch) actually give anybody other than me an idea of the sound? I hope so. (DD)
(Red Lounge)

YOUNG GOVERNER – "Virginia Creeper / I'm a Mess"

So I believe this to be Ben Cook's (from FUCKED UP, MARVELOUS DARLINGS, and a bunch of other Canuck rippers) solo project. It has a lot of the MARVELOUS DARLINGS in it, but is way more lo-fi—think Sir REATARD, MARKED MEN, REDS, etc. What I mean is: pretty distorted yet absolutely dripping with hooks. This cat is a *songwriter,* wasted on the punk scene who couldn't give a toss about well-crafted tunes…but I for one am all over this kinda shit. The B-side is a slow burn, but the flip—*holy shit.* That's the absolute bomb; the vocal infection alone had the hairs on me neck standing up. A-fucking-mazing… (TB)
(Plastic Idol)

ZERO BOYS – "Vicious Circle" CD / "History Of" CD

Two separate reissues comprising the entirety of this classic Midwestern band's early discography. *Vicious Circle* is definitely one of the high points of the first wave of American hardcore and comes highly recommended—fourteen tracks of hi-octane punk rock, loaded with hooks galore and delivered with surgical precision. It's been re-released a number of times since its original 1982 issue; this one tacks on two non-essential outtakes ("She Said Goodbye" and "Slam and Worm"). The second piece here, *History Of,* was posthumously released on cassette in 1984 and has never been legitimately available on vinyl or CD until now—although many of the songs did come out on comps or bootlegs. Comprised mostly of the recordings for the ZERO BOYS' aborted second album, *History Of* a degree less cohesive, but still worth a spin. The stop/start blasts of "Drive In" and "Mom's Wallet," the slow build-ups in "Black Network News," the discordant rock of "Blood's Good"—it's darker and more claustrophobic than the BOYS' previous material. The reissue doesn't duplicate the four tracks on the original cassette that were taken from the *Vicious Circle* LP, but does include the band's five-track *Livin' in the '80s* EP, their song from the 1981 *Red Snerts* compilation, and two previously unreleased 1983 songs titled "Positive Change" and "Amerika." These CD reissues come with the usual welcome liner notes, photos, and such—and I know are also available on vinyl. I was surprised they were released on Secretly Canadian, a bigger-name indie rock label, but I suppose it's the Indianapolis connection. (CS)
(Secretly Canadian)

V/A – "The Astounding Freak Party: Dance with the Werewolf" CD

A lot of thought and creativity needs to be put into releasing a compilation these days. Comps have such a bad reputation due to shitty labels putting out cheap ones just to publicize their records or whatnot. I mostly don't ever think of buying one, never mind one on CD, unless there is something very cool about it. With all the crap out there, you gotta be picky. Which makes it extra nice when a really good comp comes my way. *The Astounding Freak Party: Dance with the Werewolf* does everything right. The CD comes in a circular metal case à la PUBLIC IMAGE LTD's *Metal Box* with a foldout insert detailing the bands. Very nice packaging. It starts off with an excellent unreleased track by THE HIPSHAKES that was recorded during the same session that produced their first three 7"s and was "booted off" the first *The World's Lousy With Ideas* comp. Always smart to start off with a cool, unreleased track by a well-known band, then you can introduce the lesser-known bands. Out of the sixteen tracks, only five of the bands could be called big names in the current garage scene. So that leaves lots of room for discovery. This collection features a very international assemblage of bands. The music is a variety of garage, garage-punk, mod, and rockabilly. Although I could go without the melodramatic rockabilly tracks, the couple of them on this CD still seem above average from the usual shit I hear. I don't feel the need to skip the track. Aside from that bit of nitpicking, the rest of the tracks are great. Plus, how else would I discover that I like the Russian mod band THE WHITE TRAINERS COMMUNITY, Swedish mods THE BRANDED, Norwegian garage punks THE HERETICS, or Austrian garage rockers THE ATTENTION!? These aren't the bands I see being hyped on the internets, yet now I know about them and I will track down their records. A very cool compilation. (CK)
(Rigolboch)

V/A – "Welcome to the Golden State" EP

When you have nine bands doing eleven songs on a 7", you know it's got to be pretty good. Cowabunga Records comes through with a cool compilation in full Cowabunga style, from demented, beer-stained hardcore to hand-drawn covers (some poor slob getting his head bitten by a shark on this one) and scribbled lyric sheets. You've heard of most of the bands on here, like E-COLI (who somehow end up being the only group to get more than one track), FUNERAL SHOCK, TIMEBOMBS, and SOCIAL SICKNESS, and maybe a few of the others; but if you dig this sort of sloppy, low-fi skate hardcore that these bands embody, you'll dig all the bands here. Nothing is absolutely mindblowing or anything, but this is a cool record to have around the next time you feel like getting drunk and belligerent. (BG)
(Cowabunga)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

Anti-Corporate Music Inc: PO Box 190339, Nashville, TN 37219, www.audio-rat-poison.com

Bacon Towne: PO Box 1063, Tallevast, FL 34270, www.bacontownerecords.com

Beat Generation: www.munster-records.com

Black House: PO box 5213, Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814, www.blackhouserecordsinc.com

Black Pint: 503-75 Broadway Ave, Toronto ON, M4R IV1, CANADA, www.blackpintrecords.com

Blower: www.myspace.com/blower666

Brrapp: www.myspace.com/brrapprecords

Cass County Uglies: msypace.com/casscountyuglies

Charles Albright: charlesalbright@gmail.com

Chimeres: www.myspace.com/drunkbastards

Coalition: Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, www.coalition-records.com

Cowabunga: 195 Armstrong Way #D, Upland, CA 91786, www.cowabungarecords.com

Crimes Against Humanity: PO Box 1421, Eau Claire WI 54702, www.cahrecords.com

Criminal: Norrbackagatan 8 tv, 113 41 Stockhom, SWEDEN, www.criminalrecords.se

Crossface: www.myspace.com/crossfacerecordshc

Custody Night School: P.O. Box 11008, Oakland, CA 94611, www.swanndanger.com

Daily: C/De Les Stiges N. 9, 08001, Barcelona, SPAIN, www.dailyrecords.net

Deadbeat: PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136, www.dead-beat-records.com

Dead Format: www.deadformat.net

Deep Six: wwww.deepsixrecords.com

Demolition Derby: Nekkerspoelstr. 29, 2800 Mechelen, BELGIUM, www.demderby.com

Deskontento: www.nodo50.org/deskontento

Die Slaughterhaus: PO Box 160168, Atlanta, GA 30316, www.dieslaughterhausrecords.com

Dirtnap: 2615 SE Clinton St, Portland, OR 97202, www.dirtnaprecs.com

Dirty Knobby: PO Box 17902, Seattle, WA 98127, www.myspace.com/dirtyknobbyindustries

Disco Autoproducido: Apartado 33.343, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN

Doomed to Extinction: PO Box 22449, Oakland, CA 94609, ab_useyu@yahoo.co.uk

D-Takt & Råpunk: Box 55, 832 21 Frösön, SWEDEN, www.myspace.com/dbeatrawpunk

Eat Rice: PO Box 7054, Long Island City, NY 11101, info@peelander-z.com

Erba Trista: www.myspace.com/erbatrista

Evelyn: www.reallifeversion.net

Fan Death: www.fandeathrecords.com

Fashion: fashioncrimes@hotmail.co.uk

Feral Kids: 379 Ontario St, Buffalo, NY 14207, www.myspace.com/feralkidrecords

Feral Ward: www.feralward.com

Fight For Your Mind: www.f-f-y-m.org

Fuck the Bullshit: www.fab.ca

GC: PO Box 93324, Las Vegas, NV 89193, www.gcrecords.com

Give Praise: PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com

Good Boys: www.goodboysrecords.de

Green Door: PO Box 620651, San Diego, CA 92162, www.myspace.com/comeonanddie

Hardcore Kitchen: www.hardcore.exblog.jp

Hardware: PO Box 1646, 49006 Osnabrück, GERMANY, www.hardware-records.com

Hi-Fi Silence: www.hifisilence.com

Holy Shit!: www.holyshitindustries.com

Hormigonera: www.hormigonera.tk

La Humanidad es la Plaga: Grupo Sagasti 4-4D, CP 48903, Cruces-Barakaido, SPAIN

Humildad y Honestidad: humildadyhonestidad.tk

Inimical: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, www.inimical.com

Inspired by Angst: 521 8th Ave, San Francisco, CA 94118, inspiredbyangst@hotmail.com

Ink Blot: 216 6th Avenue #3C, Brooklyn, NY 11215, www.inkblotrecords.net

Iron Lung: PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145, www.myspace.com/lifeironlungdeath

Jade Tree: 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810, jadetree.com

Joe Pogo: PO Box 281, East Syracuse, NY 13057, www.joepogorecords.com

Kiss of Death: PO Box 75550, Tampa, FL 33675, www.kissofdeathrecords.com

KOI: 501 Wilcrest Drive Houston, TX 77042, www.koirecords.com

Kremon: kremonrecords@hotmail.com

Laja: CP 25519, Vila Velha/ES, CEP 29102-973, BRAZIL www.laja.com.br

Less Art: PO Box 16328, Golden, CO 80401, lessart@peoplepc.com

Loaded Bomb: PO Box 90336, City of Industry, CA 91715, www.loadedbombrecords.com

Lukket Avdeling: myspace.com/lukketavdelingrecords

Mad At The World: PO Box 230367, Anosia Station, NYC, NY 10023, www.matwrecords.com

Make a Mess: www.makeamessrecords.com

Malarie: Valasska Bystrice 408, 756 27 CZECH REPUBLIC, www.malarie.eu

Misdates: www.myspace.com/misdatedskateboards

Molsook: PO Box 14704, Richmond, VA 23221, www.molsookrecords.net

Nervous Jerk: www.nervousjerk.com

NKTN: rocciaktm@interfree.it

No Clear: www.myspace.com/noclearrecords

No Idea: PO Box 14636 Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com

Not Enough: Poststugan 144, 211 65 Malmo, SWEDEN, www.notenough.hardcorepunk.se

Not Just Words: De Kling 4,8651 CK, IJlst, NETHERLANDS, www.njwrecords.com

Out Fall Channel: c/o Jonathan Prunty, 40 Virginia Ave, Dayton, OH 45410, www.outfallchannel.com

Oxigeno: oxigeno@sindominio.net

Panic: 1705 Summit Ave. #301, Seattle, WA 98122, www.panicrecords.net

Petunia: www.myspace.com/petuniarecords

Profane Existence: PO Box 18051, Minneapolis, MN 55418, www.profaneexistence.com

Prügelprinz: www.myspace.com/prugelprinzrecords

P. Trash: c/o Peter Eichhorn, Augustastrasse 4, 33649 Bielefeld, GERMANY, ptrashrecords.com

Raiser: xraiserx@hotmail.com

Raw Deluxe: www.myspace.com/rawdeluxerecords

Realicide Youth: www.realicide.com

Rebel Music: www.myspace.com/rebelmusicrecs

Rich Bitch: www.myspace.com/iwannabearichbitch

Rigolboch: c/o Johnny Buendia, 79 Boulevard Ernest Dalby, 44000 Nates, FRANCE, johnny.buendia@numericable.fr

Ripping: 121 E. King Street Orlando, FL 32804

Rundownsun: 1675 Salsbury Drive, Vancouver, BC V5L 3Z8, CANADA

Sadness of Noise: 123 Phibsborough Road, Phibsborough, Dublin 7, IRELAND, www.sadnessofnoise.com

Secretly Canadian: 1499 West Second Street, Bloomington, IN 47403, www.secretlycanadian.com

Sell Our Souls: c/o Oriol Hernandez, Ausias March 61-63, 3o 4a, 08010 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com

Shogun: 2 Rue De La Colinette, 51110 Bourgogne, FRANCE, www.shogunrecordings.com

Siltbreeze: 727 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, PA 19147, www.siltbreeze.com

Sinkhole Texas: www.myspace.com/sinkholetexas

Six Weeks: 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeksrecords.com

Small Pool: 206 Balcom, Fullerton CA 92832, www.myspace.com/smallpoolrecords

SMRT: www.smrtrecords.se

Sons of Tonatiuh: 3477 Kensington Parc Circle, Avondale Estates, GA 30002, sonsoftonatiuh@hotmail.com

Spirit of Orr: PO Box 6283, Brattleboro, VT 05302, www.spiritoforr.com

Square Wave: videodisease77@gmail.com

Stained Circles: www.stainedcircles.com

Sysdumb: PO Box 1743, Redondo Beach, CA, 90278, www.sysdumbrecords.com

Tiri: www.myspace.com/tirirecords

Tor Johnson: PO Box 1556, Providence, RI 02901, torjohnson.anewlanguage.org

Tourist Trap: 58 Lexington Dr., Hyannis, MA 02601

TrangIHjelman: myspace.com/trangihjelmenrecords

Trujaca Fala: PO Box 13, 81 806, Sopot 6, POLAND, www.trujacafala.com

TPV: 627½ SW 12th Street, Gaineville, FL 32601

UFO Hi-Fi: www.myspace.com/ufohifi

United Riot: P.O Box 640251, Oakland Gardens, Flushing, NY 11364, www.unitedriotrecords.com

Vex: www.myspace.com/vexrecords

Vinyl Addict: c/o Andrew Haddad, 1835 De Bourgogne, Sherbrooke QC, J1J 1B1, CANADA, www.vinyladdictrecords.com

Warsaw City Rockers: myspace.com/warsawcityrockers

Wet Brain: 3611 NE 50th St Seattle, WA 98105

Wordclock: www.wordclock.com

Youngblood: PO Box 236, Ephrata, PA 17522, www.youngblood-records.com

Zaraza: www.zaraza.xx.pl

Zas: zasrec@alice.it

Zodiac Killer: www.zodiackillerrecords.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Helen Degenerate, Dan Goetz, xYosefx, and Vinnie LaRussa

THE ALTARS – Greatly impressed with this demo: cool packaging, good lyrics, and ripping music. This reminds me of the musical, political, and emotional aspects of ARTICLES OF FAITH, but not so *balls-out* fast as Bondi and gang achieved, and the singer for THE ALTARS is more of a singer than a screamer. Great, intricate guitar leads and solid drumming—I'm into this. Features members of SIGNAL LOST, STORM THE TOWER, and SACRED SHOCK, and of those bands, I think this is closest to STORM THE TOWER. Definitely worth checking out! (Vinnie) (10-song CD, lyrics included, no contact information)

AMPLIFIED CARCASS / ONE TAN ARM – AMPLIFIED CARCASS plays lo-fi power pop that has an odd feel to it. ONE TAN ARM plays demented pop rock a la PERE UBU with a singer who whines like David Thomas. The latter also, of course, has an odd feel to it. I can't place my finger on it, but there's something demented about these songs. And not in a psychobilly type dementia, but demented in that they tell off-color jokes about abortions and dead babies. Just…off. Fans of PERE UBU or BUTTHOLE SURFERS would enjoy. (Vinnie) ($3 ppd, 14-song CD, no lyrics included, PO Box 717, Denair, CA 95316)

ANTARES – This band from Italy is possibly ten to twelve years too late. *Heavy* rocking, punk rock, at times fast HC a la the CRYIN' OUT LOUDS or early Rip Off records bands (e.g., THE INFECTIONS) of a similar ilk. Back when these bands were all the rage ANTARES would have made a killing. They do this style well! Rock kitsch with song titles "See you down in Hell," "16 was too much," and "Start your engines." Cool stuff. (Vinnie) (10 song-CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/anatarespeedrock)

ATOMIC D GENERATION – More lo-fi madness. Songs were all recorded in one take and they're pretty cool. ATOMIC D GENERATION has a very strong KBD feel to them: inept, catchy, and poorly recorded. Reminds me of an early-'70s garage band from Cleveland or something. Friends of THE PAGANS that inspired that classic band to play or maybe a weekend project that jammed with TELEVISION at CBGB's in 1974. (Vinnie) (6-song CD, no lyrics included, www.rebellepromotions.com)

AT WORST – Traditional HC that is good enough to make me almost think that LONG LEGGED WOMAN should book a tour with them, but I guess that's up to them. (Helen) (6-song tape, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/whenifall)

BIG RATS – No frills hardcore punk with crustcore leanings, maybe akin to a band like SCURVY DOGS except with Brannon-style barking and relatively little gain in the guitar tone. The songs are OK, and there's FEAR and BATALLION OF SAINTS covers, not much else to say. (Dan) (7-song tape, lyrics included, bigratsfl.blogspot.com)

BOOKJAW – It says folk punk all over the tape and all over the website, and so I thought I'd hate it, but it's actually pretty good. I wish that they didn't think their over-the-top political lyrics qualified them into a genre with so much gnarly baggage. It is true that this band would be a lot better with less reliance on the automatic sensitivity of punk acoustic strategies, but the song writing is really beautiful and sad. Because of that, I can get over the corny, obvious, and almost embarrassing lyrics in a most of the songs. You really gotta hand it to this Tucson duo, it's really hard to even take a half-inch step out of the totally lack-luster music standards there, and it seems like they're doing it. (Helen) (4-song tape, lyrics included, www.freewebs.com/radicalrabbitdistro)

DACTYL / GUNNA VAHM – Apparently, Baltimore doesn't know how to suck. DACTYL is pulling off a rad late-'80s/early-'90s post punk thing that is frighteningly close to THE JESUS LIZARD and KILLDOZER. GUNNA VAHM is holding down the post punk fort and offers a jumpier beat and shriller guitars which, I can firmly stand behind. Unfortunately, neither band is active right now, due to shitty personal circumstances. I'm not sure how much more descriptive I can get about the music, all I know is that I love it, and hope that these bands get through their shit and keep playing. (Helen) (7-song tape, no lyrics included, www.amplifiednoiserecordings.blogspot.com)

DARK SKIES – Real heavy rock sound from these dudes. DARK SKIES is kind of quirky at points, pretty straightforward rock-punk at others. They remind me of SUICIDE COMMANDOS and SKULL KONTROL. They're catchy at times, but monotonous at others. A bit too long. (Vinnie) (12-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/darkskiesportland)

DISSIMILARS – Put this one on in my truck and the first song sounds incredibly familiar. "Is the…" sure is: THE CONSUMERS. Wow, cool. The second song is by THE LIDS, and the third is by THE RAMONES. This tape is all covers of garage-esque bands: THE KIDS, REATARDS, OBLIVIONS, SUPERCHARGER, PAGANS, etc. A little odd, the songs are not exact repros, and overall I enjoyed it for a few listens. Sounds as though it was recorded in a garage on a four-track with some cheap mics. (Vinnie) (8-song tape, no lyrics included, www.greendoorrecords.com)

HEATH DEDGER – This band wins the award for best band name this month, hands down. They also play dark, thrashy hardcore with awesome vocals ranging from crusty growls to snotty singing to screams and yells. The lyrics deal with the serious (sexual assault, the Obama cult) and the less serious (skating, pizza, weed, and beer) with equal panache. This is some seriously good shit here. The best demo I've heard in a while. (xYosefx) (7-song tape, lyrics included, 369 E. 15th, Columbus, OH 43201, thedeadgeabides@yahoo.com)

HINGES – In the intro to the first track, they have utilized almost every screamo musical device. This is an attractive quality. The desire to show their skill with these dramatic tricks is almost tangible in this recording. I'm really bummed though, because I can barely hear the vocals—they're coming through as faint whispers of a scream. The solos are pretty emotional, which is something that I favor. In closing: Dear HINGES: please record again, I want to hear Christeen singing! PS, see you next summer! (Helen) (5-song tape, lyrics included, hinges@stealthisemail.com)

IERONIMUS BES – Russian hardcore? What is this? There are English translations, but the lyrics are also written in what looks like the Cyrillic alphabet. Holy shit, whatever it is, it's pretty cool! Straightforward HC that has great, ominous guitar leads, a raspy singer with an odd voice, and subtle keyboard parts that add an even scarier tone to the songs. The lyrics are incredible: "I'm like a hedgehog lying on its back / The scumbag is stomping on my belly with his boots / A drop of pus on a piece of shrieking meat / Soon they'll finish me and they'll get away with it…" I'm kind of speechless. All in all, I think this is like the Russian version of GISM! (Vinnie) (14-song CD, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/ieronimusbes)

IN DISGUST – IN DISGUST is one of the best grind/powerviolence bands in the world right now—straight up CROSSED OUT/DESPISE YOU worship, and totally fucked up. This tape was recorded live during their set at Gilman's 2008 UGZ Speed Trials. The sound quality is a bit lacking, to be honest—the vocals and cymbals are too high in the mix, the bass is too low, and it all sounds a bit muffled. This set was pure fucking chaos, and unfortunately the tape doesn't represent it as well as I'd hope. Only for true diehards. There were only 100 of these pressed anyway, so it's probably almost sold out at this point. (xYosefx) ($5 ppd, ?-song tape, no lyrics included, Drugged Conscience, 5140 Tamarind Ridge Dr., Naples, FL 34119, www.druggedconscience.com)

JOEY TERRIFYING – Ska-punk from Scotland. I can't remember the last time I heard a new ska punk band. JOEY TERRIFYING is actually pretty good—I could see them playing with CITIZEN FISH and going over pretty well. No horns, unfortunately. Their lyrics vary, attacking the right-wing mainstream media, parodying love songs (I think), and proclaiming their personal rebellion.) (xYosefx) (3-song CD, lyrics included, myspace.com/wearejoeyterrifying

KRIMINAL POGO – Real cool demo. KRIMINAL POGO hails from Los Angeles, and they sound like a modernized version of the classic OC sound. Think ADOLESCENTS with a female shouter who sounds like a monotonous Poly Styrene—don't worry, it works. They mix it up with fast rippers with catchy riffs, and mid-tempo numbers, again with great riffs. Definitely worth checking out. (Vinnie) (8-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/kriminalpogo)

NEW REALITY – NEW REALITY is from the Netherlands and is a very serious band. The vocals sound like BAD RELIGION without the harmonies. They play traditional street punk, proving that they do not offer what you might think their name implies. NEW REALITY is an old and ever-present reality and sounds pretty good. If I were in Groningen, I would probably go see them play. (Helen) (5-song CD, no lyrics included, www.newreality.nl)

NOMOS – The first song on this demo, including its intro and how it sets things up for the rest of the song, is possibly one of the most perfectly written/executed hardcore songs I have ever heard. From the opening chord ringing out "Stand Up" style to the sarcastic-sounding ride cymbal hits near the end of the intro...fuck, I could go on and I won't, but this song deserves its own review. As for the rest, they're a bit different and not quite as captivating, but still damn good on their own, bringing to mind CITIZEN'S ARREST and post-*Disassembly Line* CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, both via the present in terms of songwriting. There's abrasive shouted vocals, a scuzzy bass tone, a thick guitar sound, and everything recorded in the red for the perfect distorted grate. Please do a 7", if not an LP. (Dan) (6-song tape, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/nomosnyc)

PESTFEST – This band hails from Germany and this is a pretty great demo. There's a guy and gal trading off the vocals, while the band plays catchy and fast HC. I was reminded me of the heavier, tougher songs of ASTA KASK. No slow ones on this; each song is played at a quick pace while the male singer shouts and female screeches. Lyrics are primarily in German, I think, with an occasional English chorus. (Vinnie) (8-songs tape, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/pestfest)

REGIME TENTÁCULO – REGIME TENTÁCULO plays aggressive hardcore like POISON IDEA or ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, and they do it well. This has a really clear recording for a demo, with a full sound where you can really hear the guitar work shine. The packaging is really nicely done, with their pissed-off and political lyrics printed in their native Portuguese as well as translated into English, and it includes a poster, and a thick cardboard sleeve with rad art, the works. The band is from Brazil and I would imagine what they're asking for this barely covers the postage, so it's a fucking bargain. Just order one already. (xYosefx) ($5 ppd, 7-song CD, lyrics included, Chico Felix, R. Euzebio da Motta, 515 Ap 21, 80530-260, Curitiba, PR – BRAZIL, regimetentaculo@gmail.com)

SABARACATIKI – It's really easy for me to love this. The liner notes are written on the back of what looks like it might be homework, and hastily at that. I can barely read the tracklist, let alone the band name and the paper is all crumpled up. On the back of the case, someone wrote, "Sorry, inconvenient budget. DIY." Yes. This has automatically endeared this teenaged Puerto Rican party band to me. The recording is pretty nice, and SABARACATIKI's straight-forwardness makes them sound super sincere. Think GRAVY TRAIN and BLATZ: sloppy, and not serious enough to be serious, but trying really hard. Normally I would probably think SABARACATIKI was generic, but they won me with their art. I hope they tour the US soon. (Helen) (5-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/sabaracatiki)

SAY UNCLE – SAY UNCLE is the closest I've ever heard anyone get to sounding like THE GITS, especially on the first track, "Let it Ring" (and they actually cover "Second Skin," which I admire deeply; sometimes bands don't understand that subtly *sucks*). As I move through the demo, I'm starting to realize that this voice is a merciless hibrid of Mia Zapata, Ivy (BLACK RAINBOW), and (where did this come from?) Tim-fucking-Armstrong. Holy shit! Guess what I just found out?! The vocalist, Valor, is 12-fucking-years-old. The drummer Aspen is 13, and Benton, who I can only guess is their uncle (duh, right?) is the 23-year-old bassist. I would have no problem with loving this band regardless, but the fact that a twelve-year-old vocalist/guitarist just did a fucking pick slide after a sick, sloppy-ass punk solo proclaims this St. Louis three-peice in-fucking-fallible. (Helen) (12-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/sayunclestl)

SLOANE PETERSON – A pop punk band from Naples, Florida. THE ERGS and early GREEN DAY are good points of reference. If that sounds like your cup of tea, you should pick this up. And yes, their name is a *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* reference. (xYosefx) ($3 ppd, 3-song CD, lyrics included, burnxnaples@yahoo.com)

SONS OF TONATIUH – These guys play crusty, stony sludge reminiscent of EYEHATEGOD or a more straightforward BUZZOV*EN. This is really good shit. I would love to see SONS OF TONATIUH live. Recommended. (xYosefx) (4-song CD, no lyrics included, 135 Landing Dr, Powder Springs, GA 30127, www.myspace.com/sonsoftonatiuh)

TEENAGE WHORE MOANS – Generic garage-y punk played by three guys that I doubt are teenagers (I'm going by the neck tattoo on one of them) and whose horny schtick is thankfully not convincing. (Dan) (7-song tape, no lyrics included, teenagewhoremoans@gmail.com)

THOUGHT POLICE BRUTALITY – Hailing from Denmark, this CD features two different recording sessions. The first sounds like a modern take on the chaotic, *classic*-screamo sound. Think of bands such as MOHINDER and ANTIOCH ARROW, actual HC bands that were just a tad too much in touch with their emotions. And for the record, I'm a big fan of those bands. The latter recording is more lo-fi and sounds similar to modern HC bands, but is more interesting. I think it's the guitars and the cool, intricate, and interesting riffs and leads. The drummer has two styles: straightforward, D-beat and *boom-chop* beats a la crappy thrash metal bands. The songs with the D-beat were my favorites; the *boom-chop* songs should be reformulated. (Vinnie) (10-song CD, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/thoughtpolicebrutality)

WAR TRASH / WHATSHAME? – Seven songs, but no information as to who does what? Starts off with an incredibly fast D-beat and leads right into heavy, crusty HC with a throat-y singer. Think of the '90s FINAL WARNING from NYC. Second band is is very similar, but may have a backing vocalist who handles the breakdowns and screams of agony in the background. Good job, mate. The songs are not completely original, but done well. I bet both of these bands are ripping, live. (Vinnie) (7-song CD, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/injusticeofhumanity)

WHATSHAME? – Fairly straightforward down-tuned crustcore that's not fast or distictive enough to separate it from the legions of faceless bands that like this. The exception is the third song, which is inexplicably played faster and has some cool riffs and vocal tradeoffs, and doesn't appear to be a cover. (Dan) (4-song tape, no lyrics included, www.whatshame.com, keepgrindpunk@gmail.com)

WHITE NIGHT – Pop punk that walks an interesting line between melancholy and upbeat. All the songs are fairly distinct, though there's a definite HICKEY influence that runs through them, some OBSERVERS and THIS IS MY FIST moments, and the last two are faster and have a bit of a DILLINGER FOUR feel. The vocals can be summed up by the above and are a bit buried in the mix, which adds an interesting element as well. (Dan) (7-song tape, no lyrics included, no address)

VA – PROJECT HOUSING – This one is pretty outrageous. Imagine a BOREDOMS and IRON LUNG collaboration. Imagine FLIPPER or THE SWANS on crack, speed, and DMT. Yeah: *scary*. Occasionally these bands play a song that's decipherable and catchy, but for the most part the songs are power-violence *soundscapes*. I'm guessing a handheld tape recorder was used for most of these songs as they are all totally blown out. About half have a person screaming indecipherable lyrics and the rest are instrumental. At first, I wanted to turn it off and throw it out the window, but something prevented me. Eventually, it grew on my considerably. Bands and song titles are bizarre to say the least, but include TRASH DOG "Punch You as a Vessel," PUBLIC BUMMER "Illegitimate Dad," TOTAL ABUSE "Ydfc #1," and JEWISH UPRISING "70's Freedom." Limited to 150 copies…seek it out! (Vinnie) ($6.50, 16-song tape, no lyrics included, Monorail, 3796 Alzada Rd, Altadena, CA 91001)

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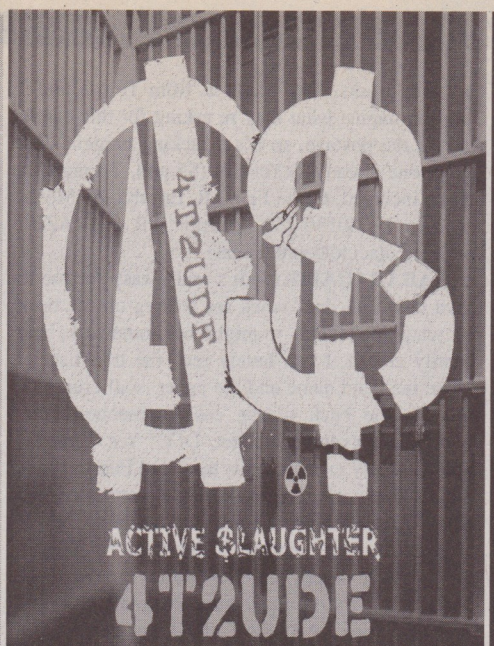

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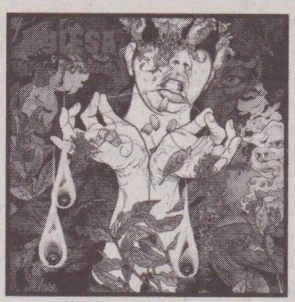

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio
(JD) Judy Balmin
(JB) Julia Booze
(KC) Karoline Collins
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens

ABSENT CAUSE #2 / $4 ppd US, $5 ppd International, trades welcome
5.5 x 8 – copied – 96 pgs
The theme of this issue is duality. The bazillion contributors write about a myriad of riveting topics such as queerness, feminism, fat acceptance, mental illness, and all kinds of outsiderness. We get a memoir style essay from a female Egyptian Socialist activist as well as other pieces from Lebanese, Native American, and transgender voices. The editor himself writes about being agoraphobic and catoptrophobic (afraid of mirrors), which sounds like a pain in the ass. It's all over the place and it's pretty awesome. When you come across a collection as sincere and intimate as this one, it can really be shocking and sucks you in. *Absent Cause* is an unusual and intriguing publication despite the deceptive crappiness of the pixilated images and cheesy fonts on the cover. That led to me some false assumptions at first. It always seems to me that if you're putting out a low budget publication, you ought not use cheap methods to make it looks fancy/journal-y, because it tells me that you don't understand the values of the DIY subculture. But in this case, that message didn't hold up to be true. There's also an art section in the middle with color prints, some of which are not horrendously pixilated, and interviews with Amanda Palmer of the Dresden Dolls and with some Maoist hardcore Chinese punks. Pretty rad! (JD)
Absent Cause c/o Gregory Butterfield / PO Box 1568 / New York, NY 10276
www.absent-cause.org
redguard@gmail.com

THE BLACK CLOUD #2 / Trades Preferred or $1 or 2 stamps
8.5 x 5.75 – copied – 48 pgs
The Black Cloud is a super awesome photo zine hailing from Columbus, Ohio. There are a few punk rock related stories included in here, as well as some drawings, but the main reason you should pick up *The Black Cloud* is for the amazing *photos*. Black Rainbow, Conflict, The Pogues, Vivisick, 9 Shocks Terror, Japanther, Boom Boom Kid, Welcome To Concrete, Grass Widow, Cop on Fire (just to name a few), plus photos of punks having a great time at shows. I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that even you don't have a soft spot for any of the aforementioned bands but just love band photography in general, or appreciate how hard it can be to get good shots of bands—you should order yourself a copy of *The Black Cloud*. Cut and paste in the best possible way, with fantastic photo reproduction. Highly recommended!!! (KC)
Bret / 369 E. 15th Ave. / Columbus, OH 43201
Also available through Microcosm Publishing – www.microcosmpubishing.com

CLASSY PEOPLE #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 18 pgs
Man, this zine is sweet. The author made a diary of reviews for every show he went to for an entire year and then made a zine of it. It is such a simple idea, but really works well because the author not only writes about the show itself, but also about what might have happened that day. The author is pretty hilarious, one anecdote I enjoyed was when he went to go see GBH and they set up suspension wires on the ceiling so people can swing around with hooks on their backs while the bands plays, what the author refers to as being at "Cirque du Fucktard." And also, I got so pumped reading his review of the Zero Boys, since they're playing Gilman soon—"For being a bunch of old dudes, they sure make 95% of modern bands look like goddamn fools." I think everyone should do a zine like this, it informs people of your scene and also is a really easy way to come up with material for a zine all the time, and you don't need pictures or fancy layout to make it work. I really enjoyed reading this, (even though I didn't know a lot of the bands) and hope there is another issue for 2009! (MJ)
Micah Jenkins / 5502 Sleet Dr. / Indianapolis, IN 46237
criticalresponse@hotmail.com

DOLL #259 / $?
8.5 x 11– printed – 114 pgs
Again, another sleek looking issue of the Japanese fanzine that no one can read. I hate how this magazine will give you teasers for the interviews in English but then the whole interview is in Japanese. Seriously, what is the point. Anyway, bands that interviewed in this issue that will make music nerds wish they could read Japanese: X, Bastard Noise, Vice Squad, Frenzy. And while you might not be able to read it, there's always the bedroom wall for those well-laid out and printed pictures. (MJ)
Doll / No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9, Kita, Kohenji / Suginami-Ku, Tokyo / Japan

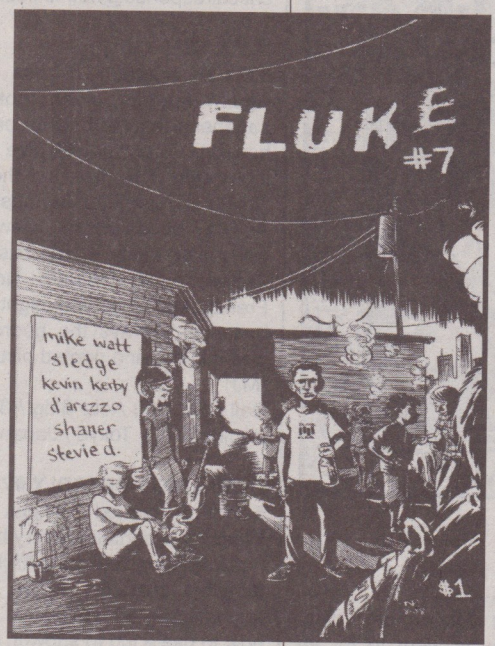
DWELLING PORTABLY #? / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Woah, this contains everything you would ever need to figure out how to live off the land in a primitive anarchist stylee. The information is *crammed* in, all typewritten, on everything from how to use a jug to shower, to how to use maple leaves as a sort of wax paper substitute for outside cooking. There's a piece discussing whether the ground conducts heat or if it's your body heat warming up the ground… This seems like a great resource if you want to go back to the land or if you are already living a house-free lifestyle. It reminds me of a hobo version of the *Whole Earth Catalogue*. (LG)
Lisa Ahne / PO Box 181 / Alsea, OR 97324

ZINES

FAILSAFE #? / $?
8 x 11 – copied –
This short little fanzine is composed of a couple interviews and some record reviews. A lot of the interview questions ask subjects about their past involvement with punk and opinions on bands, but focus less on what their current projects are. I would have been interested to read more about how Jack Rabid was a "punk historian" or his zine (that has a readership of 23,000!) Other interviews included are with Jesse Malin, and the Mekons.
(MJ)
Failsafe / 63 Milton St. Derby DE22 3PA
failsafezine@yahoo.com

FILTER #16 / $2
8.25 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Filter is a collection of 16 single-panel, crudely-drawn comics with subjects mainly drawn from contemporary issues such as the economy and environmentalism. It's funny in a chortle-quietly-to-yourself-while-reading, but the medium and the brevity keep it from being anything more substantive. I will say that my favorite brand of humor involves puns, and *Filter* is awash with plenty, the best involving a character that admits having a lot of "casual socks." Casual socks, get it? Classic. (CR)
Filter / PO Box 345 / Putney, VA 05346

FLUKE #7 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs
Much like another zine that I reviewed this month, *Genetic Disorder* (San Diego), *Fluke* is like an advanced scene report for Little Rock, Arkansas. I am hereby throwing out some props for not just giving some boring show reviews with bands I may never hear about otherwise. Instead you get respectable interviews and the right amount of creative locally flavored content. If you like to read about people's connection to places and time, and their involvement with punks, *Fluke* will not annoy. Mark "Sledge" Howe, a punk in the war, shines his light on the "situation in Iraq," and Mike Watt is interviewed as well; the two stood out as heart-warmers. This fanzine isn't simply a fan of itself. (DS)



Fluke Fanzine / PO Box 41931 / Tucson, AZ 85717

(FOREVER) SOLVE / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 48 pgs
(Forever) Solve is a fairly depressing collection of anecdotes regarding a man named Brendan Scanlon who was stabbed to death in Chicago last summer. The stories are penned by family members, close friends, and acquaintances, and talk a lot about Brendan's penchant for street art and antics surrounding that. I guess his most well known stunt involved leaving a TV that said, "We are experiencing legal difficulties" on a CTA train. It's pretty sad to read memories that are written by people who are obviously grieving from someone's death. I felt kinda displaced and dirty, like I had crashed a private wake or something. The other weird thing is that Brendan was stabbed five blocks from an old apartment of mine. I'd recommend *(Forever) Solve* to all the eternal voyeurs that don't mind delving into others sorrows. (CI)
www.loopdistro.com

THE FUTURE GENERATION #16 / $3, more for int'l
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 68 pgs
This issue of *The Future Generation* is themed around the city of Baltimore, the author/editor's hometown. China Martens has compiled short writings from scores of people on the subject of this versatile, gritty, East Coast hub, where the murder rate stands out more than its ability to attract a few tourists. It's a nice idea, especially because of the way Baltimore has been neglected as a viable living space for radicals and punks alike over the years, but I wish it were more coherent. The content skips around from issues of raising children with few resources to hospital experiences and growing up radical in the turbulent 1960s. The writings seem to be pretty randomly thrown together and none of them really stick out in my mind. But overall, *The Future Generation* is a good resource for those who are raising children in alternative communities. (DA)
China Martens / PO Box 4803 / Baltimore, MD 21211
myspace.com/china-martens

GENETIC DISORDER #19 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 64 pgs
At first I was skeptical because I tend to think of San Diego as lame. This glossy little zine arrived in my box from that city, and I immediately thought, "Ew…" But much to my surprise *Genetic Disorder* isn't a sleeved surf-skate jock's take on all things punk. There are interesting stories, one especially creepy about this white dude, a fake Rasta rapist; he got caught eventually, but yuck. I felt a bizarre sympathy while assessing his character. Anyway, the reviews are kept to a minimum and the interview with the Trashies managed to charm me, although I am not a fan of the genre. I think this is well compiled and would recommend it or send it to a friend. (DS)
Larry Genetic Disorder / PO Box 15237 / San Diego, CA 92175

GOT MYSELF #3 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
The cover contains most of the information required to figure out what is going on inside. Hardcore fanzine, standard format, cut 'n' paste layouts, varied enough, not bad. There are interviews with Ante Bellum and the Imposters, a couple hardcore histories, letters, and reviews. The bonus is a subtle addition near the back that could be useful to aspiring guitar heroes and fans of Koro. (DS)
Sam Richardson / 4630 Mill Run Ln./ Earlysville, VA 22936
thrashedtobits@gmail.com

HUMANBEING LAWNMOWER #2 / $5
7 x 8.5 – printed – 60 pgs
Human Lawnmower reminds me of a modern-day combination of *Punk* and *Bomp!*—you know a local NYC zine for rock 'n' roll obsessives. Most of the interviews are with ye olde worlde punkers, including the Flamin' Groovies, Jesse Hector from the Gorillas, Alternative TV, Dictators, MC5, and Eddie and the Hot Rods. There's a piece about hanging out with Shane MacGowan at his local pub that ends with the guy giving Shane his Thin Lizzy shirt, at Shane's request. There's a Gary Panter interview that touches on his punk past, and for modern day beat combos they got local dirtbags Apache and the Stalkers. There's a large review section, mostly leaning towards the *Terminal Boredom* sphere, and a lot of comics, which remind me of old *Punk* style mixed with *Felix the Cat* somehow. This is super slick looking and sorta harkens back to the '90s garage zine aesthetic, with a little beatnik exploitation cartoon style too. (LG)
101 W.12th St #14b / New York, NY 10011
thehumanbeinglawnmower@gmail.com

I REMEMBER HALLOWEEN #3 / $3 ppd world
5.5 x 8.8 – printed – 56 pgs
In many ways *I Remember Halloween* is a fairly typical hardcore music fanzine, but it hails from the Phillippines, making it an anomaly in my world. Overall the zine seems to favor the fast-core, grindcore, power violence side of hardcore, and this issue has a heavy-leaning Japanese focus with interviews of Dudman, Completed Exposition, Bystorm, and Dreadeye, and also a pretty long Japanese scene report. Other interviews include Oz's Crux and Texas' ANS and we also get scene reports from Holland and Malaysia. The longest feature in this issue is a Malaysian/Singapore tour diary from Filipino all-girl metallic hardcore band Choke Cocoi. To round things out there's some record reviews and a few pages of punks the world over explaining their favorite Misfits song(s). *I Remember Halloween* is a neat little zine and highly recommended for folks interested the in the music covered or Southeast Asian punk and hardcore. (CI)
Dane Cortes / #28 Unit B-3, Road 13 / Pag-Asa, Quezon City / 1105 Phillippines

MORGENMUFFEL #17 / 2 stamps
6 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
A traveler, an activist, a feminist, an artist, and

that is all I know about the girl responsible for *Morgenmuffel*, but she does this comic zine, and it is done quite well. Hate lists can be funny no matter whom they are written by, and I found the tips for identifying patterns in regards to the menses useful as well. I use my *Slingshot* chart to map it, and now with these tips, I am more of a natural-birth-control-method whiz. Knock boots and wood! (DS)
PO Box 74 / Brighton / East Sussex, BN1 4ZQ / United Kingdom

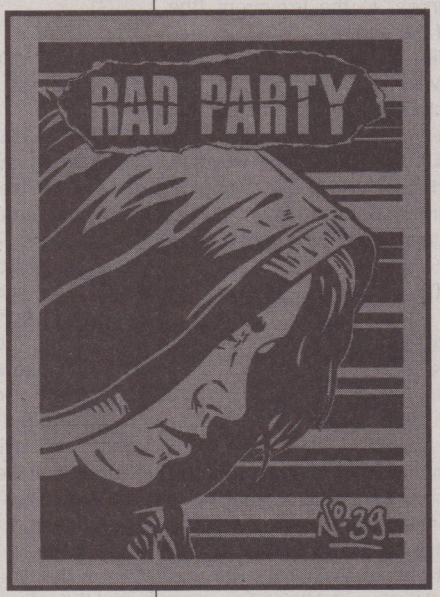
NANOZINE #1 / free or 1 stamp
3 x 4 – copied – 8 pgs – French
A tiny French zine that unfolds, revealing an electronic looking girl band and details of that particular show also written in the "language of love." Cut and paste style layout that is as short as it is sweet. (DS)
taenia.solium@no-log.org

NANOZINE #2 / 1 stamp, trades welcome
2.75 x 4.25 – copied – 8 pgs – French
Man, I took so many years of French in high school…the most I can glean from this sweet little nothing is that there is an interview with the French CEO of MySpace…whatever the fuck *that* means. There seems to be some personal reflections plus some pretty pictures…but the main event is the cover because it is a bunch of punks hanging out on the skeleton of a house and it looks trés magnifique. (JB)
Taenia Solium / 47 Rue De La Republique / 26300 Bourg de Péage / France
taenia.solium@no-log.org

NIGHT OWL #4 / free!
8.5 x 11 – copied – 2 pgs
Sometimes I wonder why I still do zine reviews. Am I sick of this shit? Do I have an opinion about anything anymore? Does anybody read them? Then, more young cunts learn how to read and write, and bullshit like this appears. Yes, I do want to know *all about* what retro skinhead hardcore is the rage right now. I want to read the stammering apology of some kid from Thought Crusade being uh, called out on "dropping the N-bomb" on the radio…and the recipe section doesn't disappoint because I personally have never considered putting a hamburger between two pieces of cheese pizza. Everybody is kidding, all the time. What have I been doing with my life? *Gawd*! (JB)
kingcobra8291@yahoo.com

NUTS / $1.50
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
Ben Trogdon is a true believer. *Nuts* is his zine. Ben Trogdon is a king amongst men. I was stunned by the mysterious sigil pasted all over these pages until I realized it's the logo of the band whose interview fills up a majority of the space in this issue. That would be Hipster Piss Party. The best part of it is when they say that asking an audience to come closer to the band or to dance is like asking someone to fake an orgasm. Very perceptive! That's why that always feels weird. The first page is a scene report for Olympia for Winter '08-'09. It's the most deeply gratifying scene report I've ever laid eyes upon. He delivers it in one-line bursts of stimulating fact such as, "The Pasties has a mandolin player that gets really fucked up before a show because no one can hear him" and "June Madrona moved out of his yurt." That's what I wanted to know for the love of god. Also "Joey Casio does not use a Casio" and "the drummer of King Mob stands up." Just the facts, ma'am. People need to know and he's telling them. Awesome. (JD)
BCT / PO Box 7302 / Olympia, WA 98507

RAD PARTY #39 / $3 ppd
5.75 x 4.25 – copied – 92 pgs – French
Rad Party is a gorgeous pocket sized wonder hailing from France. Beautifully handwritten in French (I am *so* bummed that I can't actually read this!) with fantastic black and white illustrations of punks—some familiar faces (Todd/Tragedy, Adrienne/Spitboy, Blake Schwartzenbach) and many others, even though I've failed to recognize them. According to the letter that came with this issue, the content is mainly personal stories relating to both life and punk rock, with music reviews as well. Celebrating its 17th anniversary with this issue—quite an accomplishment! I also got *Rad Party* #39.5 (2009 New Year's Eve Issue, with 2009 calendar) as a bonus in my envelope, so if you hurry up and order your own copy *right now*, perhaps you will get this little upgrade as well. Worth ordering for the illustrations alone, even if you don't read French. Tres Magnifique! (KC)
Stephane Delevacque / 9 Bis Grande Rue Charles De Gaulle / 92 600 Asnieres Sur Seine / France
burninghopes@hotmail.fr



RAZORCAKE #48 / $4 US, more world
8.5 x 11 – printed – 116 pgs
The cover looks pretty great, thanks to artist Horsebites, who has a nice interview inside. Also great is the It's Casual interview, by Matt Average and Donofthedead. The talk with cover boys Shang-a-lang did not excite me as much, nor did the long-ass biography of Otis Redding. A lot of times I enjoy a biography of an artist whose work doesn't appeal to me, but this one I found somewhat flat. A doo-wop band is also featured. Of course, there's still Snakepit and Maddy Tight Pants in the columns, and for these alone *Razorcake* would always be worth a look. Amy Adoyzie reports from Bangladesh, where she teaches at this seemingly rad school for women from all over East Asia. The editor was stoked on a certain new release (on a huge label), and had it reviewed 28 (!) times. That's about 20% of the total music reviews for one album, which will get plenty of press elsewhere. He self-depreciatingly calls it "dumb," but "whoever does the work gets to decide" as we say here. I'd much rather read about 27 bands I'm not (as) familiar with. These folks have set the bar high with their previous efforts, so while this issue isn't their best, there's still some seriously good shit. (JM)
PO Box 42129 / LA, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

RIOT 77 #13 / 3 Euros
8.5 x 11 – printed – 51 pgs
This magazine is a time machine that traveled from Ireland to the US several decades ago and documented the youth culture. It's glossy black and white and I find it hella boring personally. It might be a wormhole. I'm scared to look directly at this issue with its Dillinger Four, John Cooper Clarke, and Don Letts interviews. I feel like I'll get pulled back into the '70s or '80s or whenever and never be able to come back, because I'll lose my mind from having to rehash the same shit over and over again forever. There's also an interview with the fellow from Damaged Goods Records and quite a lot of record, book, and DVD reviews. All the books are from Microcosm. This magazine might service you if you are either thirteen-years-old and need a primer on the last ten to one-hundred years of punk rock or if you are from the distant past and trying to feel more comfortable. I suppose the record review blurbs in the back aren't all from the distant past. Some covered from that category are Chinese Telephones, Cock Sparrer, LA Guns, Off With Their Heads, The Measure {SA}. (JD)
Cian Hynes / PO Box 11342 / Dublin 2, Ireland
riot77magazine@hotmail.com

THE RISE AND THE FALL #12 / $2, no trades
5.25 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
I am always *jooced* to peep this mag—and this issue is rad! I love how *The Rise and The Fall* is so region-dedicated. The interview with Triclops! is intelligent while mocking, and it is enlightening that the interviewer knows all the right questions to provoke some delightful answers, ya know what I mean? Get it done. There are the usual skate park construction updates, Bukowski poem section, reviews and awesome pictures, plus an interview with Brian Brannon of JFA, but the icing on the cake for this issue is the transcribed story about Fear appearing on SNL from Ian MacKaye. It is hilarious and sweet at the same time. Also included is a Teen Idles tour story, which beats most tour stories by being much, much worse. Hearts to San Pedro! (JB)
The Rise And The Fall / PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733

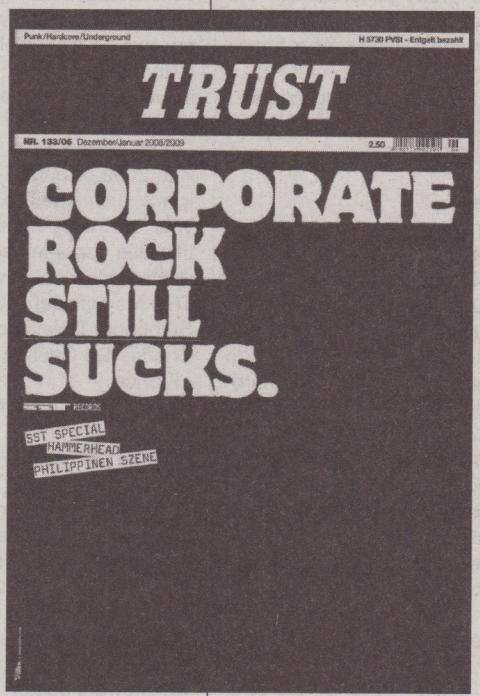
ROADKILL #1-5 / $4 or trade, free for prisoners
7 x 7 – copied – 20-40 pgs
I got five issues of *Roadkill*, so I'm going to do a bit of generalizing, but they're all along the same lines. A lot of each issue is made up of entertaining, competent collage art, found photos, and reprinted ads for upcoming events in Kansas City ranging from cut-and-paste flyers for DIY shows and Critical Mass to more "professional" events such as DJ nights. Interspersed are a few reviews, interviews, and articles (some reprinted from other places) that range from the earnest to the irreverent (the seedy underbelly of the segway scene), as well as some fun stuff like crossword puzzles (with answers in the following issue), presidential trivia, and childhood ephemera, and info on the 816 Bicycle Collective is mentioned in more than one issue. *Roadkill* has been coming out monthly, and looks like a rad local resource for happenings and DIY culture in Kansas City, which is probably a rarity for any town. Keep up the good work! (DG)
Roadkill Studio / 3308 Troost Ave. / Kansas City, MO 64109
roadkillandcheapthrills@mail.com
myspace.com/roadkillkc

SKITLIV #10 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 80 pgs – Swedish
Skitliv is in Swedish so I can't comment on the content, but this looks like it'd be a reasonably good read. The Interviews with Anti-Cimex, Mob 47, Moderat Likvidation, Meanwhile, and others all have decent cut-and-paste layouts with old and new pictures, there's a "skit info" section that I can't determine the nature of (scene report?), a couple pages of reviews, and a couple of other sections. Unfortunately, the back cover has a picture of some bikini-clad model looking girl supposedly inviting the two guys that do this zine to party on her boat if they visit the US. (DG)
skitliv666@gmail.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #217 / contact them for pricing info
5.75 x 8.75 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
I haven't seen *Toinen Vaihtoehto* in a while. Forgive me if I'm wrong, but I think I remember the main guy behind it had died? In any event, it's much as it was, maybe even a little sharper. It has plenty of music, book, show, and DVD reviews, along with a long-ish article on old Swedish hardcore. Massacre and Deathbed each have a tour diary. The photographs reproduced very well, and there's one of the sound guy with his hand on a half-full vodka (?) bottle. There are very few ads. If you read Finnish, you probably know more about *Toinen Vaihtoehto* than I do, but if not I think you oughta try it. (JM)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
tv@punkinfinland.net

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #92 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
I always enjoy reading through this little zine that seems to come into our mailbox almost every month. The dude who puts this out, Boone, seems very sincere and really makes the effort to support the small scenes around him in Missouri. This issue has loads of local show reviews that read more like journal entries, which makes them fun to read even if you've never heard of the bands being covered. Also in this issue is a printed version of Jello Biafra's wonderful *Open Letter to President Obama*, which has been lifted (with Jello's blessing) from the Alternative Tentacles website and is highly recommended reading. Finishing things off are a few pages of music reviews and an interview with Lemuria. Every small scene should have a supportive zine like *The Trouble With Normal*; the folks in Columbia, MO should be psyched. (BG)
The Trouble With Normal / PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444
ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #133/06 / 2.50 Euro
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
Trust provides its readers with an SST special this time around, covering the history of the record label through interviews, biographies, and artwork from the early-1980s LA punk explosion. The section entitled "30 Years of SST Records" contains a complete discography, Raymond Pettibon artwork, an interview with Chuck Dukowski, as well as a top five SST releases section. That coupled with a Hammerhead interview and zine reviews, all in German, make this one of the better issues of *Trust* to come out in a while. This issue is not a complete throwback to the past though, as it still contains the usual columns and up-to-date record and zine reviews in the style of your favorite German glossy punk mags. (DA)
Dolf Hermannstadter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de



TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 22, #1 / $18 year sub, free for prisoners
17 x 11.5 – printed – 8pgs
Turning the Tide might only be eight pages, but these are large tabloid-size pages packed full of articles ranging on all things left wing politic that will keep you occupied for quite some time. This publication is subtitled "The Journal of Anti-Racist Action, Research & Education," but the coverage goes far beyond topics of racism (of which there are a few), touching on political prisoners, the plight of the Palestinians in Gaza, and the fights against AIDS in Mexican state of Oaxaca. Although I mostly agree with the views presented here, I can't help but notice the lack of objectivity in some of the reporting, especially for a journal claiming to be one of "research and education." The complexity of the situation in Gaza, for example, is not mentioned in the slightest. Overall, *Turning the Tide* is a decent activist journal doing its part to keep the people informed and it serves a necessary purpose, so why not give them some support and check out an issue. (BG)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055, Culver City, CA 90232-1055
www.antiracistaction.us

URINAL GUM #7 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 42 pgs
A collection of ridiculous yet often quotable faux advice and grievance letters written both by and to the author (from readers?) and a couple of random stories, almost all of which have to do with some bizarre sex-related situation or at least throw in mention of a porn collection, though the tone is much more irreverent than offensive. In addition, there's a funny "Top 5 Topics That Will Bore The Hell Outta Anyone!" piece, some reviews, and random, funny quotes in the margins of each page. I'm curious to see what other issues are like. (DG)
PO Box 1243 / Eugene, OR 97440
urinalgum@gmail.com

YOU DON'T GET THERE FROM HERE GOES TO OAXACA / $2 (?) (see below)
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 40 pgs
I can't even tell you how excited I was to see the latest effort from Carrie McNinch! Carrie is the genius behind *The Assassin and The Whiner* and *Food Geek* (two of my all time faves!) and I must admit that I'd lost track of her work over the last few years. Apparently I've missed out on a whole new series called *You Don't Get There From Here* during my Milwaukee exile (*hanging head in shame*). The latest effort in this series is a diary comic from a visit to Oaxaca, Mexico in August of 2007. Carrie is an incredibly talented artist and she brings everyday life experiences into sharp focus with her drawings and words. Autobiographical comics combined with travel experiences equals unparalleled perfection in my book. You *need* this zine! I'm going to bounce on over the Microcosm website and order all the issues I've missed out on right now, perhaps you should do the same… (KC)
(There is no price listed on this issue, so I would email Carrie before sending her $. The price I listed is just a guess based on her other issues listed at Microcosm)
Carrie McNinch / PO Box 49403 / Los Angeles, CA 90049
cmcninch@gmail.com

march-apr/nine two four gilman

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Embrace The End • Early Graves
Antagony • Agenda Of Swine
Fallujah

Sat., March 14th
The Prids (OR)
Disaster Strikes (MA)
Swann Danger
Modern Day Witchunt

Sun., March 15th • $7 • 5pm
7 Generations • From The Depths
Acts Of Sedition • The Separation
Abandon

Fri., March 20th • $10 • doors @ 7pm
Speed Trials 2009!
California Love • Laughing Dog (NM)
Maggot Colony (Visalia)
Endless Demise (LA)
Strains Of The Apocalypse
Bastard Ass (LA)
I Abhor (LA) • Semtex Vest (OC)
Judas • Car Vs. Los

Sat., March 21st • $10 • doors @ 7pm
Speed Trials 2009!
In Disgust • Kill The Client (TX)
Final Draft (LA)
Population Reduction • SFN (WI)
Hummingbird Of Death (ID)
Thousandswilldie (floor set)
Sidetracked (WA) • Terrorism (L.A.)
Brucexcambell (LA)
Migraine (floor set)

Sun., March 22nd • $8 • doors @ 3pm
The New Trust • Hudson Falcon (NJ)
Olehole • Dateless (WA)
F-Bombers • Heat Warmer
The Albert Square

Fri., March 27th • $7
Rvivr • Drastic Action
Final Summation
Yankee Kamikaze

Sat., March 28th
Dan Potthast • Davenport Totem
Hectic (Op Ivy tribute)
Decent Criminal • Aught 7

Fri., April 3rd
McRad • Verbal Abuse
Minus One • Frontside Five
Nightstick Justice • Shortchanged

Sat., April 4th • $7
Defiance, Ohio • Shotwell
Dichotomy • Los Difuntos
Flea Bag

Sun., April 5th • $7 • doors @ 5pm
For The Win • The Damage Done (WA)
Success (WA)

Fri., April 10th
Valient Thorr • Ninja Academy

Sat., April 11th • $8
Grayceon • Giant (NC)
Tides (RI) • Mammatus

Sun., April 19th • $8 • doors @ 4pm
108 • Pulling Teeth
Lewd Acts • Skin Like Iron

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21st simon & the bar sinisters/roots rock rebel/masonry/futurex
28th fall of efrafa/terror level red/protestant/auryn

APRIL

4th disaster strikes/all or nothing hc/krays/major potential
11th kontatto/absurd system/rabia/zhenia golov
18th mdc/faggot/fleshtemple/hinges
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